







The Springhillian

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Benedetto PP XV

The Springhillian

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Ad Benedictum XII

W



HILE KINGDOMS, states and fiendish monarchies,
Marching like sprites from hell's own hideous caves,
With battle staves
Wage wars and woes, 'mid wails and miseries;
While murderers are strangling one another on the field of blood
In the battle flood,
Thou standest, foundation of foundations, free,
Like mind 'mid mass, or Christ on Galilee.

O that the eagles of our wars once more
Might gather 'round thy columns as of yore!
The nations, save in thee, will ne'er be one;
Never at rest except around thy throne.
Only from out the rock on Caesar's hills,
Only from out the golden Tiber's rills,
Rolled over peace on earth. Peace finds her home
Amid the breezes of thy hill-tops—Rome.

"The Poet of the South Seas"



JOSEPH J. KOPECKY, A.B. '19



THE WEIRD, almost sensual music of the ukulele has cast a spell over our American people. We dance to its gliding melody; we sing to its thrumming accompaniment; we dine with the Hawaiian orchestra to keep our spirits high; we even make love under its bewitching influence. Our pleasure specialists crowd the music halls to revel in the artistic movements of the graceful Hula dance. The prima donna has forsaken her classic score to immortalize on lasting records the plaintive Aloha of our southern favorites. Our song writers are forced to exclaim, "Oh, Honolulu, America loves you!"

With this wave of popularity sweeping over the country we would expect to hear the name of the ardent lover of the South Sea Islands grow apace in the popular esteem. Yet, mention the name of Charles Warren Stoddard, and how many will return the blank, unresponsive stare of ignorance; allude to his classic accounts of the beloved islanders, and how few will know their source! We may love their songs, but Charles Warren Stoddard has learned and will teach us to love the singers.

THE South Sea Idyls gained from Stoddard an almost international reputation. They are his best known compositions, and they have the germ of human interest in them which insures a lasting appreciation. He has given us in *The Idyls*, says Howells, "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." Bentzon tells us that "they have the flavor of the pomegranate in its native place, the fire of the oleander, the softness and languor of summer seas, with a dash, too, of the surf with its curving foam, the whole pervaded by the subtle spirit of the South." "Exits and Entrances," with "Marshallah," rank next as his best compositions. The former contains excellent sketches, and some charming recollections of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and other friends. "Marshallah; A Flight Into Egypt," was the result of his travels through Egypt.

But these by no means exhaust the literary productions of Stoddard. The number of his published works is nothing short of marvelous if we consider the restless activity of the writer. Gypsy blood seemed to flow

through his veins, and he was ever in search of new scenes and strange adventures. Every place he visited, every class of people he met gave him a new theme for his facile pen. Whether cruising in the Southern seas or traversing the heated sands of Europe; whether in his own dear old California or in the school room lecturing on English literature, he always found hearts open to him. There were no secrets which could lie hidden from the magic effect of his magnetic nature.

Though Stoddard spent most of his life in California, New York is his native state. He was born at Rochester on August 7, 1843. In 1855, when he was a mere child of twelve, he made California his home—if he can be said to have had a home who was ever seeking the remotest corners of the globe. But San Francisco was called his home, and he remained there until the earthquake in 1906. His old city was destroyed; its charred remains were replaced by a new city which was, in Stoddard's eyes, an usurper covering the buried homes he had so intimately known and so fondly cherished. He fled back to the quiet and seclusion of his dear old Monterey.

When only thirteen he began writing verse. "I fretted," he tells us, speaking of his days at the University of California, "and studied and was 'kept in' for my compositions, which were a burden because they had to be written in prose." These words seem strange in the light of subsequent events. For Stoddard would have been known to only a chosen few if posterity had been left to judge of him by his published poems.

His first prose contributions were made to some of the contemporary magazines, in the form of letters written during his roamings in the South Seas. His prose writings from that time became more numerous and various. His collected writings comprise about twelve volumes; but, unfortunately, many of his compositions were never published. He tells us himself that he had written "tons of stuff that was never published." His lectures to his class in English Literature during his regency at Notre Dame, Indiana, and at the Catholic University in Washington, were destroyed, and in answer to the remonstrances of his friends, he replied, "The world didn't need that stuff." It is hard to tell what might have been in store for the reader of his versatile works if he had left his complete literary production. His famous "Lepers of Molokai," "A Troubled Heart," "The Wonder Worker of Padua," "In the Footprints of the Padres" and "Father Damien" give us a glimpse of the spiritual side of his gentle nature. His voyages bring us through Italy, Egypt and the ever loved and cherished South Sea Islands. The fruitful results of these tourings were "A Cruise Under the Crescent," "Marshallah; A Flight Into Egypt," "Over the Rockies to Alaska," and his last work, "The Islands of Tranquil Delights."

STODDARD'S poetry has the same delicacy and richness which characterizes his prose. He is at his best when painting the images of the scenes he loved so well; he sings of "the islands of tranquil delight" in the rapturous tones of an enamoured lover.

In "Otaheite" there is the charm of the bewitching scenes which brought so much happiness into his life. In "The Cocoa Tree" he has caught some of the elusiveness of the languorous tropics.

"Cast on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me:
Onward I drifted till a coral-tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case.
Widowed within this solitary place
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never come."

But Stoddard can strike from his lyre songs that carry one far away from the influence of the South. He can stir the soul with master lyrics that tell the noble story of his own dear California;

"Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer."

He rings for us again "The Bells of San Gabriel," and the refrain seems to echo back the tragic story of the Old Missions—

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel."

He was always seeking for love, and was ever sure to find it. Even nature received of his tender affection in his rhapsody "In Clover." But Stoddard can also look at nature with the eye of the soul. In the exquisite imagery of "Sanctuary" he draws the beauties of earth with the rich symbolism of the altar as his model.

We see the deep appreciative insight of his delicate nature in his lines "To the Unseen." They sound like the song of a triumphant discoverer who has sought one to be true and found that one in "The Unseen"

"I know of One who is so true to me,
We may not parted be."

It is to be regretted that only one volume of Stoddard's poems was left by their author. He was engaged in carefully collecting his poems when death cut him off from his work. We must thank one of his intimate friends, Ina Coolbrith, the sole survivor of a clan of literary giants, for giving the public a few more of his poetical writings.

THE character of Stoddard is a golden key to the understanding of some passages in his writings which might otherwise appear nothing but maudlin sentimentality.

To an unsympathetic reader "Chumming With a Savage" must seem a strange delirium. Why should a strong-minded man so lose his heart to a dusky savage as to cut himself off from civilization even for a very short time? We must seek the answer in Stoddard's own words. "I was a lonely child. Blessed with brothers and a sister near my own age, nourished always in the tenderest paternal and maternal love; surrounded by troops of friends, whose affection was won without effort, and whose sympathy was shown in a thousand pretty, childish ways, I was still lonely, and often loneliest when least alone. It was my custom, when my heart was light and my spirit gay, to steal apart from my companions, and, throwing myself upon the lawn, look upon them in their sports as from a dim distance. Their joy was to me like a song, to which I listened with a kind of rapture, but in which I seldom or never joined. Love, intense and absorbing love, and love alone, was my consolation." These words lay bare the shy, sensitive soul of this strange child—literally set apart from others—abstracting from all other motives and manifestations except joy and love. He loved to gaze on joyful scenes throughout his whole life. When the Petrel was braving a dangerous storm and "had buffeted the boisterous waves for five long weeks," he remembered that the bulk of her cargo was edible. "We had no reason to lose confidence," he tells us. He pictured "the vales of

some savage islands" and the "rich reward of ferns and shells and gorgeous butterflies," when "the sea was as unpoetical as an eternity of cold suds and bluing." "In the confines of the Petrel's diminutive cabin" in which they were imprisoned, he thought only of mutual encouragement. When the end seemed inevitable he thought only of "receiving a sort of parting visit from the fortunate friends on shore," and passed the dreary hours in reading their farewell letters. But there was a strange wistfulness in his character. He was a rare combination of joy and sadness. There were times when he would hardly have been able to account for his moods. But these were the very things which endeared him to his friends.

He had a charming personality, an engaging manner; a face that was the reflection of his beautiful soul, a winning smile and a voice that sounded like the ringing of mellow bells. He shunned publicity. He tried the life of the stage—but he hated it. Speaking of that time, he tells us—"I learned more than I shall be able to forget in a thousand years." When the Bohemian Club and all San Francisco honored his return by a public demonstration—he hastened away from the scene of festivity and hid himself in the seclusion of Old Monterey. Naturally, life would treat such a retiring character with little mercy. He often found that his earnings were barely sufficient to pay for bread and butter; but once he was understood and his writings were appreciated, he was free to indulge in work which was suited to his taste and character. Not only the savage Kana-ana was his willing slave, but his pupils were won by his kindness and devotedness to them and became his lifelong servants. He numbered among his friends the greatest men and women of his time. Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain were his close friends. He had an ardent admirer in Kipling, Longfellow, Lowell, Eliot, Stevenson and an almost endless list of others. But he ever remained the same shy, timid child. He never wrote an autobiography because his books, as he himself said, were "Stoddard stark naked." Jack London very truly called him "The Love Man."

IMAGINE the effect of the truth and beauty of the Catholic religion on a soul like his! He became a Catholic in 1867. This was perhaps a most fortunate turning point in his life. A nature like his needed the guiding influence of the Church to guide and direct the promptings of such a tender heart. It changed his while life interiorly, and far from destroying rather increased the beautiful traits of his character and offered loftier ideals for his poetic soul. He remained a devout Catholic until his death, April 23, 1909.

His contributions to literature should be as popular as the scenes he describes. Howells wrote some twenty-five years ago, "I hope that the

whole English reading world will recognize in your works the classic it should have known before." And the whole world must necessarily become better under the elevating influence of his spiritual nature which pervades every page he has written. Stevenson was forced to yield to his powerful influence, and wrote as a reward his celebrated defence of the friend of the outcasts of Molokai, the beloved Father Damien.

The student of American Catholic literature can profitably study his style and learn that it is not only the literary scoffer who can engage a thinking people, but the true Catholic author who has learned to unite an engaging style with unobtrusive shifting of scenes to teach the truths needed by all humanity. Stoddard can teach us how to lead our readers from the shady jungle to the hillside to listen to lessons of charity and kindness. He will teach us, above all other things, to love and trust all men; to fear and distrust only the deceits of self.



RAINDROPS

Drip, drip, the raindrops fall,
To nourish the earth
That it may give birth
To the seedlings one and all.

Drip, drip, the raindrops fall,
That sweet flowers and fair
May perfume the air
And the birds renew their call.

To the Flag

F

LAG OF MY HOME, my native land,

Why are thy bars so red?

"They are stained with the blood of noble hearts
Which was freely and gladly shed."

Flag of my home, my native land,

Why are thy bars so white?

"They are free from the stain of evil deeds;
They have ever shielded the right."

And why are the stars and the blue of the sky

Quartered with signs of strife?

"To direct all our aims to the noblest ends;
To seek for the highest in life."

E. A. STRAUSS, A.B. '20

The Undesirables

—*—

G. A. SCHWEGMAN, B.S. '19



RITZ SAT BACK IN HIS CHAIR and read the card a second time. "We would be pleased to receive your resignation as soon as possible." There was no mistaking it—there it was in clear black type—and the names of his Vice-President and Secretary signed with their old familiar writing.

What could it all mean? It was only three years ago that he had been voted the best and most active member of the association. He had been elected to the office of Vice-President and President within the last two years, and it was an interior satisfaction to him—a vanity soother, perhaps—that he had reached the honored post not on account of deftly pulling the strings that open the doors to office; but on a basis of true merit.

Fritz could not recall a single enemy among the members. He went over the list which he had close at hand to assure himself. There were only two names which gave him doubt. Oscar Bergen had acted unfriendly toward him for some time because he had been forced by Fritz to live up to the rules of the association. Karl Schrone had been given the choice of leaving or paying up past dues immediately, and this resulted in a break of friendship. But both Oscar and Karl had finally realized that Fritz was acting on principle and was doing disagreeable work for the sake of the association of which he was the head representative. They came to admire him and seek his friendship more than before.

It was too much for Fritz. He decided to wait for the next meeting and tender his resignation. An explanation would surely be given. It must be given! They couldn't throw him out like this without any apology.

HE had only two days to wait. When he arrived at the meeting hall his greeting to Stanley, the Vice-President, was received by a cold—"If you please, Mr. Schultz, we would prefer not to have you occupy your regular place this evening."

"Good heavens, Tom!" cried Fritz, taken back by this added insult, "what's the matter with you fellows, anyhow? I'm going to hand in my resignation tonight; but I thought you would let me go through the prescribed formula. What have I done?"

"Mr. Schultz," replied his former assistant, "this is no time for explanations. I have been requested to fill your chair this evening. If the Board wishes to offer apologies, it may do so." And he quietly walked away.

Fritz was disgusted. He strolled down the corridor, and, turning, stopped to examine some of the rooms. As he passed from door to door he thought of the great care he had taken in the appointments of each apartment. He had planned the entire building; he had designed every part, and had even attended to the furnishings. He stopped before the door of the smoking room, for he heard voices within. He was not in a mood to meet any more of his associates. No doubt they all knew of the crimes of which he alone remained in ignorance. Perhaps, he thought, they did not know. Even if they did, he might hear their reasons in private, and be better able to control himself when the public announcement was made.

Summoning up courage, he retraced his steps to the door of the smoking room. His hand hesitated a moment on the knob, but with a last effort he opened the door and entered the room.

In a distant corner were two gentlemen seated deep down in high-backed leather chairs. They were engrossed in conversation, and did not notice the entrance of a third party. Fritz approached them slowly. As he came nearer he recognized the voices of Oscar and Karl.

"The only thing I can think of is the back dues that the President complained of." This from Karl.

"They haven't got anything like that on me. I have been called up about some of the regulations; but, pshaw! that's no reason," answered Oscar.

The first impulse that Fritz felt was to sit down unnoticed in a concealed place and hear this out. But he had heard enough. He put two and two together and proceeded to verify his conclusions. Walking over to where the two were seated, he saluted them, with an effort at cheerfulness.

Oscar and Karl jumped from their seats in surprise.

"Why Schultz! I'm mighty glad to see you before the crowd gets here," said Karl. "We have just been trying to solve that riddle you sent us the other day, but we have to give up. What's the answer?"

"What riddle? The answer to what?" Fritz felt that he had guessed right.

"Oh, there's no need to put us off that way," replied Oscar. "Tell us now, before the crowd arrives. Spare us that much humiliation, at least. Why were we asked to resign? We had—"

"What! You were also asked to resign?" Fritz was not so much surprised at their words as he was to see that his conclusions were working

out so correctly. "I guess you know that I also have been requested to hand in my resignation?"

This was a surprise for which neither of his hearers had been prepared. There was an immediate request from Karl to sit down and discuss the matter thoroughly.

But when the great hall clock struck the hour appointed for meeting they had reached no further conclusions.

THE meeting had been called to order, and Mr. Stanley arose to address the assembled members.

With a straight glance at the three figures seated in the middle of the hall, he began:

"Gentlemen—Before proceeding to further business I wish to make known to you that our former President, Mr. Fritz Schultz, has, in compliance with our request, tendered his resignation, and with him two other members, Messrs. Oscar Bergen and Karl Schrone. We wished to avoid the unpleasantness of an explanation in justification of our conduct, but we must yield to the insistence of these gentlemen and say that the future good of the association demands that we cut off from our roll of membership the names of those who are looked upon with suspicion by the country at large and are generally considered, in these trying times, enemies to our country."

Fritz turned deathly pale, and his two companions jumped from their seats. It was only his effort to restrain them that helped him to keep his own equilibrium. The speaker had noticed the actions of these three, and the eyes of everyone in the hall were turned in their direction.

"This action," continued Stanley, "has been precipitated by recent information to the effect that the United States intends to place all those who call themselves German-Americans in detention camps, where they will be cut off from outside communication, and be unable to work harm to our country."

Fritz did not wait for any more. He roughly caught hold of the arms of his companions, and together they worked their way from the hall.

Karl was for returning to put some burning questions to Stanley. He was an American by birth; his father had been born under the same flag. His grandfather, it was true, had been born in Germany; but he knew well that Grandfather Schrone had volunteered and fought four years in the Civil war. His own father had enlisted and fought through the Spanish-American war. It was in this war that his father had lost his right arm. This Stanley, was he an American because the United States was fighting with the Allies? Karl must go back and tell these things to the assembled members. If he did not it meant the loss of social position for him—it meant ruin in the financial world.

But Fritz and Oscar finally prevailed upon him to forego the retort.

Together, and in silence, they made their way to a nearby cafe. In silence they drained their glasses. Fritz was thinking over the words of Karl. He recalled his own old white-haired father. He was old, indeed, now—he hobbled around with his cane, measuring the feeble steps of his advancing years. The poor old man believed that his Fatherland had been unjustly treated—England, he thought, had plotted with Russia and France to destroy Germany. He could not believe anything to the contrary. He could not read the papers now, even with his glasses. The information he received was always discredited by him. His Fatherland could do no harm. Fritz did not share his views. But he was proud of his father's loyalty to his race and his ancestry. But when Fritz had asked him permission to join the officers' reserve corps, he had answered: "Son, I fought for that flag in '98. Go and fight as hard as I did."

A SUDDEN crash—the sound of breaking glass—frightened back the tear from Fritz's clear blue eyes. Karl had smashed his glass to the floor.

"I am sick and disgusted with this whole business," almost shouted Karl. "It's enough to turn any man's back. If what that fellow said about our confinement is true, I hope I die before I ever raise my hand to help those who treat us this way!"

Oscar, who had been resting his head on the table, was startled by the sudden outburst, and tried to silence Karl.

"For the Lord's sake, shut up, Karl!" he pleaded. "We both feel this thing as much as you do. If you talk that kind of stuff in public, you surely will end up in some detention camp. Today the United States is not going to make allowances for the mood in which you utter such things, and she's right. It will do you no good to talk that way. For my part, I know that stuff of Stanley's is all bluff. I have been accepted for the training camp, and leave the day after tomorrow."

"What!" cried Fritz. "Why, I'm going myself in two days. The recruiting officer told me that my name was so German it sounded like the Kaiser's war message; but he said something about my heart being so American that it must be read, white and blue."

This started the conversation, and they talked long into the night.

ONLY a year has passed; but changes have worked with rapid shiftings. The end of September found Fritz and Oscar over in France fighting side by side with the khaki-clad soldiers. Stanley still holds the president's seat, and from the depth of the leather lounging chairs he discusses German kultur and the duty of loyal subjects to their country.

The Soldier's Prayer



CHARGE, MEN! CHARGE! the flashing sabres gleam.
Strike, men! Strike! the roaring cannons scream.
The shrapnel bites out quivering flesh;
And tortured bodies whine.
The air is foul; its breath is hot;
It rushes down our line.
It strikes us down upon the earth,
A dirge rings in our ear.
Our lips are dumb, but still a prayer
Comes forth to banish fear.

Oh, Jesus, Saviour, mercy show;
My days are ended here below,
Let me Thy joys eternal know.

Back, fiends! Back! I've fought the battle well.
Go, lad! Go! the news to mother tell.
For me my mother sits and waits,
For me await the dead;
But I have fought for God and home—
For them my blood was shed.
The sannon shouts a glorious paeon
Of home and joy to me;
My heart leaps Heavenward like the flame
That set my spirit free.

Oh, Jesus, Saviour, mercy show;
My days are ended here below,
Let me Thy joys eternal know.



Spring Hill and the Navy

T. K. C.



HOW ONE OF SPRING HILL'S BOYS MADE GOOD in the United States Navy, and why he made good are two subjects which will interest readers of The Springhillian.

An old prefect was seated in the smoker of a Pullman, coming South from Washington. A sailor lad looked in on him, and instinctively lifted his cap in salute. The old prefect told him that such salutes are not expected from sailors in uniform.

"But," said the sailor, "I was brought up to do that."

The old prefect noticed that the band on the sailor's cap bore the title U. S. S. New York. This led him to ask if the sailor was off that ship.

"No, Father," he answered. "I belong to the U. S. S. Thornton, but I swapped bands with a boy off the New York when I left Norfolk."

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"Well, Father, Galveston is my home, and—"

I did not let him go on, but as soon as he had said that Galveston was his home, I exclaimed:

"You are not Benny, nor Jimmie, but you are a Dolson, I am sure."

"Yes, Father, I am a Dolson, alright. I am Dave."

Then Dave sat down beside me, saying as he did so:

"You must be a Jesuit from Spring Hill."

Dave was right, as Bennie and Jimmie must have assured him when he met them in Galveston, telling him that his Pullman companion had been their old prefect.

"Now, Dave," said I, "tell me something about your life in the navy. I am not a spy seeking information."

"Sure, Father," said Dave, "but there ain't much to tell. After enlisting and learning the rudiments of the service, I was ordered on board a train at Galveston with a lot of other fellows, and we went straight without a stop to Charleston, S. C. When we reached that port we were assigned to the U. S. S. Thornton, a torpedo boat destroyer. We proceeded from Charleston to the mouth of the Chesapeake. While we were off Hatteras, an awful storm came up. With the exception of the captain and one of the mates, not a man was allowed on deck. And yet, one seaman must have been on deck, for the signal sounded—'Man Overboard!' Waves were

running over the deck of the ship just like they do over the rocks below the Galveston sea-wall. Torpedo boat destroyers, you see, lie very low in the water, so when a storm is on, the deck is a part of the ocean. Well, when I heard the cry 'Man Overboard!' I rushed up on deck and looked around. When I located the poor fellow I was just going to jump overboard, when the mate grabbed me by my blouse. Whew! Father, he was some mad, believe me. He called me all kinds of names, everyone of which was a synonym of a doggone blankety-blank fool. He roared into my face that I had no chance to save the man; that the ship could not stop nor turn about; that if I were to go overboard to rescue him, the boat would be minus two of her crew instead of one. While the mate was yelling this into my ears and holding me like the prefects have held me in the little yard at Spring Hill, the ship was sailing further and further away from the drowning man. I had thrown the poor fellow a life preserver, but the waves swept it out of his reach. Pretty soon the blue suit of the lost sailor sank into the blue ocean, and I went below again with the threats of the officer buzzing in my ears.

When we reached Norfolk Navy Yard, we were ordered out to practice mine sweeping at the mouth of the Chesapeake. Here's how they do it. Two ships work together, steaming along at a certain distance from each other. A strong steel cable is stretched between them, and the ships keep it taut while they move over the water in parallel lines. The cable can be raised or lowered to different depths. When a mine is met, the cable is raised and the mine brought to the surface, where it is destroyed.

On one of our trips an accident occurred. The Thornton was found to be standing still, while the other ship, instead of moving in a straight line, was swinging around in a circle. Our captain guessed that his propeller must have been fouled by the cable. I was standing near the captain and the engineers while they were holding a consultation about the accident and the best way to set the propeller free again. They concluded that the job required experts from the Norfolk Navy Yard. While the operator was sending off the wireless message, I slipped off the stern of the ship with as little a splash as possible, and swam down to see what was the trouble with the propeller. Sure enough, the cable was wrapped around the shaft and the blades. The job didn't seem to be a big one, so I tackled it, and took off nine coils of the cable. Then I swam up to the surface, and thought I would sneak on board as I had sneaked off, but I had been missed, and the officer was waiting for me. He told me what a serious breach of discipline I had been guilty of in leaving ship without permission, and announced to me my punishment, which was half my month's pay and the loss of furlough. When he was done, I said: 'Will you please let me explain my absence from ship?' When permission was granted, I told him how I had

overheard the consultation of the captain with the engineers, and the captain's decision for a wrecking crew to remove the cable from the propeller. Then the idea came to me that I might be able to free the propeller. 'You don't mean to say,' said the officer, in surprise, 'that you swam down to the propeller?' 'Yes, sir, and I took off the cable from the blades and the shaft.' Well, Father, that officer surely was surprised. He thought I was fooling him at first, but when I told him to start the engine again and the ship began to move, he believed me. When the captain heard of my little stunt, he ordered the whole ship's crew to assemble. Then, in the presence of them all, he made a speech, telling the crowd what I had done. He said a whole lot of nice things about me—my bravery, initiative, and other sterling qualities which give the United States Navy every reason to expect a brilliant future from Dave Dolson, our Galveston recruit. Say, Father, the whole show reminded me of the V.-P. reading out our notes in study hall. After praising me for this particular performance, he made general remarks about my behavior since enlistment. "What I want to bring to the notice of officers and men," said the captain, 'is Dave Dolson's splendid and unequalled record for obedience to discipline. To get the idea of discipline, of respect to authority, of readiness to obey spoken and written commands, is the hardest task the United States Navy has in the training of recruits. Army officers state that they have the same trouble in the camps of instruction.' Then the captain, turning to me, said: 'Dave Dolson, please tell us where you learned to obey as you do.' 'Well, Father, you ought to have heard me 'whoop-er-up' for old Spring Hill. I told captain and crew about the discipline at Spring Hill; how I had to be in yard, or refectory, or chapel, or study hall, or class room at a certain time; that if I was not there I had to report to V.-P.'s office for a bill to account for absence, etc. Then, at the close of my story, I exclaimed, "Why, man, discipline in Uncle Sam's Navy is a cinch compared with what it is in Spring Hill! Life on a warship is a picnic compared to what we go through at Spring Hill. You don't know what real training is until you have lived for a month in Spring Hill."

Shortly after my propeller stunt, the captain informed me that I was named for promotion for gallant service. I begged him not to promote me ahead of the other men who had been in the service for several years and were waiting their turn. I told him my reason was that such a promotion of a new recruit would cause a great deal of jealousy in the crew; that I was satisfied to wait until I had spent a year in the navy.

* * *

Say, Father, I've got a Spring Hill Album in my bag. At the end of my Spring Hill speech on board ship, I went to my locker, got the album and showed the pictures in it to the captain and the crew. They know something about Spring Hill now.

The Boy Who Was Wild

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SIDNEY REYNAUD, A.B. '20



TOM GRIFFITH and his brother Walter were seated on the veranda reading the Sunday paper. Tom was deeply interested in the wiles of Hawkshaw and the pranks of the Katzenjammers. Walter was scanning the society notes and the social events for the coming week. Tom's clear voice rang out in merry laughter, and Walter's efforts to interest him in the society dance at Miss Hanley's on the following Tuesday failed utterly.

Walter was Tom's senior by four years. They were the exact antithesis of each other; in fact, they only resembled each other in the similarity of name. Tom was light-hearted; Walter was light-headed. But Tom's buoyancy of spirit made Mrs. Griffith fear for his future. He was a wild fellow, she thought. He was eighteen years old, but she had never yet succeeded in inducing him to don evening dress and accompany his brother to the social functions of their set. Tom preferred to spend his evenings at home; he loved to watch the antics of the kinky-headed offspring of the family servants; he delighted in fishing, rowing, horses and the enjoyment of his old terrier "Streak."

"Walter was always so different," his mother would tell you. He was twenty-two now; but even as a boy "he was always so entirely different." Just the exact opposite of Tom. Walter would never think of playing with that ugly, straggly-haired terrier. He was well named, thought he, for in his manifestations of affection he would "streak" your best suit or your most immaculate shirt front. But Walter was not bothered much now by "Streak." The old dog avoided him on principle and lavished all the love of his canine heart on Tom. They were almost inseparable. It was inconceivable and beyond the power of imagination to find Walter so completely forgetting his social caste as even to condescend to notice the children of "the help." His time was spent at teas, movies, dances and motoring. His delight was the society of the most popular belle of the season.

AND yet Mrs. Griffith loved Walter more than Tom! She was continually praising Walter, and eternally apprising Tom.

Tom had read the Katzenjammers a second time, and was just throwing his paper aside when his mother rushed out on the balcony. She ran over to Walter, threw her arms around his neck and cried bitterly.

"Oh, look out, mother," shouted Walter, "you are mussing my hair!" With a slight push he moved her aside and stood up. He was evidently much disturbed. "Look at that!" he said in peevish tones, "you've gone and spoiled my new cravat."

Tom came over to his mother and gently touching her arm, asked, "What's the matter, Mother? What are you crying about?"

"Go away, Tom!" was the answer he received. "You wouldn't understand. Your poor brother has been drafted for the army." And with a fresh shower, she continued, "Oh, Walter, what shall I do? Look! Here is your name among the first fifty to be drawn."

Walter almost snatched the paper and read quickly to assure himself. There was no mistaking it. There it was in black and white. There might be another Walter Griffith in his district; but there was hardly another Walter Standish Wellingford Griffith in the rest of the world. Realizing the full truth, he yielded very gladly to the consoling sympathy of his almost frantic mother.

Tom was grateful for the opportunity of getting away. He hated scenes of this nature. Quietly entering the house, he started for his room. He had just seated himself on the couch, when a thumping sounded at the door. It was a familiar sound to Tom's ears. He opened the door and let "Streak" in. "Streak" must have scented trouble. He looked at his master with an expression of what's-the-matter. Tom took the old faithful in his arms and whispered into ears that seemed to understand. "They're down there crying because Walter has to join the army, and they wouldn't give me permission to enlist when I asked. The officer said they could not take me without the consent of my parents."

"Gee! Streak, I wish I was Walter! They wouldn't cry over me; but I guess you would, old fellow." Streak looked up and licked a tear from Tom's cheek, and they began their tumblings around the couch.

All the weeping of Walter and his mother availed nothing. Walter's name was among the first to be called. He searched his brains for some possible pretext on which to base a claim for exemption; but he could find nothing that bore the least semblance of an excuse. He was subjected to the physical examination, and passed without the least doubt. Physically he might have sustained the hardships of a Caesar. His weaknesses were of an entirely different order.

The scene between Walter and Mrs. Griffith before his departure for the training camp was another ordeal for Tom. He was disgusted with their carryings-on. He could find nothing to cry over, and he was glad to see Walter forced for the first time in his life to do something against his

own will. Nobody had ever succeeded in getting Walter to do anything he did not wish to do; and now Tom was proud of Uncle Sam for bringing this about.

WALTER had been away for four days. Mrs. Griffith was worrying herself sick about him. She formulated all kinds of excuses for his silence, but still remained uneasy. She was sitting by her window, busily plying her needle on some comfort for her "darling son" when Tom rushed into the room, shouting: "A letter from Walter, mother! Read it, mother. Let's see what he thinks of it. It must be great in the army. Mother, let me go!" he pleaded.

"Thomas, I will never consent to your joining the army. You are bad enough at present; you would be beyond all hope if you were ever allowed to live that kind of a life."

"But, mother, what's Walter going to do? It isn't going to spoil him?" Tom pleaded, again.

"Walter's case was entirely different," she answered. "Now, let me read the poor dear's letter."

Tom knew that if his father were alive there would be no difficulty in securing the desired permission. But his hopes were not dead yet. Imagine his surprise when his mother, upon finishing the letter, turned to him and said, "Why, Thomas, I think I will reconsider what I have just told you."

With one bound he had his arms around her neck, and paid no attention to her protestations.

"You know, Thomas, I will be left entirely to myself if you go. There will be no one here but the servants. But I think now it will be for your own good. Walter's letter has so greatly relieved me. He tells me that there is a great deal of social life in the camp, and there are many refining influences at work. He also tells me that he is the idol of the soldiers, and expects rapid promotion. Here is the letter; read it yourself."

Tom read eagerly, anxious to find some details of the life his brother was leading in the camp. When he finished he felt like telling his mother it was not true; but he feared spoiling his own chances. The whole letter was about the writer himself; his wonderful success; his future promotion. It was not Tom's idea of camp. But he would not tell this to his mother, now that he was going to see for himself.

MRS. GRIFFITH was alone now. Her two sons had been sent to France, and she made sure that every woman at the club should know of her wonderful sacrifice. But sorrow had crossed her life, and the best efforts of her masseuse could not remove the traces it left. Her complexion had be-

come sallow; her eyes languid; her face wrinkled with care, and her raven hair was touched with gray. There were many who preferred her present natural appearance to her former apparent girlishness.

Her boys had been away for two years. For fourteen months she had received no news from them. She was wearing herself out with continual brooding and worry. Her eyesight began to fail. She could no longer read the accounts of the papers. They had never told her very much, but the little news they did offer was some consolation. She received no letters. Her task was to sit and wait. She had given up society life a long time ago, and visitors dropped off one by one. She had become so dull, so boring. She did not care to go about seeking news, for she was too proud to acknowledge her ignorance. She had only the two colored servants now, and neither of them could read to her. She finally derived consolation from a source long since forgotten. Mrs. Griffith prayed.

ONE day while in this attitude she was disturbed by the loud barking of Streak and the mumblings of a voice that seemed familiar to her. She heard footsteps on the stairs, and hurried from her room. It was Tom!

Tom could not remember ever having received such a show of affection from his mother before. She held him at arms' length, and then drew him to her bosom. It was only when they started toward her room that she noticed that Tom was lame. Realizing the trouble, he prevented a scene by quickly explaining the severe attack of rheumatism he had suffered on account of the exposure of the trenches.

She would never see how badly scarred the leg was. She would never know of the merciless ravage of the cruel shell.

"Have you any news of Walter?" she began, after they had been comfortably seated. Tom was expecting and fearing this. "I have not heard a single account of either of you for the past year."

"What!" cried Tom, "have you not read the papers?"

"No, my dear, I have been threatened with blindness, and the doctors have forbidden me to read or do any knitting for the past year. I have heard absolutely nothing.

Tom received what he called an inspiration. He started to act on it immediately. "Why, mother, there was a long account in the papers about Walter. "Did you hear nothing about it? Did nobody tell you?" He was testing his ground.

"Thomas, I have had no visitors to give me the news, and you know the servants don't read. If they heard anything about it, they forgot to mention it. What did the papers have to say?"

He felt safe on this sure footing, and determined to carry out his inspiration. "I think I have the account here." Taking two faded clippings from his pocket, he selected one and quickly replaced the other. He read: "Brave Young American Wins Cross of Honor." He paused, and taking the cross from his pocket, handed it to his mother.

"Oh, Walter, Walter!" she cried. "I knew you would excel! But where is he now?" she eagerly inquired.

"Don't you want to hear the rest of this?" Tom put in. She was treading on dangerous ground.

"Yes, yes, go ahead," she continued.

Tom read down through the glowing account, and at each report the mother shed tears of joy. Her Walter! her favorite! he had saved the army in time of greatest danger and in the face of almost certain death, or what was worse than death—capture and torture. She heard no more of what Tom was reading. She sat there with the dim twilight gathering around her, shedding tears that were like refreshing dew to a fading rose tree. She did not notice Tom leave the room. Her eyes were closed and her lips were tightly pressed to the Cross of Honor.

IN his own room Tom held both clippings in his hand and glanced sadly at them. He read the big black headlines, "Walter Griffith Shot as a Deserter." He quickly struck a match and watched both papers burn to ashes in the grate.

"What's the difference?" he muttered. "She always loved Walter better, and now she is happy. It would kill her to know the truth."



A SIMILE

The dark green leaves of the trees outside,
 Bathed with moonlight from above,
 White as the garb of a summer bride,
 Gleam as the wings of a dove.

The sin-stained soul of the penitent man,
 Bathed in the grace of God's love,
 Cleansed as the sacrament only can
 Returns to its Maker above.

The Death Watch

N

IGHT, and my loved ones are sleeping.

How soon shall I go to my rest?

Shall I go when the daylight comes stealing

And scatters the darkness unblest?

My loved ones grew tired of waiting;

They labored and watched all the day.

Shall Death send me home in the darkness—

Shall I go, unbefriended, my way?

Ah, no! There before me one watches

Whose eyes never weary with sleep.

He gazes upon me in silence,

Together the lone vigil we keep.

I fear not the Reaper of Darkness;

I will not make the journey alone;

For the Light of the World and the Master of Life

Shall lead me to rest in His home.

T. HAILS, A.B. '19

Baccalaureate Sermon

"It is a proverb: A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it."---Proverbs 22:6

REV. F. I. MACDONNELL, S.J.



HERE ARE CERTAIN TIMES IN EACH ONE'S LIFE, occasions of special importance, which are as so many landmarks on the journey through life, as we make our earthly pilgrimage. Such occasions naturally suggest a retrospect,—a looking back and going over ground already travelled,—and a hopeful gaze into the unknown future, with all its secrets, its hidden possibilities of good and evil, of success and failure.

Among such occasions one that stands out pre-eminently is the day of graduation from college. It assuredly is a landmark in the life of a young man. The exercises or ceremonies with which the event is solemnized are called by the two names,—seemingly opposite in meaning,—“Closing Exercises” and “Commencement Exercises.” These two names very aptly express the nature of graduation day as a landmark in life; on that day we close our college career, on that day we **commence** the battle of life for which our college training has been designed to prepare us.

The subject, then, of our considerations on such an occasion naturally divides itself into an examination of the past, and a plan for the future. Both the past and the future present a vast field for thought. But this morning, speaking to you within the hallowed precincts of the chapel to which you have daily come during the long years of your college course, we shall confine our thoughts to the sacred element of the training which Spring Hill has offered you in the days of your boyhood, and its bearing on the years of manhood yet to come. Other elements that have entered into your course,—your varied and prolonged studies for the training of your mind, your athletics and physical exercises for the development of your body—will be more appropriately dwelt upon outside the chapel walls, and will, no doubt, form the subject of many a future conversation, and, as I hope, of many a pleasant recollection amid the cares and responsibilities of a busy life in the professional or commercial world.

Looking back, we see numberless ways in which religion entered into our training,—the teaching of Christian Doctrine, from its elementary les-

sons in the lowest grades to Evidences in the senior year of philosophy; the frequent attendance at sacred services in the chapel,—the prayers said in common,—the obedience toward authority required of us, and the constant restraint imposed by the rules of discipline. All these things were not necessary for the development of body, they were not necessary for the training of intellect. They made themselves felt in a thousand different ways, most of them irksome, many of them painful; but they all are as so many rays focusing down to one essential point,—they all have one single aim in view,—the training of the heart, the forming in the future man the true character of a Christian Catholic gentleman.

For a man to have a splendid physical frame is a good thing, a grand thing; yet with all the training in the world no man can ever come to have the physical strength of the lowliest beast of burden, the dumb ox that is hitched to the plough. To have a well trained mind and a memory stored with information is the ambition of every intelligent man; yet all the intellectual training that the universities can offer may be found in the man who is a monumental coward on the field of battle; it may be found in the man who is too depraved to be a citizen of a civilized nation. Who will be able, even with the greatest possible training of mind, to attain to the intelligence or knowledge of an archangel? And yet, the despised of God and man, the outcast of Heaven, the symbol of all iniquity grovelling in the tortures of eternal perdition, is Lucifer, whose intelligence is that of an archangel, and whose knowledge is greater than that of all the sages of the world.

There is something stronger than physical strength, something nobler than intellectual acumen,—it is nobility of heart, which we call character. Nobility of heart, character, is the product of religious training.

There are many meanings to the word character. What we understand by character as we consider it this morning is a strong and determined disposition of heart to act according to right principles, cost what it may. The man who knows what is right, but through fear of what people may say, or what inconvenience he may suffer, does what is wrong, such a man we condemn as a man of weak character. He is a coward. But the grandest trait in the make-up of a true man is the Christian nobility of heart and firmness of character that makes him proof against all fear in upholding what is right and condemning what is wrong,—proof against the threats of the strong and the flattery of the weak, proof against the allurements of pleasure and the dread of pain, proof against every poisonous dart of his enemies, as he stands firm and immovable on the solid rock of fidelity to God. Such an one is a true man,—a man of character. His is the spirit that makes the brave soldier, the man who at the call of duty

will not listen to the voice of selfish love, but deems it a glory to sacrifice even life in the cause of God and Country. "Ours not to reason why, ours not to make reply, ours but to do and die," that is his watchword.

This firmness of character was the glory of the Christian heroes, those men, women and children who, in the years of persecution suffered tortures and a cruel death rather than deny their faith in Jesus Christ, or in the religion which He taught to men. The brave martyr lost his possessions, lost his home, and finally lost his life, but he won the everlasting crown of glory of the man of character, whom no power upon earth can shake or move to deviate from the principles of righteousness.

It was this spirit that animated Joseph of old, in the land of Egypt, when the wife of Pharaoh, the king, urged him to take upon himself the guilt of a crime abominable in the sight of God. It is true that, if he refuses, the vengeance of the spiteful woman will cause him to be cast into prison; but come what may, he is a boy of character, and no threats, no punishment will make him forsake his principles of right. His youthful eye flashes with indignation, and his voice thrills with just anger as he utters the words that have come down to us through the centuries: "How can I do this wicked thing, and sin against my God?" (Gen. 39:9). And he sinned not. He was cast into prison; but God rewarded him, and, taking him from the prison, made him ruler over all Egypt.

This same spirit of firmness of character shines forth in the three boys of whom the Prophet Daniel tells that at the order of Nebuchodonosor, the King of Babylon, they were cast into the burning furnace because they refused to obey his command. The king had erected a golden statue of immense size, and commanded that, at a given signal, all should bow down it adoration and pay it homage. When therefore the three Jewish boys, Sidrach, Misach and Abdenago, refused to pay homage to the false God, the king summoned them into his presence and ordered them to adore the statue, with the penalty of being cast into the burning furnace if they should refuse. But they were boys of character. They knew it was sinful to adore an image, and neither fire nor sword, nor any other penalty, could compel them to act in opposition to their voice of conscience. Therefore, we read in the Holy Bible, they answered the king: "Our God, whom we worship, is able to save us from the furnace of burning fire, and to deliver us out of thy hands, O king, but if He will not, be it known to thee, O king, that we will not worship thy gods, nor adore the golden statue which thou hast set up." (Dan., c. 3). And they were bound and cast into the fire, and in the midst of the flames, protected by the power of Heaven, they sang the praises of the God of Israel; and they came forth uninjured. And the king made a decree against any man that should blaspheme the God whom

these boys adored,—“for there is no other God that can save in this manner.” God gives the victory to the man who with strength of heart and firmness of character does what he knows to be right because it is right, and is not led by any fear to sin against His law.

We might cite examples from numberless pages of the Bible or of history teaching the lesson which it is the aim of Catholic education to impart,—the grandeur and the nobility of being men of principle, men of Christian character.

When St. Peter, with St. John, cured, in the name of Jesus, the lame man that sat at the door of the temple, and the people of the city of Jerusalem were in excitement over so wonderful a miracle, the Apostles were summoned before the princes and ancients and scribes, who “charged them not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus” (Acts IV.18.), threatening them with punishment if they should not obey. The Apostles answered with the courage of men of character. The weak man, who acts not according to principle, but from a timid desire of pleasing others in order to avoid pain, such a man shrinks from incurring the anger of those in power, and, silencing the voice of conscience, would submit to their demands. But Peter and John, filled with the noble Christian spirit that places God before all else, answered the princes: “Judge ye, O princes, if it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God.” They were men of character. They were sent by God to preach to the Jews the name and the teachings of the Savior, and no power on earth, no fear of punishment, no threats will be able to keep them from the performance of duty.

This manliness of character not only gives a man the courage to perform what is his own duty, but makes his very presence a security against profanity in others. We need such men today. Blasphemies against God, foul conversations and unholy suggestions do their work of scandal because there is not found a man of character to stand up and silence the profane tongue of the cowardly blasphemer. We need men of courage. It was a spirit of courage that fired the soul of the boy David, as we read in the first Book of Kings. When the Israelites, the chosen people of God, were beset by their enemy, the Philistines, it happened that the two armies took up positions on opposite hills, with an open valley between them. “And there went out a man baseborn from the camp of the Philistines named Goliath,” a man of wondrous stature, a warrior from his youth, clothed with a coat of mail and a helmet, carrying a mighty sword, and his armour-bearer went before him; and twice a day, morning and evening, he descended into the valley and challenged any member of the camp of the Israelites to come out and fight him; “Choose out a man of you,” he cried, “and let him come down and fight hand to hand; if he be able to fight with

me and kill me, we will be servants to you; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, you shall be servants. . . .” and the Philistine said “I have defied the bands of Israel this day.” And the boy David, who had been sent by his father with a message to his two brothers in the army, heard the boast of the Philistine. His heart swelled with indignation, and he cried out, “Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?” And without arms, save his shepherd’s staff and a sling, he went forth to meet him. And when the mighty Philistine saw him, he despised him, and shouted with contempt: “Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with a staff?” and he cursed the boy, and said, “Come to me and I will give thy flesh to the birds of the air, and to the beasts of the earth.” And David said to the Philistine: “Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied this day, and the Lord will deliver thee into my hand, and I will slay thee: and I will give the carcasses of the armies of the Philistines this day to the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.” (1 Kings XVII). And when the Philistine approached for the fight, David took a stone from his scrip and cast it with the sling and struck the Philistine on the forehead, and he fell; and David, running forward, took from the Philistine his sword, and struck off his head. And the army of the Philistines fled in fright. But David carried the head of the warrior to Jerusalem, a declaration to all of the penalty for blaspheming the God of Heaven in the presence of a man or even of a boy of true character.

Ah, if we had young men of that stamp today. Their courage in standing forth as men of character would win for them a power and influence which nothing else in the world can secure.

Give us young men of the type of David who, even as they mingle in society, will let it be seen that wherever they are, at all times and in every place, their regard for the majesty of God and the laws of God is the noble trait that stamps them as men of character, and fits them to be leaders of their fellow men.

Give us more men like Peter and John, who will have the courage, in spite of the ridicule and criticism of the world, to openly declare that “while I am ready,—most ready,—to serve my country, to obey my country, and to labor for my country, yet my first duty is to serve my God, to obey my God and to labor for God,—cost what it may!”

Give us more young men with the courage of the three boys with hearts brave enough to stand before their king and profess allegiance to their God. They obeyed their king, they pleased their king; but when their

king called on them to bow down in adoration before his statue of gold, they remembered the command of God: "I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt not have strange gods before me," and no promise of reward, no threat of punishment, neither the angry countenance of the powerful king nor the burning flames of the fiery furnace could bend their manly wills to assent to evil. Give us such men to put to shame the self-seekers whose hearts are fixed on the riches of earth,—whose cowardly souls bend before the idol of gold.

Give us more boys and young men like Joseph of old, and the greatest evil that sweeps through the land for the destruction of society and the eternal perdition of souls will be stopped in its onward march. If our young men will be of such character as Joseph was when, tempted to shameful wickedness, he cried out "how can I do this wicked thing," then the bright light of purity will dispel the dark clouds that hang over the unhappy hearts of the weak characters that throng the world today.

It is precisely to produce such men of character that Catholic colleges offer the education which you have received at Spring Hill,—an education not only of the mind and body, but of the heart under the benign influence of religion.

The training by which strength of character is formed has its painful and unpleasant elements. Whatever is of value is sure to cost, and the greater its value, the greater will be the sacrifices demanded in securing it. Our wills are inclined toward evil, and by our fallen nature we are led to seek our own comfort and repose. The man who makes his natural inclinations the guiding principle of his actions is the man of weak character. If we are to have strength of character, there must, therefore, be a struggle in opposition to nature. The tree that has been bent over by the storm is forced back in an opposite direction in order that it may be made to grow straight. The young soldier is made to overcome his physical defects by constant drill and exercise entirely contrary to the ease and repose of private life. As it is in matters of the physical order, so is it in the moral order. Therefore it is that in the building up of a strong moral character you have, throughout the period of your training, many a time been required to act quite contrary to your own will and natural inclinations. Oft-times, I doubt not, your spirit has been ruffled by orders imposed and permissions refused, and perchance you could find no reason for what appeared to you a treatment unnecessarily painful. Those who have gone before you have had the same experience. But in later years they realized, as you will realize, that as it is only by the repeated blows of the chisel and hammer that the statue is formed by the sculptor from the ill-shaped marble block, so, too, it is only by the forced and repeated acts of self-restraint

that the character of a true man is developed in the naturally unruly heart of the young boy.

But it is worth the while,—and let the undergraduates mark it well,—it is well worth the while to gladly suffer ourselves to be drilled in the day of youth, since by that price alone can we secure the formation of the manly character that is to be the guarantee of our happiness throughout the remainder of life.

And now, members of the Graduating Classes, you have come to the parting of the ways. Spring Hill, in giving you your diploma, rejoices in the hope that you have formed in your hearts the character of the true Christian Catholic gentleman, and that your future career will prove this. It is your sacred duty to live up to the teachings you have received, and the high ideals that have been placed before you. Remember the words of the text: "It is a proverb, a young man according to his way, even when he is old will not depart from it." Make a grand beginning, as you enter on life after college, and you will have a grand career unto the end. The world needs men of principle, men of character; if you are to be found such in future years, you must be such now.

Your Alma Mater peers with longing eyes into the future, and pleads that you will not disappoint her. Those who have gone forth from Spring Hill in previous years, and now occupy positions of honor and trust in the country, they, too, look to you and call on you to measure up to the true standard of men of character, who fear nothing except to offend their God. They see the world crowded with half-good men, weak characters, unworthy of the name of Christian. They see men of all classes respond today to the nation's call for soldiers. They behold noble-hearted men respond with the one only motive of Godly patriotism,—men who are the pride of the nation and its strongest hope, men worthy of their sires whose rich red blood and blue veins gave its bright colors to the nation's flag. But they see also men of another kind, who for sordid motives undertake to serve the nation where the nation promises to pay; men who pretend to be brave enough to fight the country's enemies whilst they have not the character to fight their own passions, the enemies of God within their soul,—who undertake to overcome the foe, while they have not the manhood to overcome themselves; men of this kind they see on every side, and with indignation they point at such as they repeat to us the angry words of the patriot poet:

"He's half a slave or whole a knave
Who mocks his country thus,
But you men be true men,
And take your stand with us."

OUR SOLDIER BOYS



EDWARD BLANKENSTEIN, A.B. '15
Q.M. SGT. 2 MC.N.A.



CHRIS TIMOTHY, JR. BS-14
2ND LT. INF. (SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE)



CYRIL BASSICH AB'06
1ST LT. 1ST FA LA.



GEORGE RATTERMAN, BS. '17
8TH SQ. 58TH AVIATION CORPSE



A. CARON BALL, EX. AB'04
1ST LT. W.A. HEADQUARTERS CO.



Aye, be true men. Be men of character. Be true to your God,—be true to your Religion, be true to your Country,—be true to yourself. In the words of Polonius to his son in the play:

- "To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Graduates of 1717, the eyes of the young boys here in chapel are upon you this morning; may they be able to look upon you in future days, and to take your conduct as a model for their own. Spring Hill says to you not good-bye, but God-speed. She hopes to see you many times to come, but she calls on you, as you leave her halls, to register in God's own great Book as a Soldier of Christ, proud to profess your allegiance to Him and to His Church. Her prayer to Heaven is that God may bless you ever through life, and is but an echo of the words of Holy Church:

"The blessing of God the Father who created you,
The blessing of God the Son who redeemed you,
The blessing of God the Holy Ghost who sanctified you"

Descend on you this day, and remain with you, forever.



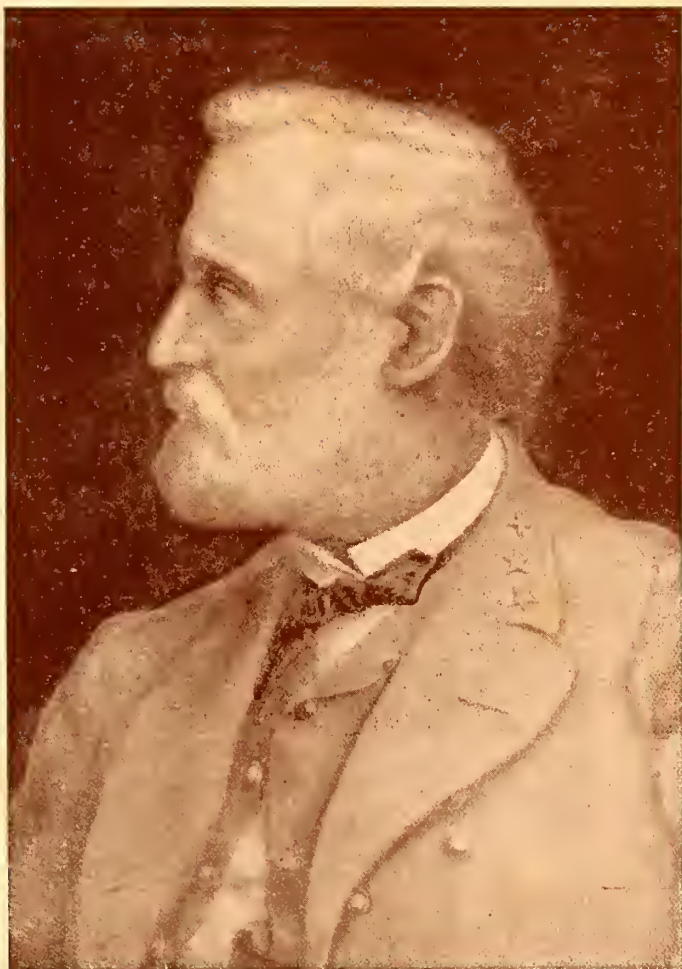
Our Soldiers' Model



TO OUR SOUTHERN SOLDIERS, the sons and brothers of the bravest men that ever girt sword or shouldered musket; to the descendants of the noblest heroes that ever fought, bled, died in the cause of patriotism or the defense of liberty; to the most knightly warriors that cannon signal or trumpet flourish ever summoned to bloody fields; to the heirs of men whose spirits never faltered, whose hearts never quailed, whose courage never wavered, whose resolve never failed through four years of recurring failure; to our young Southern heroes who are in the fields and camps and trenches fighting for the same noble cause of liberty for which their fathers fought and bled and died, we wish to recall the noblest deeds of the greatest soldier the world has ever seen; we wish to present for imitation the example of the most beloved man of all Southern heroes—Robert Edward Lee. For this purpose we cannot do better than repeat the eloquent tribute of our own dear Father Emmanuel de la Moriniere, S. J., as expressed in his lecture on "Southern Chivalry":

THE MAN

THE first on those fields, the first in that army in which we learned to greet a new line of soldiers, as chivalric, as formidable, as brave as the bravest among their fathers, and adorned with virtues but too often wanting in soldiers of former times, modest and austere virtues, civic virtues, which were the honor, and, in the hour of danger, the hope, of their country, in that glorious phalanx, the first to receive the homage of the South's loyal gratitude is that man 'of a thousand hearts,' the man invested with a sort of legendary halo, recognized everywhere, by friends and foes alike, as the true type of disinterested heroism, intelligent boldness, and moral dignity; the man who bore in his fiery breast the faith of the Crusaders, the faith of a Godfrey, of a Tancred, of a Baldwin, never impure in thought or act, never profane or obscene; the man who was, from spur to plume, every inch a soldier never outgeneralled by Grant in all the campaign from Rappahannock to James river; the man whose courage was sublime at that immortal moment when he held that slim gray line half starved, with no prospect of additions, and fought when his army was too hungry to stand, and the rifles only useful as clubs; the man who was obedient to authority as



Robert E. Lee

FROM SKETCH MADE IN 1870 BY PRIVATE P. C. BOUDOUSQUIE,
ORLEANS GUARD, CO. F, 21, 21ST LOUISIANA
VOLUNTEERS, C. S. A.



a servant and royal in authority as a king; the man who was a victim without murmur, who, though vanquished, was yet a victor; the man whom to reverence is to reverence wisdom, whom to honor is to honor virtue; the man who in life was a model for all, who in death left a heritage to all, the man whose example is worth more to earth than the stained triumphs of a thousand Caesars; the man whose name shall not wither though the earth forgets her empires, because his deeds from their immortality look forth in the sun's face imperishably pure; the man whom God gave to the South, the South to the Confederacy, the Confederacy to the world, and the world to humanity—Robert Edward Lee.

THE SOLDIER

NEVER did Calderon, the great Spanish poet, in those famous dramas of his which always turn on the imperious exigencies, the merciless refinements, the torturing delicacies of honor, imagine a situation more striking, a trial more acute, a narrower pass than that in which this man found himself engaged.

None but those who know the power of lofty ambition can tell what temptation must have beset that man, in whose ears kept ringing the pathetic appeal of Winfield Scott: "For God's sake, don't resign, Lee!" None can fathom the depths of his heroic decision in the dark days of 1861.

He was the favorite soldier of all that followed Scott. He was the picked and chosen man for high command in the armies of the United States. The President sent one of his cabinet to offer him command of all the troops.

Who can tell what visions trooped upon his sight: of power, that dearest boon to the powerful; of fame world-wide, of triumph not easy, but certain?

And who can tell but fairer dreams than these assailed him; hope that he, and he alone, might play the noble part of pacificator, redintegrator patriae; that he might heal the wounds of civil strife, and be hailed by North and South as worthy the oaken garland?

But as he dreamed on, a sound smote his ear; Virginia's message to the Southern States. The heart of Lee, throbbing with a child's love, echoed back the tender pleading. "Mother, I come!" he cried, and then: Lee unsheathed his sword. . . . And ere, at the bidding of an All-Wise Providence, that marvellous sword sought its sheath, it was destined to carve the names of the battlefields of the South in the Temple of Fame, in letters far outshining those of Marengo, Wagram and Austerlitz. We stand aghast as we reflect upon the feats of daring, administrative skill, prowess, and calm endurance performed by Lee in the brief span of four years. . . .

THE COMMANDER

HE organized patiently and skillfully the raw resources of Virginia. He proceeded vigorously with the work of organizing companies, equipping and forming them into regiments.

Soon exhausting the limited supply of the State arms, the men went up in the garrets and down into the cellars, and took out old muskets and fowling pieces that were almost concealed by spider webs. Artisans were commanded to make lances, and steps were rapidly taken for the manufacture of firearms. These being secured, Lee commenced work in earnest.

He directed the coast defences of the South Atlantic States, and labored against a thousand difficulties in the mountains of West Virginia, serenely accepting without a murmur the popular verdict of what ignorant presumption adjudged a failure.

In June, 1862, he was, at length, placed in a command to meet the responsibility of which his life had been a preparation; and, at once, his name became linked forever with that army of Northern Virginia which met and mastered army after army, baffled McClellan, and destroyed successively Pope, Burnside and Hooker, and which, when, at last, were thrown against it all the resources of the United States, Grant in its front and Sherman in its rear, Europe for their recruiting ground, and a boundless credit for their military chest, still stood for eleven months defiantly at bay, and surrendered at Appomattox eight thousand starving men to the combined forces of two great armies whose chief had long despaired to conquer the Confederacy by skill or daring, and had worn it away by weight of numbers, and the brutal exchange of many lives for one.

No wonder that such a man was idolized by our heroes in gray. No wonder that whenever he appeared at the front in battle, they would cry out as if with one voice: "To the rear, General Lee, to the rear! We'll drive them back, if you will only go to the rear."

"Lee to the rear!" became the soldiers' battle-cry. And oftentimes, when the long lines came gleaming on, and shot and shell, in tempest ripped the earth, up tore the forest and filled the air with death, these soldiers in their rusty rags, paused as they saw his face among them, and then with manhood's impervious love these sovereigns of the fields commanded: "General Lee, go back!" and then advanced to death. Gallant chevaliers that would, in the hottest fire of the fray, make a living rampart of their noblest breasts to shelter the life they held more precious than their own!

His men loved him, because he loved them as a father his children. They loved him with a love that passed the love of woman, because they

saw in him the iron hero who could lead the brave with front as dauntless as warriors' crest, and the gentle friend who comforted the stricken with soul as tender as a mother's prayer. . . .

THE BELOVED HERO

THE grand figure of Robert Lee towers high in the history of our own times and our country, and will tower still higher when the future generations of American historians record the stirring events of which I am speaking, with some degree of impartiality, because the great Virginian forsook home, fortune, a certain future, everything in fine, in his endeavor to choose what was RIGHT!

If there is anything grander in its simplicity than the brief reply of Lee, at the Richmond Convention, to the address of the President appointing him Commander-in-Chief of all the Virginia forces, I have not read it, nor heard of it:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred your choice had fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone I will ever again draw my sword."

"Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience and the help of my fellow-citizens!" The creative hand of God cannot fashion a nobler heart than that which takes such a motto for the shaping of its ways, and history cannot record a nobler life than that in which the actual deed is in keeping with such a guiding principle.

It is my good fortune to have lived in terms of close religious intimacy with a veteran chaplain of our gallant bands during those days of trying warfare. From that day in April, 1861, when the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, to that day in April, 1865, when the heroic struggle ended by the surrender of Lee's Army at Appomattox Court House, in Virginia, his priestly zeal had ministered to our troops. He had shared their exultation in the flitting hours of success, cheered their drooping spirits in the long hours of dark despondency; and whether in closed ambulance or on open field amid shot and shell, grape and canister, had shriven the wounded, spoken of duty's crown to the fallen, and made pure for Heaven and the land of unbroken peace the parting spirits of the valiant dead. When I told him of my purpose to recall in a lecture a few of those scenes of past glory and woe, and the memory of the leaders who had shed

To bankrupt the enemy's resources of deviltry you will have to use all the brain matter at your command.

You have distinguished yourselves, Alumni of Spring Hill, and Alma Mater is proud of you. But, remember, you need no Portia to stretch a point of honor to defeat a Shylock judgment. Strive hard for every honor you receive. Have ever the supreme satisfaction that you have been advanced on the law of merit. To gain this, put forth the best that is in you. Remember, the eyes of the world are upon you. "The heart of the whole country is with you." Show to the world what it means to be an Alumnus of Spring Hill—if you are a private, by gladly obeying even the most difficult commands—if you are an officer, by showing those under your charge that you have learned to obey, and therefore know how to command.

Hearken to the words of our Commander-in-Chief: "Let it be your pride to show all men everywhere, not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything, and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it, and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America."

These are noble words of sage counsel; but they are not new for you. You have had the same lessons inculcated during your student days at Old Spring Hill. If you have forgotten them in your wanderings away from Alma Mater's gentle influence, for the sake of your loved ones at home; for the sake of your beloved Alma Mater; for the sake of your Commander-in-Chief; for the sake of your own dear native land; for the sake of your soul and the love you bear its Creator, carve those words on your hearts and make them the guiding motive power of your conduct in camp, on the field, in the trenches, and in death!

Alma Mater bids you do your duty like men; she wishes you every advancement and distinction; she prays for your safety, and daily asks the Almighty Father of all TO BLESS AND GUIDE AND PROTECT HER NOBLE SOLDIER AND SAILOR BOYS.

WILLIAM S. HOFFMAN, M.A.

IT WAS with a somewhat strange sensation that we watched the squad file out of the "gym" on to the Campus immediately after the formal opening of the 1917 football season.

Naturally, all our attention was turned to the man who was to bear the brunt of responsibility for the present season. We knew that he came to us with the best reputation; that in his nine years of experience in ath-

letic endeavor he turned out teams that rarely met defeat. We watched him closely that day, and throughout the succeeding days, and have been impressed with his knowledge of the game, his untiring patience and his sympathetic insight.

Mr. William S. Hoffman, M.A., is a coach who believes in modern football. He believes that a good football team is a machine well oiled, with all its parts working in unison. With this end in view, he has bent his endeavors to the almost superhuman task of rounding out a green and inexperienced squad into a winning combination. His insistence and perseverance, together with his remarkable scientific plays, have inspired us with the hope that the Purple and White warriors will keep fresh the laurels won in former years.

Off the field, Mr. Hoffman is a modest and unassuming man; yet, he possesses those qualities which go to make up the leader in the present day. An intense loyalty to right principle, an undaunted courage in adhering to principle, a belief in fair play and true sportsmanship; these are the qualities which have won for him the admiration and respect of the whole student body and Faculty.

The boys of Champion College gave him their close confidence; the Knights of Columbus at Prairie-du-Chien appointed him their Grand Knight; the leaders in the world of business and politics sought his calm judgment in difficult matters, and the boys of Spring Hill have, in the short space of two months, sounded the depths of his quiet exterior, and vie with each other in showing him their respect.

Boys, let us stand back of him to a man! Let us trust to his judgment and abide by his decision.

To Mr. William S. Hoffman and the Teams of '17-'18, The Springhillian wishes every success during the coming year.

"ARE YOU DOING YOUR BIT?"

THIS PHRASE has become a slogan throughout the country. For months we read the insistent message on every letter, every post card: it stared down on us from the signs in street cars; it gave us pause in the public thoroughfare. The constant reminder finally achieved the desired effect. A new demand has arisen, and we are again met on every side by the striking message: "Back the boys in the trenches!"

Here are two lessons which we should begin to learn right here at college. We have every opportunity to practice them, though our field be smaller. We shall be better able afterward to enlarge our scope.

Are you doing your bit, now? You can't do anything? That's great! A fellow who tells you that, is oftentimes blessed with the antediluvian virtue called modesty. We have so many to tell us of their wonderful past, present and future achievements in every possible undertaking, especially imaginary ones, that when a twentieth century college man shows the trailing edges of Lady Modesty's grave clothes, we have to assure ourselves that another hurricane is not passing.

You can't do anything! You can do "your bit."

Perhaps you can't play football—mother won't let you, or you tried and learned that the ground was too hard, or some wild animal product of Arabia has made it a physical impossibility, no matter what the reason may be, you can't play. But, still, you can do "your bit" for the team.

Even if you are wheeled around in an invalid chair, get on the side lines. "Back up the boys in the trenches." You may be too modest or shy to start a rousing cheer for the team—you can at least join the chorus. Remember, you are not trying out for the choir or Glee club, and nobody cares what kind of a voice you have—if it is LOUD!

You don't know the yells! If you can read, get one of the printed copies which the cheer leaders have on hand for YOU, and ask them for special coaching: they are very obliging.

If you are deaf and dumb, just stand there and wave your arms; but, at any rate, "Do your bit," no matter how small. The team is sacrificing itself for the honor of Spring Hill—what are you doing? "Back up the boys on the gridiron."



Communications

HONORS

Fortress Monroe, Va.

Dear Sir:

I have seen Mr. Hickey personally, and have looked up his record. I find him a soldierly youngster with a good education, and I believe he will make a valuable officer in the coast artillery. . . .

I think I may tell you that there is no doubt about his receiving a commission.

Very sincerely yours,

COLONEL COMMANDING

HONOR ROLL

Fortress Monroe, Va.

Dear Father:

I am now at this camp training for the Reserve Corps. Lately they have called for a limited number of candidates from this camp for the regular army of the U. S. This branch, the Coast Artillery, is the pick of the army, and after spending six weeks at Fort Logan H. Roots, Ark., I came over here. The place is fine, and I am delighted with the life.

How is Fr. de la Moriniere? Remember his "little student" to him. Pearse O'Leary was with me at Fort Logan Roots, but he went into the Field Artillery, and we were separated. Le Doux Provosty is at the same camp and in the same company with me.

Remember me to all the Faculty and students. Thanking you for your recent kindness and the many favors you showed me while at Old Spring Hill, I remain,

Your friend,

L. P. HICKEY

GRATEFUL

Co. 65, U. S. N., Chicago, Ill.

Editor of Springhillian:

It is with great pleasure that I am renewing my subscription to The Springhillian. I am always glad to hear from the dear old place.

After I had read the last issue, I placed it on the table at the Y. M. C. A., and all the "Jackies" quarrelled over it; there was a fight to see who was going to get it next. To some it was a curiosity, and to those who have been to Universities, it ranked with their best college magazines.

I read the letter to one of my collegiate friends, and I felt proud to know that my Alma Mater was following me so closely on my way to kill the Kaiser and force world-wide peace.

This is very encouraging, and should make any American willing to fight and die for his country.

Yours respectfully,

CLARENCE J. LANGE

RAPID PROMOTION

Elizabeth City, N. C., Oct. 3, 1917

Editor of The Springhillian:

Dear Sir—Enclosed you will please find my appreciation of The Springhillian in

the form of a "greenback." Kindly enter my name on the list for the coming year.

I am at present Secretary and Treasurer of the Elizabeth City Ship Yard Co., and am getting along very well.

I hope everything at the College is the same as ever, and that you did not suffer much from the hurricane.

I do not happen to know who is Editor this year, but I wish him all kinds of success in his field of endeavor. I wish the team a victorious season on the gridiron.

Awaiting news from dear Old Spring Hill, I remain,

Very truly yours,

R. M. COTTER

A PROUD FATHER

Parish of New Orleans, La., Sept. 19, 1917

My Dear Editor:

Your letter of the 11th, due to incorrect address, did not reach me until yesterday.

Caron is first lieutenant of the Headquarters Company, First Louisiana Field Artillery, formerly the Washington Artillery. Caron has had no photo of himself; the enclosed was taken on the Texas border last year.

I have only three children, all boys; my second son is also in the Artillery as a corporal. My youngest son is in the Navy. They are respectively 24, 22 and 20 years old. These are my all; and I am proud of my boys. They are all volunteers.

Yours very truly,

JAS. A. BALL

New Orleans, La., Sept. 28, 1917

Dear Sir:

As per request, am sending under separate cover a photo of myself. My present status is First Lieutenant, and I am assigned to First Field Artillery of Louisiana. I served eight months on Mexican border last year.

I received my A.B. in 1906; played on the Varsity football team 1905-06, and won the all-around champion athletic medal in 1906.

With best regards to the Faculty and student body, I am,

Respectfully,

CYRIL BASSICH,

1st Lt. 1st F. A. La.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

My Dear Editor:

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 15, 1917

I am sending you a picture of Chris. I hope it will reach you O. K. Chris graduated from the Military Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe as Lieutenant of Infantry, after three months of hard work and study, topped off with an 80-mile hike in heavy marching order (full kit). He stood the test well, and came out in the pink of condition.

The call for volunteers for foreign service went out, and Chris was amongst the first to step to the front. He is now on his way to do his bit. He will be on the other side of the Atlantic when this reaches you.

Yours very truly,

C. S. TIMOTHY, SR.

EX-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Galveston, Sept. 14, 1917

My Dear Editor:

Edward is still in camp at Charleston Navy Yard. He expects to be sent out any day. His address is Company 2, Section 3, Signal Squad. He has very little to do now but practice signaling.

When the militia was called out April 6, Edward enlisted that night, and went out with them. He will reach his twentieth birthday December 8. If I should hear of his being sent out soon I shall let you know. He seems to like the navy very much.

Thanking you for your interest in him, I remain,

Very respectfully,

MRS. B. K. CROWELL

AVIATION SCHOOL

Georgia School of Tech., Oct. 5, 1917

Dear Editor:

I am at last in the Aviation Corps, and have been appointed Squadron Sergeant of the Eighth Squadron. I expect to get my commission in a few months.

We have a very fine school here, and the best of equipment.

If I train at some school in this country after I leave here, I will be down to see you. Give my regards to all the Faculty and boys.

Your devoted friend,

GEORGE RATTERMAN

EX-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Morgan City, La., Sept. 9, 1917

My Dear Mr. Editor:

This letter is almost a breath from Shadowland, for I am sure that Spring Hill has quite forgotten me. Until recently I was in the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C. (Division of Railway Adjustments). I returned South last week to fight with my home state in the war for democracy. I expect to leave for camp in a few days.

Concerning the "old boys," my classmates and others, I can tell you nothing, for I know nothing about them. I did hear, however, that Maurice Woulfe had joined the Aviation Corps.

With highest regards to Father President and all the Faculty and boys, I am, Mr. Editor (whoever you are),

Very sincerely,

FRANK L. PROHASKA

N. B.—You better not feel so certain about your quiet oblivion! Do you still keep your diary?—Editor.

PROMOTION

Natchez, Miss., Oct. 3, 1917

My Dear Editor:

We have just received news of Edward's promotion.

A recent letter states that on the 12th of September he was recommended for sergeant; on the 20th for sergeant, first class, and on the 27th for quartermaster sergeant. His address reads as follows: Q. M. Sgt. E. W. Blankenstein, Jr., Q. M. C., Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

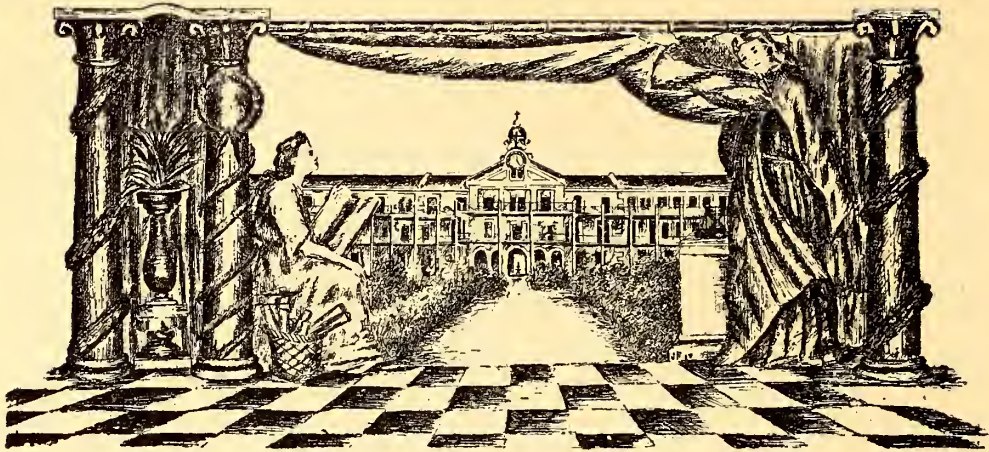
We are quite proud of Eddie's record. He has been in the army four months, and has been promoted to four grades in two promotions. One recommendation followed the other in quick succession. The last one was acted upon, and Eddie received his notice on the 29th which created him Q. M. sergeant.

With many thanks for your kind interest and good wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

MRS. E. W. BLANKENSTEIN

Editor's Note—We wish to thank all those who have so kindly forwarded information concerning "The Sammies and Jackies" of Spring Hill. We have been more interested than many have imagined.



DIARY

- Sept. 12—Matriculation of new students.
13—A. M.: Assignment of students; schola brevis.
P. M.: Football rally in Senior library.
18—Half holiday for consolation of new students.
23—Football season opens in Junior Division.
26—Mass of the Holy Ghost—Solemn High.
Storm warnings given.
28—Tropical hurricane strikes College.
- Oct. 3—First Monthly Reading of Notes.
4—First Thursday Order. Special menu for dinner.
5—Senior Division starts class in calisthenics.
6—Varsity defeats Gulf Coast on Maxon Field.
Juniors begin calisthenic exercises.
11—Regular class instead of Thursday order.
12—Columbus Day—half holiday. Varsity leaves for New Orleans.
Given lusty send-off by student body at car line.
13—Varsity plays Tulane in New Orleans. Students follow game on electric sign-board.

CHRONICLE

**OPENING OF
CLASSES**

Despite the unfavorable conditions of the present day, the opening of classes showed 168 boys on the roll of students. Many of last year's boys did not return. Many had entered the army, and others had sought admission to military academies in preparation for entrance into the different departments of service. Early in October the 200 mark was reached, and at present it stays at the same point. The opening fulfilled the brightest hopes, and we look forward to a happy and successful year.

**FACULTY
CHANGES**

Not only among the students, but also among the faculty, were many new faces in evidence. Rev. P. Cronin, S. J., replaces Father Doherty in Freshman Class. Mr. Deignan, S. J., is Lecturer in Chemistry; Mr. W. Burns, S. J., and Mr. Toops, S. J., are teaching in the English Course, and Mr. O'Donohoe, S. J., is Professor of First Academic Class. Father Clarkson, S. J., has gone to New York to pursue a special course of studies. Father A. Brown, S. J., last year's Spiritual Director, is at present stationed at Miami, Florida; Father Wagemans is doing parish work in Grand Coteau, La.; Mr. E. J. O'Connor, S. J., our former Director, has gone to New Orleans to enlarge his sphere as Director of the Literary Society and Moderator of Dramatics, and Mr. D. R. Needham, S. J., is pursuing his higher studies.

ORDINATIONS

Last June witnessed the ordination to the holy Priesthood of three former Professors and Prefects of Spring Hill. Father Francis Cavey, S. J., was ordained at Woodstock, Md., and Fathers Jos. Bassich, S. J., and J. Hynes, S. J., were raised to the dignity of the altar at St. Louis, Mo. The Springhillian wishes them a long period of usefulness in the exercise of their exalted ministry.

**FOOTBALL
RALLY**

On September 13 the whole student body met in the Senior Library for the formal opening of the football season. Dr. J. O. Rush, last year's coach, gave an enthusiastic speech, and introduced our new Coach, Mr. W. S. Hoffman. The new coach answered in a very telling address to the squad and the assembled students. Captain Ed O'Dowd gave a short speech. All the cheers were given. A fine spirit was manifested.

STORM

The hurricane which struck Mobile on the 28th did considerable damage to the hand ball alleys, and almost completely destroyed the natatorium. One enjoyable feature in the aftermath was the pleasant substitute for evening study hall. There

were no lights for several days; but there was plenty of moonlight and as much enjoyment.

**VARSITY
TRIP**

The Varsity made its trip to New Orleans this year, accompanied by Fr. Kearns and Coaches Hoffman and Rush. They received a rousing send-off at the car line, and many pieces of good advice were thrown after them as the car started for town. The boys followed the progress of the game, which was shown on the electric sign-board. The returns were received by special wire, and were greeted with lusty cheers. The team returned Sunday morning, and were met at the gate by an enthusiastic crowd.

**GOLD MEDAL
FOUNDATION**

A gold medal has been donated by E. Merilh, B.S. '17. We have not been able to find out what it is to be awarded for, but we feel sure that many will try for it on account of its donor. Edmond was also successful in obtaining a new student for his Alma Mater.

THE STAFF

The Springhillian resumes her literary career with a very representative staff to continue the good work of preceding years. During the last two years The Springhillian gained a very high standing under its able Director, Mr. E. J. 'OConnor, who has gone to Baronne street to enlarge his sphere of usefulness as Director of the Literary Society and Moderator of Dramatics. The Springhillian wishes its old Director all success in his new work. We wish to assure him that the present staff is doing its utmost to live up to the lofty ideals he set before us.

**MASS OF
THE HOLY
GHOST**

On September 26, a departure from the regular custom was seen in the solemn high mass to call down the blessing of God on the work of the year. In former years a Low Mass was offered for this intention. Rev. F. I. Macdonnell, S. J., was Celebrant; Rev. J. J. Navin, S. J., Deacon; Mr. W. Kearney, S. J., Sub-Deacon, and Mr. W. Burns, S. J., Master of Ceremonies. Father Macdonnell preached a very appropriate and eloquent sermon on the need of seeking the assistance of the Holy Spirit in the difficult work of the year. The altar boys and choir, despite their many new members, were up to their old standard.

**SANCTUARY
SOCIETY**

The St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society held its first regular meeting on Sunday, September 16th. The purpose of the meeting was the election of officers for the coming year. Marion Vickers was chosen President; T. P. Diaz, Vice-President, and Ed. Murray, Secretary. About twenty new applications have been handed in to the Moderator, Mr. W. J. Burns, S. J., but many have to remain on the waiting list. The first general communion for the members of the Society was held on Sunday, October 14th.

JASS BAND

As we go to press, we hear that Oscar Bienvenu is trying to organize a Jass Band. We cannot find out where the inspiration came from, but we know that those who collect for rehearsal are not playing music; therefore, they must be playing Jass.

**SENIOR LOCALS**

G. B. SCHWEGMAN, B.S. '19

**HAIL,
HELLOWS!**

Well, we're back at the old stand again! I warn you that I intend to record faithfully and accurately all your doings in this department during the coming year. You better watch out! If I should happen to overlook some important function or happening that may be of great interest to some of you, I prithee, let me know. But history must be written.

RETURN

On the twelfth of September, in obedience to her call, we again started for Spring Hill, and entered the portals of our Alma Mater for one more happy year. Through the generosity of our Reverend President, vacations had been extended, and, like all good things, we wished for more. Upon our arrival, each sought his favorite haunt to see how it had fared in his absence. The new boys explored the various buildings, and expressed themselves well satisfied.

POOL ROOM

But when some prowling Shylock discovered the new pool room, there was a general rush to that sanctum, which has not fallen off yet. Thanks to the successful efforts of our Prefect, Mr. A. J. Morton, S. J., the large end room, which was formerly used by the band, has been turned into a pool room. The room un-

derwent a complete transformation. Pennants and pictures adorn the walls, and there are two new pool tables and one new billiard table. Our appreciation has been shown by the long list of patrons, who have made it one of the most popular places in the yard. Good judgment was shown in selecting Raymond Reynaud, President, and "Bobo" Curren, V. P.

LIBRARY

The Library, also, has been opened this year, and has undergone many changes. There are many excellent periodicals on the reading table, and some new books have been added to the shelves. The officers are Oscar Bienvenu, President, and John Cooney, Vice-President. They have been most successful in looking after the convenience of the members.

GYMNASIUM

The Gym has been equipped with some up-to-date apparatus, and is well patronized by lovers of indoor sports. It has also become the scene of our efforts in calisthenics. The keys of this room have been entrusted to Mike Gibbons and Frank Winling.

STUDY HALL

We deeply regretted the fact that the storm deprived us of our regular evening study hall for several nights. There were no lights until large oil lamps were installed; but even with the aid of these, we found it very hard to work. We greeted the electric lights with loud groans. Our two studious "Grads," Luke O'Dowd and Raymond Reynaud, are responsible for this much-loved abode.

NEW VICTROLA

This year, as in former years, the demand for canned music became very persistent. The "noise box" that had successfully ground away many long hours and records reached its limit, and refused, however much coaxed, to perform. At last, some energetic lovers of this favorite brand began a canvass for funds to buy a new Victrola. We were relieved of our "two-bits," and the project was carried through, and on First Thursday the Victrola was also carried through—the gym door. Great enthusiasm prevailed for the first few days; and though the excitement has slowed down, the little "Vic" is running merrily on.

CALISTHENICS

A new class has made its appearance. Yielding to the demands from the Universities for units in gymnasium work before admission to their courses, classes in calisthenics were inaugurated. They are under the direction of Mr. William S.

Hoffman, M.A., and are conducted on a business-like basis. They are in very truth—classes. Although our first efforts brought forth many groans and aches, we hope, as the year progresses, to derive the full benefit from a faithful practice of these exercises.

WONDERS! Every year brings its changes! Every year brings to S. H. C. its assortment of natural wonders. Among the celebrities that have made their appearance this year, one especially shines with stellar magnitude. The person of the remarkable Anderson affords much room for comment and discussion. Our pen is unable to record his wonderful deeds; our Remington even hesitates to print them—but the world must know! The marvelous feats of Houdini and Herman, the Great, are tame compared to the performances that find their conception in the fertile brain of this veritable genius. Feeling his grasp on the “old pep” failing, the gentleman in question decided to “skin” on the condiments. He drained the bottle! Be not alarmed—Mobile is still dusty. . . That night “Mother of Vinegar” seemed to be doing a little inside “skinning” on our wonderful performer. He has issued a challenge to meet rivals in his favorite art—but, take this tip: come with a full purse or with a “check book.” All answers to his challenge may be handed to the editor of this department.

MAIL We consider ourselves fortunate this year in having our mail delivered to us by R. Willard and Jack Cooney. They have had a few experiences of their own, and can sympathize with a fellow when a little pink or blue envelope comes flying around.

“ZIPPERS” This might hardly claim the distinction of an office by those who have never witnessed the performance; but to a Spring Hill boy, it is one of the most coveted positions of honor, and a fruitful source of self-gratification. This year the fortunate ones are: Jack Cooney, Raymond Reynaud, “Sis” Bienvenu and William Bohen.

BELL The “bell hop” this year is Joseph Kopecky of trapper fame. Joe tolls our hours of agony with the accuracy of an Elgin. It is the only way we could get him to make any noise.

**OPEN LETTER
TO SENIORS**

stands:

The other day we found at the door of our sanctum the following letter. We suspect some black-hand enemy of the brown-fingered youths of the treachery. The letter cannot be traced to its original source; we print it as it

Somewhere in U. S. A.,
Bad Co., Inc.

"To the Seniors—Greetings:

Dear Friends—I am not a mathematician, but I can add to a boy's nervous trouble; subtract from his physical energy; multiply his aches and pains; divide his mental powers; take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success. Give me a chance to demonstrate my work."

Yours ruefully,

A. C. GARETTE

CONDOLENCES The Senior yard extends its deepest sympathy to L. T. Kirn, Jr., who unfortunately suffered at the heels of a full-shod "Jack." We understand this accident deprived him of his position on the Varsity, and a trip to New Orleans.



JUNIOR LOCALS

T. P. DIAZ, A.B. '21

GETTING vary. "Say, kid, what's your name?" Answers, of course, "How long have you been here?" "Man, I've been here four years—got four more to go!" "Good night!"

ACQUAINTED Registers sympathy.

For the first few days that was all we heard. At every corner the same queries were dinned into our ears until we had become acquainted. The newcomers outrivaled the famous "fifty-seven varieties." There were big boys and small boys; stout boys and lean boys; and boys who didn't talk like boys at all. The "big yard" went to see Barnum and Bailey's circus in town. It was not necessary for us to go.

Every day one can hear "All right, Fatty (Coyle) or "Vic" (Vickers) gimme a pop." Every morning Robichaux is the central attraction with his stamped envelopes. Howard Mahorner, assisted by Fitzgibbons, Robichaux, Ford, Dempsey and Marston, takes care of the Library. Morgan and Keoughan take charge of the "gym." Christie, Dempsey, D'Aquin and O. McEvoy take turns in giving out breads and pouring out "zip." The pool room is quite an attraction this year. We have been promised a new table. A. Burguires and L. Schwegman are in charge. Murray, Neuhoff and D. Burguires are study hall keepers. With such an array of trusty officials, we feel sure of a successful year.

Our football season was opened by a speech from Coach Hoffman. He gave us some good pointers which we have tried to put into practice. The phases of "Orion" seem to prophecy a victorious season for the Junior Division Varsity; in fact, it will be about the best in recent years. Ed. Murray is Captain, and along with Allen, Morgan and Neuhoff, is working hard for their first outside game on November 1st. Besides those mentioned, the following are on the squad: D. Burguires, Christie, Coyle, D'Aquin, Keoughan, Lourcey, O. McEvoy, Vickers, Walmsley and Yarbrough.

The officers for the Yenni Literary Academy during the coming year are as follows: Marion Vickers, President; T. P. Diaz, Secretary; Censor, Dennis Burguires. Several new members have already been admitted, and we expect a very active year in literary endeavor.

JUNIOR SODALITY The following are officials in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in the Junior division: M. R. Vickers, Prefect; T. P. Diaz, First Assistant; C. G. Coyle, Second Assistant; Howard Mahorner and Dennis Burguières, Sacristans and Consultors. Fr. C. J. Kearns, S. J., is Moderator this year, and we look forward to some instructive and helpful addresses.

JUNIOR BAND The Junior Division Band, with T. P. Diaz, President, and E. McEvoy, V. P., has not made its public appearance yet. But judging from auricular testimony we will certainly hear from it when it does make its debut. We have lost a number of players this year. Many have gone over to the Senior division. But under the patient instruction of our Moderator, Mr. K. A. Maring, S. J., and his insistence on daily practice, we expect to play some very creditable music before Commencement, and perhaps before the Christmas holidays. Prof. A. Suffich still manifests the same interest in our efforts.



CLASS NOTES

SENIOR At last we are on the home stretch in our race for the "dip." As usual, some of our classmates have fallen by the wayside. This year it is our much-cherished classmate, Charles Ollinger. Charlie is taking a course in Engineering in Auburn. The '18 class wishes him the greatest success. We had been here only a short time when the need of class officers became evident. We had only three members on our roll. This gave us just enough to go around. But it was difficult to decide who should bear the responsibility of Class President. Throwing aside the usual dignity of Seniors, and disregarding the by-laws given by Formalists, we tossed up for the honor. P. Dewey Landry won for Presidency; Luke O'Dowd gained the Vice-Presidency, and the only thing left for us to do was to let Ed. O'Dowd have what was left. He gracefully and modestly, of course, accepted the triple honor of Secretary, Treasurer and Bidellus.

It was fortunate that Chance proved so judicious in the selection. Ed. O'Dowd is Captain of the Football Varsity, and is having honors showered upon him after every game. He is a star of the first magnitude. We have heard some, who are in a position to command respect and credence, say that Eddie is the best player they have ever seen. But don't tell this to Ed; he might get mad. Luke also has his share of distinctions on the gridiron. He is fast approaching the excellent record of his brother, and is known as a player of remarkable ability.

So it was only just for "Old Dame Fortune" to give P. Dewey some chance to receive his mead of honor and praise. He has a full field open to him as Class President.

P. D. LANDRY, A.B. '18

JUNIOR Unlike other years, the same members that had been Sophs last session, answer the roll-call in our class. When Charlie Horne failed to appear on the thirteenth of September, we were under the delusion that one would be missing. However, after a few days, the Junior class proved to be intact in its membership, for the Shreveport absentee had arrived.

It was a pleasant surprise to learn that our new teacher for the year was our beloved former Vice-President. Under his excellent direction we expect to have a successful year, and be well prepared at its close to take our places as stately Seniors.

Soon after the opening of Classes, the election of officers was held. It resulted in the re-election of Dennis Curren as President. The other officials are: Thos. Hails, Vice-President; Matthew Rice, Secretary; Jos. Kopecky, Treasurer, and Charles Horne, Historian.

Curren and Rice, two of last year's letter men, were our delegates in the recent trip to New Orleans. Dennis is manager of the team, and "Pat" is ably playing in the back field for the third season.

Our Vice-President is also a football player; but other duties prevent him from appearing on the field regularly. Tom's share in promoting our athletics is no small one, since he is cheer-leader. He has also won the distinction of Editor-in-Chief of The Springhillian.

JOS. J. KOPECKY, A.B. '19

SOPHOMORE The first day of class found five familiar faces of last year's Freshman class back as Sophs. Our number has been increased by the addition of Robinson, who arrived on the twenty-third. He is, like Homer, claimed by three classes. A letter from Bluntzer announces that he is taking a course at Georgetown. Bishop must have tired of Academic work. The Greek medal was too much for him. He is studying law at the University of Alabama. Dillon, our Vice-President of last year, has entered the American College in Rome. Tom Holbrook has a good position with Adams Express Co. in New York.

A few days after the resumption of classes, an election of officers was held, with the following result: Edward Strauss, President; Marion Vickers, Vice-President; P. D. Byrne, Secretary; Sidney Reynaud, Treasurer, and B. Mathis, Beadle.

We are ably represented on the gridiron by Robinson, fullback on the Varsity; Mathis, a faithful scrub, and P. D. Byrne, water boy. M. Vickers

is President of the Yenni Literary Society, President of the St. John Berchman's Society and "store-keeper." Ed. Strauss represents us on The Springhillian staff.

P. D. BYRNE, A.B. '20

FRESHMAN There are four of us left to round the second lap of our race for the skeepskin: Baudier, Murray, Street and Diaz. We have endured thus far, and we mean to keep on till we are flagged at the end. Mahoney, who dropped out after his first year latin, is back again with us. If a casual observer should remark that we are lacking in culture, we will refer him to "Zieg," who will certainly argue the matter to a finish with him. Failing in this, "Tim" will turn the tables with some bright and sparkling remark. We have a certain Mr. Q. E. D. who can solve the question at issue by either Geometry or 'Trig.'

We, too, have our representatives on the barred field, for we claim Baudier, Royer, Robinson and C. Willard. "Roy" and "Robbie" have starred for us, while "Chesty" would have done the same, but the infirmary claimed his attention.

We showed our good judgment by electing as officers: V. Baudier, President; C. Street, Vice-President; T. Diaz, Secretary; Ed. Murray, Treasurer; and W. J. Russell, Beadle.

P. S.—We have just received a wireless from S. S. Tummi. It states that the defective engine has been repaired, and it will be soon sailing along the smooth seas into our port. We anxiously await its arrival.

T. P. DIAZ, A.B. '21

SUPERIOR The B. S. Class of '18 is smaller in numbers than last year, but we pride ourselves on being as representative a class as S. H. C. ever sent from her hallowed walls! Of course, we are entitled to have Titanic conceptions of ourselves. We are called Superiors. We think there might not be very much in the name, but, we insist, there is a great deal in the class.

With our nine members we expect to start a world series that will stop the war in Europe. John F. Cooney, C. H. Ducote, A. Festorazzi, C. H. Howard, L. A. de Leon, P. Neely, R. J. Reynaud, R. A. Willard and F. Pomar form the line-up of our class.

We are represented in all fields of college activity. "Festy" and "Duke" are on The Springhillian staff; Cooney and Reynaud, the officers of the yard, defend our rights; Howard sings our praises in the choir; Pomar toots our horn in the orchestra and band; Neely takes care of the social activities, and Willard and de Leon represent us on the Varsity.

After the curtain was rung up on the thirteenth, new honors were thrust upon some of our members. Cooney was chosen President; Ducote, Vice-President, and "Festy," Secretary and Treasurer. We feel sorry for those who were unable to join us this year. They are going to miss the distinction of membership in the best B. S. Class that ever left S. H. C.

A. FESTORAZZI, A.B. '18

It is Intermediate Class! The title tells our right to Wisdom's fame; just read below our mighty deeds—they'll set your hearts aflame.

Of all our wondrous deeds to write 'twould take an endless scroll; but look below the names you'll find on honor's brightest roll.

At the election of officers, which took place shortly after our return, Oscar J. Bienvenu was chosen President; R. M. Crane, Vice-President (the only vice he has); John L. Keller, Secretary, and Joseph Power, Treasurer.

Compare the lily-of-the-valley to the gorgeous sunflower; the song of the nightingale to the discordant croaking of a bullfrog; the sun-kissed peaks of the highest mountains to the little piles of yellow sand; the classic strains of Mozart to the melodious bray of a donkey; but speak like Blanchard—NEVER!

Bohen translates his French at sight, but when it comes to Trig., he has no appetite.

Fabacher, he's our star athlete, the varsity tackle, too; plays ball from 4 p. m. 'till five; then tries to make his exercise.

If you want to hear real Irish wit, just start kidding "Mike" Flynn. And Feore of the happy smile, from Pascagoula came, in Spanish not an error his; in History it was just the same.

"Liz" receives his pinkies every day; at Christmas time he'll surely have to pay.

Laury Kirn, the unfortunate, having been kicked by an Arabian steed, was unable to make the trip to New Orleans.

McDonald, great and mighty he! Twice ten pounds weight he lost. But if that waste he would regain, we'd never stand the cost.

Woodrow Sap from Alabama comes; knows Physics like Archimedes. He has a certain breezy way acquired on the seas.

Schwegman may be knock-kneed and feeble, but he's got young ideas.

Last, but not least, is Georgie Williams, a Burke scholar rare; has always been a lady's man, but still he's not a "bear."

Even with our little faults and defects, our intentions are good, and we certainly intend to make this a happy year.

O. BIENVENU AND R. CRANE, B.S. '19

Alumni Notes

P. D. LANDRY, A.B. '18

WITH THIS ISSUE, The Springhillian begins a new volume. Let us remind you that this magazine lives for you, as well as for the boys here present. You are all doing great things; why not let us hear of them? Is your mother not glad to hear of your success? Does she not offer her maternal sympathy in times of sorrow and trial? Your Alma Mater yearns for the opportunity to do the same. Tell us of your fidelity in keeping at the same old grind; of your recent promotion to positions of trust and authority; of your losses and bereavements; of anything that may happen to yourself or "one of the boys."

**SALVETE
ALUMNI**

We know that your days are busy ones; but there are four issues of YOUR magazine. Start now, if necessary, for the last issue. We have been trying to keep up OUR little departments. If there is anything you don't like about them, let us know. We are young yet, and have many things to learn. You are our older brothers, and should lend up a helping hand. And not only this department, but the whole quarterly is yours. You may have space for your ads, for your story, essay, poem or communications; but at least fill in your space. Those blank pages were waiting for you.

REORGANIZATION About twenty-five of "the old boys" met at the Battle House on October 5th, and discussed plans for reorganizing the Alumni Association. Mr. Peyton Norville, A. B. '04, was named Chairman. A committee to meet again on October 15th to complete the details of the organization was named. Are you going to help out in this endeavor?

**WITH LAST
YEAR'S CLASS** Most of the members of last year's class have gone in for the professions. George Kearns is at the Georgetown Law School; Emmet Holbrook is attending the Fordham Law School; Alvin Christovich and Louis Mackin are also studying Law at the University of Alabama. They are joined by Matthew Price and John Hastings. Albert Spengler is with them, taking a course in Mechanical Engineering. Richard Finch is at Loyola University Dental School. Edmund Merilh and Lionel Bienvenu are at Tulane Medical. Charles Courtney is at the University of New York studying Mechanical Drawing. Walter Stewart is in the real estate business in Jack-



Spring Hill Boys in Service

Ball, Caron A.	Ex. A. B. '09	First Lt. W. A., Headquarters Co.
Bassich, Cyril	A. B. '07	First Lt. 1st F. A., La.
Blankenstein, E.	A. B. '15	Quartermaster Sergeant
Bloch A. R.	Ex. A. B. '10	Camp Wheeler
Bonneval, de H.	B. S. '15	In French Army
Brown, Jno.	B. S. '09	Second Lieutenant
Burke, Perry	Ex. A. B. '16	Second Lt. 32nd Div., Headquarters
Byrne, Ed	B. S. '14	Commissary Department, Charleston
Casserly, Jas.	A. M. '04	Captain
Clements, Jac.	Ex. B. S. '18	Camp Wheeler
Constanza	Ex. B. S. '18	
Crowell, Ed	A. B. '16	U. S. N. Sig. Corps, Reg. 1, Co. 5, Charleston
Daly, Jas. G.	B. S. '16	
Deegan, J.	B. S. '08	Engineer Department, Washington
Dolson, D.	Ex. A. B. '18	U. S. N. Seaman, 1st Cl.
Dolson, J.	Ex. A. B. '16	U. S. N. Musician
Dimitry, D. A.	Ex. B. S. '07	Quartermaster Department
Gremillion, H.	B. S. '11	Second Lt. Statistical Officer
Hahn, A. J.	B. S. '10	Second Lieut. C. A. C., Ft. Monroe, Va.
Hamilton, P.	Ex. B. S. '10	Camp Wheeler
Hebert, D.	Ex. A. B. '15	Cavalry
Hickey, L.	A. B. '16	Second Lt. C. A. C., Pensacola
Horkan, G.	Ex. A. B. '16	Second Lieut.
Horkan, T.	Ex. A. B. '15	Camp Wheeler, Ga.
Kelly, T. J.	Ex. A. B. '20	U. S. N., Norfolk, Va.
Kelly, T. Howard	Ex. A. B. '14	Bat. C, 103rd Reg. U. S. F. A.
Lange, C. J.	Ex. A. B. '20	U. S. N. Commissary Department
Lelong, A.	A. B. '99	In French Army
Lindsey, F.	Ex. A. B. '18	
Logan, J. S.	B. S. '13	Bureau of Navig., Washington
Moulton, J.	Ex. B. S. '17	Camp Wheeler
McCarthy, Dr. G.	A. M. '01	U. S. N. Hospital Ship
Metzger, Jno.	B. S. '13	Camp Pike
Meyer, Emmet	A. B. '15	Bat. C., W. A.
Meyer, Edwin	Ex. B. S. '13	
McIntyre, J. D.	B. S. '11	Lt. C. A. C., Ft. Monroe, Va.
McPhillips, J.	B. S. '15	U. S. N. Landsman Elect. (Radio)
Neely, Duggan	B. S. '09	Camp Pike

Neuburger, L.	Ex. B. S. '11	Aviation, Atlanta, Ga.
O'Leary, Pearse	Ex. A. B. '17	Ga. C. A. C., Ft. Screven, Ga.
O'Grady, Jos.	Ex. '13	Sergeant
Orsi, F.	Ex. B. S. '10	Miss. F. B.
Pardue, S.	A. B. '11	Lt. Bat. C., F. A.
Provosty, L.	A. B. '14	Ft. Monroe, Va.
Provosty, A.	A. B. '16	Aviation
Prohaska, F.	A. B. '13	Morgan City
Puder, W.	Ex. A. B. '18	Seventh Co., Ga. C. A. C., Ft. Screven, Ga.
Ratterman, G.	B. S. '17	Aviation, Atlanta, Ga.
Reilly, M.	A. B. '06	U. S. N. Ensign
Reiss, N.	Ex. B. S. '10	Camp Wheeler
Rush, Dr. J. O.	L. L. D. '16	Captain Med. Corps
Schmitt, W.	B. S. '08	Captain
Sheridan, H.	A. B. '14	Sergeant
Timothy, C. J.	B. S. '14	Second Lt. (Somewhere in France)
Touart, C.	Ex. A. B. '10	Camp Wheeler
Touart, A. J.	A. B. '09	Second Lt., Camp Wheeler
Touart, R.	Ex. A. B. '17	Camp Wheeler
Van Heuval, Jno.	B. S. '15	Aviation
Van Heuval, Jas.	Ex. B. S. '16	Houston, Texas
Walmsley, S.	Ex. B. S. '08	
Woulfe, M.	A. B. '13	Aviation



sonville, Fla. Thomas Keene is Assistant Foreman in a ship building plant at Jacksonville, Fla. We received a short note from Joseph Chenevert enclosing his subscription for the coming year, but he did not mention what he intended to do. Ashby Gibbons is working with a banking house in his home town. Robert Cotter has already gained the position of Secretary and Treasurer with the Elizabeth City Ship Yard Co., N. C. Matthew Chopin is at Derry, La., managing a large plantation owned by his mother. He is trying to organize a home guard. Chris. Sullivan is working at Camp Gordon. We have been unable to ascertain the nature of his work. We have heard that James Murray is working with Murray and Peppers, Mobile, Ala. Nestor Guiteras wrote during the summer, informing us of his intention to enter West Point; we do not know how he succeeded. George Ratterman is in the Aviation Corps, and expects his commission in the near future. We have heard that "Doc" Meyer is working with a bank in Louisiana. Rumor has it that Fernand Milhas is also attending Loyola. We have been unable to learn the doings of "Buddy" Hofer, "Bobby" Brunet, "Heinie" Wilson and R. A. H. We wish all the most brilliant success in their various endeavors and undertakings.

Dr. Delphin Bienvenu, A. B. '54, was run over by an automobile in '54 New Orleans, and died shortly after. His obituary appears in another part of this issue.

We received a check for a two-year subscription from Mr. Gustave '57 Pilot, A.B. '57. Although many moons have passed since his departure from his college home, there is still a large place in his heart for Spring Hill.

Mr. J. B. Morgan, A.B. '89, of Columbus, Miss., one of the most prominent members of that community, is in the real estate business, and '89 is also Vice-President of the First State National Bank.

Mr. Martin McGrath, Ex. B.S. '89, and his brother James, B.S. '90, '89 constitute a company known as McGrath Bros., which owns and operates a chain of dry goods stores throughout the State of Mississippi.

Dr. John P. O'Leary, A.B. '90, is a very prominent doctor of Vicks- '09 burg, Miss. He is a great lover of Spring Hill, and speaks feelingly of his old professors, recalling, with tears in his eyes, the sound thrashing which Fr. Bernard once gave him, with the lash of human kindness.

John Hanway, A. B. '04, of Greenville, Miss., is a large real estate '04 owner, besides holding the position of Government Inspector in that point. Incidentally, he is also keeping at his law practice.

Edwin Staub, Ex. A.B. '04, son of Prof. A. J. Staub, was married to '04 Miss Wilkinson. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, in Columbus, Miss. The Springhillian wishes them every joy. If we may judge from the fact that Edwin received the Gold Medal for Good Conduct while in the Junior division, we may say that the bride is very fortunate in her choice.

William A. Schmitt, B.S. '07, recently organized a company of volunteers at Yazoo City, Miss. His company was accepted by the Federal Reserve Service, and he was appointed Captain of the Company. The Springhillian extends hearty congratulations.

Clarence Touart, Ex. A.B. '10, entered the ranks of the Benedicts on '10 August 21st, when he married Miss Halleen Barnes of Montgomery. He has been ordered to report at Indianapolis to begin training for the artillery service.

John Trolio, B.S. '10, is the sole proprietor of the Canton Grocery '10 Co. of Canton, Miss. He is doing a very prosperous business. His enthusiasm for S. H. C. has not weakened.

Clarence Wahner is also very successful in the business world of Canton, Miss. He is paying teller of the leading bank of that city. His brother Michael, Ex. B.S. '12, owns the largest drug store in those parts, and is one of the leading men of the place.

Raymond A. Stewart and Miss Evelyne Grenny were united in the bonds of wedlock on Aug. 24th, at Galveston, Texas. Our best wishes follow the bride and groom.

Frank Orsi, Ex. B.S. '12, has joined the colors, and is in the Mississippi '12 Field Battery. He joined during the summer, and says army life is great.

John Becker is the manager of the Brookhaven store of McGrath Bros.

John Logan, B.S. '13, of Fayette, Miss., was married on Sept. 10th, at '13 Natchez, Miss., to Miss Annie Laurie Shields of Church Hill. He entered the political arena last year, and was elected to the office of County Attorney.

James Mackin is with Austin Bros. of Brooklyn, N. Y., the largest wholesale house in the world. Jim has a large field for promotion, and we feel certain that he will make the best of his opportunities.

Roy Dellahoussaye of Franklin, La., spent part of the summer at the college studying French. Roy intends to put his knowledge to good use if he is sent to France.

Frank Prohaska, A.B. '13, formerly in the Post Office Department in
'13 Washington, D. C. (Division of Railway Adjustments), is now in the army. His classmate, Maurice Woulfe, is in the Aviation Corps. The Springhillian wishes them success and safety.

William Mulherin and Joseph Johnson, Ex. A.B. '13, took their vows
'13 as members of the Society of Jesus at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Macon, Ga. The Springhillian wishes them many years of useful service in their exalted calling.

We have the pleasure of echoing the wedding bells that were joyfully
'14 rung for Yeend Potter, Ex. A.B. '14, and Miss Sarah Logan, on Oct. 9th. They were married at a nuptial mass in St. Joseph's Church, Mobile. We consider the bride very fortunate. If we may judge from casual remarks, there seems to be a true, mutual appreciation of their good fortune. The Springhillian wishes them great happiness.

On October 1st, Raymond J. Bork, A.B. '15, was married to Miss Rose
'15 Clare Casey at St. Peter's Church, Chattanooga, Tenn. Many friends were present at the ceremony. The Springhillian predicts many happy years for Raymond and his fortunate bride, and extends its heartiest congratulations.

William Logan, A.B. '16, following the example of his classmate, Eddie
'16 Crowell, has joined the Navy. He is at present at the Bureau of Navigation in Washington. Eddie Crowell paid us a visit, and we were glad to see him in his navy uniform.

It is with regret that we announce the death of the mother of Hiram
'16 O'Reilly, A.B. '16, at their home in Yazoo City, Miss. We wish to assure the bereaved that we sincerely sympathize with them, and commend to our Merciful Master the soul of their departed loved one.

Emilio Gomez, Ex. B.S. '16, star left fielder on the College nine, writes
'16 from Madrid, Spain, telling us of his visit to his old professors, Messrs. T. McGrath and J. Walsh, S. J., who are studying Theology at Barcelona.

Walter Puder, Ex A.B. '17, is now in the 7th Co. Ga. C. A. C., Fort Scre-
'17 ven, Ga. Pearse O'Leary is with him. Walter has been elected captain of a squad of gridiron warriors, and seems to be leading a victorious eleven. Pearse is also in the game. We would gladly welcome some further news from them. Let's see how you look in khaki.

Obituary

DR. DELPHIN BIENVENU, A.B. '54, M.D.

Dr. Delphin Bienvenu, who for many years enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest living graduate of Spring Hill College, met with sudden death. In attempting a crossing at Ursuline and Broad streets, New Orleans, he was run down by an automobile. Everything was done to preserve the life of the eminent Doctor, but medical skill proved of no avail. His eighty-one years were against him, and he died soon after the accident.

Our bereaved Alumnus was born in St. Bernard's parish, December 23rd, 1835. In early life he showed evidence of a brilliant mind. His gentle and cheerful character won for him a large circle of devoted friends.

Sixty-three years ago Mr. Bienvenu took his A.B. degree at Spring Hill College. He matriculated at the age of thirteen, and was one of the few who could claim to have seen the beginnings of the College. Paul Morphy, the world's champion chess player, was a classmate of Mr. Bienvenu's. He was the first to suggest the introduction of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, and on his suggestion Fr. Gautrelet gave the required permission. He was its first Prefect, and held this post until he was made Prefect of the Senior Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The members of the Junior Sodality should make special note of this fact and remember his departed soul before the altar in their Sodality meetings. It is the same chapel that he attended, and his own dear spirit must be hovering about it today.

After his graduation in 1854, he decided to become an engineer. He went to France to study, but found the course very advanced. Nevertheless, he entered the Ecole Preparatoire, and remained there for one year. He returned home and abandoned the idea of Engineering.

Dr. Bienvenu entered the Confederate service as a private in Company A, Orleans, Captain Charles Roman. He took part in the battle of Shiloh, fought a few days after his battalion joined General Beauregard's command at Corinth, and, being wounded, was transported to the Soldiers' Relief Hospital at Charleston. During his convalescence he assisted in the drug department, and became the chief druggist. Dr. William H. Huger was the surgeon in charge, and he and young Bienvenu formed a strong friendship, which lasted until the death of Dr. Huger several years after the war.

Destiny having made a druggist of him, he entered Tulane University,

and was graduated in Pharmacy in 1872. He took up the study of medicine, and was graduated at Tulane, 1878. For about fifteen years he practiced at La Badieville, in Assumption Parish. Ill health caused him to abandon his practice and return to New Orleans. Having recovered, he again took up his practice, and moved to Hahnville, La., where he remained until the death of his wife. Returning, he practiced his profession until about five years ago.

He was the father of Emile Bienvenu, the New Orleans Public Accountant; Delphin Bienvenu of Gramercy; Gus Bienvenu of Oakdale; Mrs. Ruiz de Armis, with whom he lived; Mrs. A. J. Himel, and Miss Anna Bienvenu.

Dr. Bienvenu was buried in the St. Louis Cemetery, in the tomb of his ancestors.

Spring Hill has lost an ardent admirer and a loyal Alumnus. We extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, and offer them the assurance that the name of Dr. Delphin Bienvenu will always be a hallowed memory. R. I. P.

REV. JOSEPH O'REILLY, S. J.

The Rev. Joseph O'Reilly, S. J., after forty-three years of religious life, and in the sixty-third year of his life, died on the first of September, 1917, at the Hotel Dieu in this city.

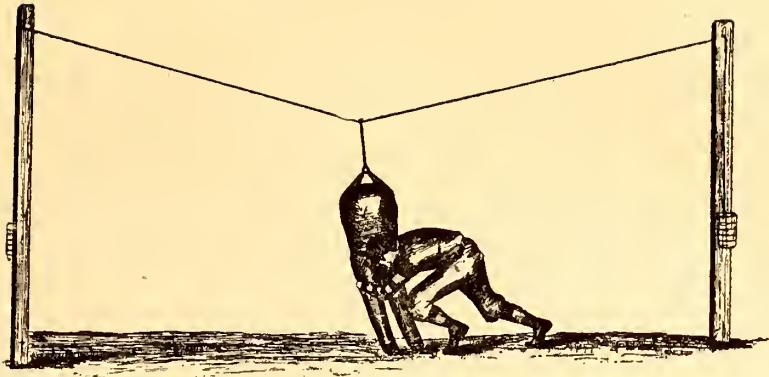
Father O'Reilly was born on the 8th of May, 1855, in Dublin, Ireland. Educated in the excellent institution of the Carmelite Fathers in his native city, in 1874 he responded to the appeal of Father Theobald W. Butler, S. J., then visiting Ireland, and generously offered himself for the Jesuit Mission of New Orleans. On the 3rd of September, 1874, he was received into the Society of Jesus at Grand Coteau, La., where he made his Novitiate and Rhetoric. His philosophical studies were begun at St. Louis University, Mo., and finished at Woodstock, Md. He made his complete course of Theology at Woodstock (1887-1891), where he was ordained to the Priesthood in 1890. A year of ascetic theology at Florissant, Mo. (1894-5) completed his training, and he pronounced his final vows as a Jesuit on the 2nd of February, 1895, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Practically Fr. O'Reilly's whole life as a Jesuit was devoted to college work. He spent twenty-eight years of earnest toil in the Jesuit Colleges here, at Spring Hill, and at Galveston. He was Vice-President of Spring Hill College for a term of three years (1896-'99), and of St. Mary's University, Galveston, for a like period (1909-'12). In the summer of 1912 he was transferred to St. Joseph's Church, Mobile, where, for two years, he was actively engaged in the works of the sacred ministry. In September,

1913, he was made Superior of the Jesuit Residence and Church at Miami, Florida, but owing to a complete breakdown in health, was obliged to relinquish the post before the completion of his first year in office.

In 1915 he returned to the Immaculate Conception College, New Orleans, and, though never fully recovered from the effects of his illness, spent the last two and a half years of his life at his favorite work of teaching.

Though naturally of an impulsive temperament, Father O'Reilly was endowed with such sound judgment, and had acquired such self-control that it was hard indeed to detect traces of his inherited tendency. He was a profound theologian and logician, and was well versed in mathematics and modern languages, had an exquisite knowledge of the ancient classics, and was a purist in the vernacular. In things spiritual his perception was clear and far-seeing; he took time to deliberate, but once he gave his decision, it was final, and, invariably, correct. If we except the all-important work of forming the character of hundreds of boys who as men looked up to him with reverence, his life was passed hidden away from the outside world. Modest and unassuming to a fault, he endured a complication of diseases for several years with such patience and fortitude that he continued the laborious work of the classroom to the last day of the school year and to the last effort of his physical resources. At the close of the last school term, his health again gave way, and on being removed to the Hotel Dieu for treatment, the physicians found such a complete breakdown of his system that a cure, or even a relief, was deemed impossible. Fortified by the rites of Holy Church, and with resignation to the Divine will, Fr. O'Reilly passed to his eternal rest. He spent himself for God, and let us hope, nothing less than God is his eternal reward for his hidden life of praise, reverence and service of his Creator. R. I. P.—J. J. O'Brien, S. J., in *Church Calendar*.



Football

ON THE AFTERNOON of "schola brevis" the whole student body was summoned to the gym for the first football rally of the season. The meeting was opened by Dr. Jno. O. Rush, whose loyal and characteristic words raised him higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the boys. He had a painful task to perform, painful to himself and to us. His duties to his country demanded that he give up his position as coach of our football team. It is not our purpose to give his speech in detail. Suffice it to say that his burning words and loyal encouragement to boys and coach thrilled us in an extraordinary manner. Mr. Hoffman responded in an eloquent appeal to us, and a high eulogy of his predecessor. The coaches shook hands. The customary cheers were given. At a command from Coach Hoffman, Captain Ed. O'Dowd ordered the squad out on the campus, and the football season of 1917 had begun.

Those of us who can remember the strong squad of last year may have been somewhat discouraged as they looked over this year's material running through the usual, light first practice. Many of our gridiron heroes of last year are gone from our midst. We have lost thirty-six members of the squad, of whom thirteen had received their letters: Ratterman, or "Rats," or "Big George," no need of telling his position, likes breaking up forward passes so well that he has decided to intercept any aerial pass that the Kaiser may attempt. Moulton has decided to play linesman, along with the peppery Jake Clements, and help stop any off-tackle buck that the erstwhile plunging Kaiser may try through the American lines. Hastings, Mackin, Christovich and Spengler are giving their athletic ability for Old Alabama. Fromhertz is in business in New Orleans. Kearns, Sullivan,

Ching, Chopin, Collins, Cotter, Overby, Ollinger, all are no longer with us. When all is told, we find only one reliable, Curren, on the line, and three brilliant back-field men, Ed. and Luke O'Dowd, and our line-plunging Rice.

A few days of practice, however, banished all our discouragement. Ed. is faster than ever; Luke is almost as good. Ed. Rice is plunging in the same old fashion way. Curren is the same steady, dependable tackle. "Big" Joe Tuminello has turned over a new leaf in more ways than one, and is putting up a great fight on the campus. Another big piece of humanity who takes supreme delight in playing havoc with the scrubs is Frank Winling. He and Joe are fast rounding into two good guards. John Fabacher reminds us of old Bienvenu, and with Curren puts us at ease with regard to the tackles. Royer, a new man, Wallet and Bannon are showing their ability at end. R. Willard and Robinson are helping the trio of last year in making our back field one of the fastest and grittiest that has ever represented the Purple and White. Then, too, there are other men to be considered. Ed. Reed, of Jesuit High School fame, is going very well as center, and is capably filling Ratterman's shoes. Grizzard, de Leon, H. Winling, Joe Fabacher, F. Hughes, Patterson, and a number of others are all showing lots of pep and drive. With these men as a nucleus, we are confident that we will have a good team which will show all the fight of former years and carry the Purple and White colors undimmed throughout the season.

SPRING HILL, 12; G. C. M. A., 7

Spring Hill College won the first game of the season on Maxon Field Saturday afternoon with the Gulf Coast Military Academy as the goat, 12 to 7. The attendance numbered nearly fifteen hundred persons.

Although the Purple and White's line-up this year is not as strong as it was at the beginning of last season, the same fighting spirit that has made its eleven a strong bunch, again is showing. And with the bracing of a few weak points in its line, the Hillians will have a most efficient team, if they are to be judged so soon.

Spring Hill this year is handicapped by the loss of several of her star men, who have joined Uncle Sam's fighting service. On the other hand, the Gulf Coast Academy, being a military school, is strengthened, due to the wave of patriotism that has swept the college men of this section.

Scores Two Touchdowns

Spring Hill's twelve was scored by two touchdowns, one by John Robinson, full-back, and the other by Ed. O'Dowd, captain and quarterback. Robinson's was made just before the end of the first half by a two-foot center rush, the ball being taken one foot over the line. The other was scored when Ed. O'Dowd made it around right end for eighty yards, a very pretty play that caused much merriment among the Purple and White's supporters.

The Gulf Coast eleven did not score during the first half, but Plummer, around right end made a neat run and touchdown during the third quarter. Wilson kicked goal, and made the military eleven's score seven. Neither side scored after this.

This is the way the teams lined up:

SPRING HILL—Ed Reed, center; Frank Winling, left guard; Joseph Tumminello, right guard; Dennis Curran, manager and left tackle; John Fabacher, right tackle; J. Bannon, left end; John Royer, right end; Ed. O'Dowd, captain and quarter; L. O'Dowd, left half; Willard, right half, and Robinson, fullback.

GULF COAST—Stallworth, center; Hillman, guard; Booth, guard; Norman, tackle; Holtzer, tackle; Isabell, end; Plummer, end; Scruggs, quarter and manager; Willis, fullback and captain; Canale, right half; Willingham, left end.

Subs—Rice replaced Willard; Downing replaced Plummer.

Game In Detail

Details of the game follow:

First Quarter—Willis kicked off to Ed. O'Dowd, who returned the ball 15 yards. Robinson's fumble was recovered by Isabell, putting the ball in Gulf Coast's possession. A forward pass failed, and Willis gained eight yards on an end run. Scruggs went over for the first down. Fumble was recovered by Luke O'Dowd, who went around right end for five yards. Willard gained five yards on center rush. Ed. O'Dowd gained five more on center rush. Robinson gained three yards on center rush. Ed. O'Dowd fumbled and Robinson recovered, taking the ball five yards. Robinson went three yards more and fumbled the ball, the ball going again to Gulf Coast. Scruggs lost four yards on an end run. L. O'Dowd intercepted a forward pass and lost five yards on an end run. Forward pass, L. O'Dowd to Robinson, failed. Robinson gained two yards through right tackle. Curran punted 30 yards to Willis, who brought it five yards. Scruggs failed to gain. Willis fumbled, and the ball was recovered by Royer. Robinson fumbled, recovered by Canale, who gained 15 yards. Score—0-0.

Second Quarter—Willis failed to gain, and Canale went four yards on an end run. Willis fumbled and recovered, tried two forward passes, both failed; Willingham gained two yards. Willis punted to L. O'Dowd, and ball carried 15 yards; E. O'Dowd went 30 yards around right end. L. O'Dowd gained three yards on center rush. Willard fumbled, and the ball was recovered by Plummer. Willingham gained four yards on an end run. Willis failed to gain, and Scruggs lost six yards on an end run, tackled by Willard. (This was a very pretty tackle). Willis punted 30 yards to E. O'Dowd, who returned it 10 yards. L. O'Dowd made it around right end for 30 yards. Robinson gained two yards on center rush, and took ball over on foot for first touchdown, missed goal. Score—S. H. C., 6; G. C. M. A., 0.

Second Half Hard Fought

Second Half:

Curran kicked to Hillman, who made 30 yards. Plummer went 18 yards on a right end run. Canale gained 3 yards on end run, and forward pass failed. Willis kicked over goal, and ball was returned 20 yards. E. O'Dowd made it around right end for 80 yards and another touchdown, missed goal. Curran kicked to Scruggs, who returned ball 4 yards. A forward pass from Willis to Plummer failed. Willis gained 3 yards on center rush. Reed blocked forward pass, and Willis punted 25 yards to E. O'Dowd, who returned it 2 yards. L. O'Dowd made a bad pass to E. O'Dowd, and lost 2 yards on an end run. Curran punted 30 yards to Scruggs, who returned it 10 yards. Scruggs went 35 yards around right end. Willingham gained 2 yards, and another pass failed. Score: S. H. C., 12; G. C. M. A., 0.

Fourth Quarter—Willis gained 7 yards on center rush, and Plummer gained 10 yards on end rush. Willis made 5 yards, and a forward pass failed. Scruggs lost 7 yards on an end run, tackled by L. O'Dowd, who also broke up forward pass. Curran gained 4 yards on center rush, and lost 3. E. O'Dowd fumbled, recovered by Willingham. Willis made 3 yards on center rush. Canale failed to gain, and Plummer made it around right end for a touchdown. Willis kicked goal. Willis kicked to Curran, who returned the ball 15 yards. Robinson gained 7 yards on center rush. E. O'Dowd went around left end for 50 yards, tackled by Plummer. (Plummer was hurt). L. O'Dowd gained 6 yards on end run. E. O'Dowd gained 3 yards on center rush, and Robinson went around left tackle for 4 yards, the first down. Willard's fumble was recovered by Canale. (Downing replaced Plummer, and Rice replaced Willard). Willis gained 2 yards on end run, and punted to E. O'Dowd, who returned it 25 yards. Robinson went through center for 7 yards. (Whistle). Final score: S. H. C., 12; G. C. M. A., 7.

The officials were: Messrs. E. G. Maxon, referee; Rush, umpire; Courtney, head linesman; Christovich and Stoggins, timekeepers.

SPRING HILL, 0; TULANE, 28

Although Spring Hill College lost to the stronger and heavier Tulane University eleven by a 28-to-0 score, the team showed much pluck and fought hard to score. Spring Hill, this year, was handicapped by the loss of several of her star men, who have joined the colors. A good crowd saw the game. The visitors' showing was impressive.

Returns from the game were received by telegraph from New Orleans at the College. The following account of the game was taken from the description that came over the wire:

SPRING HILL—Reed, center; Tumminello, right guard; Fabacher, right tackle; Walet, right end; Winling, left guard; Curren, left tackle; Royer, left end; E. O'Dowd, quarter; Rice, right half; L. O'Dowd, left half; Robinson, fullback. Subs—Joe Fabacher and Bannon.

TULANE—Simpson, center; Kelley, right guard; Talbert, right tackle; Legendre, right end; Romain, left guard; Foster, left tackle; Clay, left end; Foust, quarter; Shaughnessy, right half; Dazzen, left half; Colee, fullback. Subs—Dwyer, Harris, Barnes, Weigand, Williams, Ledoux.

Spring Hill wins tons, and will receive.

Smith, referee; Garmerly (Y. M. G. C.), umpire; Woodward (Tulane), field judge; L. Bienvenu (Tulane), linesman.

Tulane kicks to Rice, downed on twenty-yard line; Rice gains five yards through left tackle. Rice gains five more. First down on thirty-five yard line. Robinson gains four, third down. Curren punts on thirty-five yard line. Tulane gains five yards, third down, five to go. First down on forty-five yard line. Two downs for Tulane, no gain; end run, no gain. Tulane on end run to thirty-five yard line; bucks five yards. Tulane third down, five to go. First down on twenty-five yard line. End run fails to gain, Rice making tackle. Bucks gain two yards. Tulane thrown for five yards. Forward pass caught by Ed. O'Dowd. Spring Hill's ball on twenty-five yard line. Ed. O'Dowd gains five yards. Robinson makes seven more, ball on thirty-five yard line. Bucks gain two yards. Robinson carries ball to forty-yard line. L. O'Dowd around end for two yards. Forward pass caught by Coles; Tulane's ball on fifty-yard line. Coles goes for twenty yards. Tulane gains eight on end run. End of first quarter.

Second Quarter

Tulane held ball on our twenty-two yard line. Second down, eight to go. Tulane carried ball to ten-yard line. Tulane goes five yards. Tulane goes three yards. Ball on our three-yard line. Ball goes one foot over line. Tulane kicks goal. Spring Hill receives. Rice carries ball to twenty-five yard line. Curren goes for eight yards. Curren fumbles, recovers of twenty-yard line. Fifteen yards to go. L. O'Dowd thrown out on ten-yard line in attempt to pass. Curren punts. Tulane's ball on thirty-five yard line. Tulane goes five yards. Tulane three yards. First down on Spring Hill's twenty-yard line. Tulane five yards on buck. Tulane three yards on buck. Tulane goes over on straight buck. Joe Fabacher replaces Curren. Tulane kicks goal. Ed. O'Dowd receives kick and takes ball to forty-five yard line. Rice goes five around end. Robinson goes three on buck. Last down, one to go. Ball lost on downs. Tulane on their forty-five yard line. Tulane gains three yards. Tulane on criss-cross takes ball to Spring Hill's twenty-five yard line. Tulane penalized ten yards. Ball on thirty-five yard line. Weigand replaces Colee at fullback. Tulane carries ball fifteen yards. Ball on twenty-five yard line. Tulane gains three yards. Tulane's first down on Spring Hill's fifteen-yard line. Tulane goes five yards on end run. Tulane penalized fifteen yards for slugging. Tulane carries ball to twenty-six yard line. Tulane on end run goes to eighty-yard line. Buck does not gain. End of first half. Score: Tulane, 14; Spring Hill, 0.

Third Quarter

Curren replaces Fabacher. Spring Hill kicks. Tulane returns ball to thirty-eight yard line. Tulane goes for ten yards. Tulane gains one yard on end run. Tulane bucks for four. Tulane on end run carries ball to Spring Hill's thirty-five yard line. Tulane loses one yard on end run. Tulane goes for five on buck. Tulane bucks for four. Tulane loses ball on down. Spring Hill ball on twenty-five yard line. Spring Hill gains two yards on buck. Third down, forward pass fails. Curren punts, and kick is blocked. Tulane recovers ball on Spring Hill's ten-yard line. Dazzen takes ball over. Foust kicks goal. Spring Hill receives kick and runs ball back to thirty-yard line. Robinson goes four yards around end, and on the next play loses five yards. Ed. O'Dowd goes around right end for sixteen yards. Rice and Robinson buck four each. Rice carries ball to Tulane's thirty-two yard line. L. O'Dowd carries the ball one yard. Then again for five. L. O'Dowd makes nice pass to E. O'Dowd, here chance to score is lost, with clear field, Ed. O'Dowd slips. Tulane recovers ball on Spring Hill's failure to work forward pass. Ball on Tulane's fifteen-yard line. Tulane works ball back to center when time is called. Score: Tulane, 21; Spring Hill, 0.

Fourth Quarter

Curren kicks to Ledoux, on Tulane's twenty-five yard line. By a series of line plays and end runs, Tulane works the ball to Spring Hill's thirty-yard line. Tulane is held for downs. Ed. O'Dowd runs ball around right end for eighteen yards. Spring Hill carries the ball, but is forced to punt. Weigand receives ball on Tulane's thirty-five yard line. Using the same tactics, Tulane carries the ball down the field for the fourth and last touchdown. Foust kicks the goal. Score: Tulane, 28; Spring Hill, 0. Spring Hill receives the ball and returns it to the twenty-four yard line. O'Dowd goes around left end for twenty-one yards. Foust tackles O'Dowd and saves Tulane's goal. Here Spring Hill tried the forward pass twice, and was unsuccessful. Spring Hill loses ball. Tulane brings ball back to Spring Hill's thirty-eight yard line, where they are forced to kick. Ball goes behind Spring Hill's goal and is brought out and put in play by Spring Hill on their twenty-yard line. Whistle blew with the ball on Spring Hill's twenty-five yard line. Final score: Tulane, 28; Spring Hill, 0.

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN THE SPRINGHILLIAN



Vol. X

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

No. 2

The Springhillian

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MOBILE, ALABAMA



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The Springhillian

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1917

No. 2

Christmas Night

I

STAND TO-NIGHT close to the open door
And raise my lantern high the road to light.
The fire on my hearth is burning bright,
My house is clean, and garnished is my floor.
To-night the child and Mother as of yore,
Far down the road of years come into sight;
They come a-seeking shelter for the night—
I see them on the road, far-spent and sore.

Thrice welcome, gentle Mother, to my home!
For I have spread the crib with fragrant hay,
And hung the Christmas star in sable dome
To guide the eager shepherds on their way.
The wind is chill, the festive day grows dim;
Oh, make my heart a resting place for him.

Santa Claus' Rival

J. KOPECKY, A.B. '19



CHRISTMAS is the feast of childhood. It brings even the grown-ups back to those days of implicit faith in the kind old man with the reindeer sled and the big bags of goodies for little boys and girls. It is a feast that carries us back to the happy, joyous days of youth. It recalls the innocent delight of the stealthy watch for old Santa and the anxiety to learn just what he brought us. Santa Claus is the friend of our childhood days. We remember with keen regret the first time that that fancy was taken from us, and we would gladly return to those days of childish faith.

But there is one who brings us back to the same good old times; one who brings back all the dear, happy days of innocent childhood; one who has won the hearts of all children, old and young, and who has been called Santa Claus' rival—the great lover of children—James Whitcomb Riley.

Let him carry you back to the scenes of your childhood on Christmas eve; let him read to you his own doubts and questionings about the wonderful old "Santy-Claus." Listen to him tell "Who Santy-Claus Wuz":

Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still
Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.
Fourth o' July nothin' to it!—New Year's ain't a smell!
Lawzy, though! at night, you know, to set around an' hear
The old folks work the story off about the sledge an' deer,
'An' "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapt in fur an' fuzz,
Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Ust to wait, an' set up late, a week or two ahead;
Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed;
Kittle stewin' on the fire, an' mother settin' here
Darnin' socks, an' rockin' in the skreeky rockin'-cheer;
Pap gap', an' wonder where it wuz the money went,
An' quar'l with his frosted heels, an' spill his liniment;
An' me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock 'ud whirl an' buzz,
Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Size the fire-place up an' figger how "Ole Santy" could
Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said he would;
Wisht 'at I could hide an' see him—wunder what he'd say
Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway!

But I bet on him, an' liked him, same as ef he had
 Turned to pat me on the back an' say, "Look here, my lad,
 Here's my pack,—jes' he'p yourse'f, like all good boys does!"
 Long afore

I knowed who

"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Who can read these lines and not feel himself carried back on fairy wings before the fire-place, gazing into the open grate and dreaming his little dreams and painting his gaudy pictures of "Ole Santy-Claus!" We can understand the poet when he cries out against those who wish to rid the nursery of the fanciful myth of Santa Claus as teaching our children lies and perhaps, destroying their confidence in us when they come to learn that Santa never did exist. With Riley our only regret must be that the "yarn" was not really true.

Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared to be—
 Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough fer me!—
 Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild
 Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child
 Climbin' in my lap to-night, an' beggin' me to tell
 'Bout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she loves so well.
 I'm half sorry fer this little-girl-sweetheart of his—
 Long afore

She knows who

"Santy-Claus" is!

This is what has won fame for the "Hoosier Poet"; his appeal to children and the child memories that are in all of us. It is hard to think of Riley as ever growing old; it is almost impossible to think of him as silent in a cold tomb, for his voice is still calling out to the hearts of children, to the hearts of the world, for all the world loves "Jimmy Riley" with a love and admiration not given to many poets. Because Riley never tires us with veiled thrusts or philosophical theories. He is just a big boy with a great love for mankind; his poems tell us simply of his own enchanted boyhood, when, as he recalls it, you would

"Tumble round and souse yer head
 In the clover bloom, er pull
 Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes
 And peek through it at the skies,
 Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,
 Maybe, smilin' back at you . . . "

We cannot imagine Riley strutting about with pencil and notebook, jotting down his observations of nature and his impressions of persons whom he meets. We do not picture him idly rambling through the fields, or

stealthily listening to the yarns of the village farmers, or faithfully recounting the stories of strange children who have been awed by the "woo" of the wind in the chimney. We rather picture him drawing from that almost inexhaustible store of country lore which he securely heaped up in his childhood; we cannot imagine him forced to replenish his supply of telling events in the life of children for his own boyhood days were crowded with all the fun and sorrow that ever enters childrens' lives.

RILEY was not a precocious child. We are told he was just a pale-faced little lad with hair the shade of corn silk and eyes the hue of skimmed milk. He never cared for "book learnin'." "Going to school" held no attraction for him. He seemed to like everything but work—

"Plague! ef they ain't somepin' in
Work 'at kindo goes ag'in'
My convictions!

Many considered him shiftless and indolent. His own father is supposed to have said, "There is no hope in that boy." But in reality he was ever unconsciously educating himself for an honorable position in future years, by profoundly observing nature and storing scenes away in his memory which he afterward so entertainingly celebrated. As a result, not only was his knowledge of rural activities and scenery remarkable, but through his sympathetic interest in the simple and homely events of everyday life, he came to understand human nature in its many different phases. It helped him to accomplish what Markham said of him:

"Far more widely perhaps than any other singer of our generation, Riley has got over to the plain people, especially to the village and the farm folk. He has bound into scented sheaves for them the old lavendered memories of Back Home and Long Ago. There is sometimes a catch in his voice at the pathos, as well as a twinkle in his eyes at the humor, but always there is love in his heart."

Those were busy days of rest indeed, that caught on the carefully focused mind "The South Wind and the Sun" romping and running about like "two boys when school is out"; or those days at "Noon-time an' June-time, down around the river!"

An' little Dave a-shinnin'
'Crost the rocks an' mussel-shells, a-limpin' an' a-grinnin'
With yer dinner fer ye, an' a blessin' from the giver,
Noon-time an' June-time down around the river!

BUT DESPITE THE FACT that Riley acquired in a great measure from life what he missed in an irregular course at school, still it is only natural that so successful a poet must have gained some knowledge of letters. It was only in later years, however, that he gave himself to steady labor and a thoughtful perusal of some of the compositions of the masters. He delighted in his Shakespeare and stored his memory with favorite selections from Keats, Tennyson and Longfellow. Though some traces are found in his writings of the influence of reading Poe, still Riley could not be expected to list the Sombre Poe among his list of friends. As was really the case, we rather suspect him of entertaining a secret delight in the perusal of the works of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. These writers held a strong appeal for the "Hoosier Poet," and Harte's use of dialect in verse must have strengthened Riley's confidence in him.

His talent, however, was not confined to the art of composition, for by means of careful study and training, Riley became noted as a reader. He conducted himself in a manner which appealed to every audience, and his impersonations were exceptionally felicitous. He read in a manner to make his hearers "Smily round the lips and teary round the lashes."

At times he occupied himself with drawing and music, for which he had a great fondness. But he merely dabbled in the art of music, and, like other things, did not take it seriously. He could discourse at great length on musical instruments and fill in his remarks with curious lore. We cannot keep back the smile that comes to our lips when he tells us in his own characteristic vein "There's nothing gives us so much fun as thumping a bass-drum. To throw your legs over the tail of a band wagon and thump away—there's nothing like it." When as a lad he joined the medicine troupe which went about the streets affording free entertainment to gather an unsuspecting audience for a display of their patent medicines, 'Jim' played the bass drum, and we can see his little freckled face all aglow with delight as he pounds with lusty stroke his cherished drum.

Outside of his sphere of reading the poet seemed strangely inexperienced. He was embarrassed in the most commonplace situations, and often yielded himself to the guidance of his friends. Politics held no interest for him, and he saw too clearly the insincerity of "social gatherings" to take any pleasure in them.

RILEY'S habits were plain and unaffected, as was everything else about him. He was scarcely ever absent from Indianapolis, which he selected as his home.

He invariably inspired affection by the amiableness of his character but his list of intimate friends was small indeed. This was probably due

to his domestic habits, for he shunned the noisy banquet table, and fell ill at ease in large gatherings. He preferred to spend his time in the company of children.

RILEY'S love for children has become proverbial. He tells us:
 First and best of all earthly joys
 I like little girls and boys!

To make children happy was ever his earnest endeavor. He appears to greatest advantage as a poet of childhood, and the appreciation of the little ones had a happy effect on the author, as he once remarked: "But the best thing of all is that the children seem to love me so. I value their tribute above all the rest."

What child could help from loving the author who portrays in such simple melodies the "great fun" of following "The Circus-Day Parade"; or the pleasant recollections of the visit to "Old Aunt Mary's"?

"When the Saturday's chores were through,
 And the Sunday wood in the kitchen, too,
 And you went visiting Old Aunt Mary's, wasn't it good?"

The strain of cheery optimism that pervades every poem makes it difficult to select just what one delights you most. Who has not wept and smiled at some of Riley's tender sympathies or delicate humor? "Little Orphant Annie," "The Raggedy Man," "The Fishing Party" and "Grandfather Squeers" are all brim full of delightful thrills or touching recollections of childhood joys and experiences. "The Old Swimmin' Hole" is a pleasant recollection in the life of every grown up lad, and in "The Rider of the Knee" we hear the shouts of the ecstatic glee we once felt when we, too, were "Knightly Riders of the Knee."

"Leonainie," an imitation of Poe, is one of his better known serious poems. We can fathom the depths of sorrow of his tender heart as he penned the lines:

"Only spake the little lisper
 In the Angel-tongue;
 Yet I, listening, heard her whisper—
 Songs are only sung
 Here below that they may grieve you—
 Tales but told you to deceive you—
 So must Leonainie leave you
 While her love is young."

The following line is striking in its beauty: "Then God smiled and it was morning"; but we feel sorry for the poet in not being able to spur his muse to a higher flight until, resignedly, he rests with "Leonainie" where she has drifted from him like a dream.

His unique spirit of optimism drives away despondency and maudlin remorse that might rush across the wide avenues of the years that are gone. He will give no place to Remorse and the spirit of futile brooding in his heart.

"Let us forget. What matters it that we
Once reigned o'er happy realms of long-ago,
And talked of love, and let our voices low,
And ruled for some brief sessions royally?
What if we sung, or laughed, or wept maybe?
It has availed not anything, and so
Let it go by that we may better know
How poor a thing is lost to you and me."

T. A. Daly has told us the story of the writing of that most tender of all his poems, depicting as they do the sympathy of the poet for a bereaved loved one, and showing forth, at the same time, the keen regret of his own heart, the heart that loved children so tenderly and "had no child to die."

Let me come in where you sit weeping, ay,
Let me who have not ony child to die
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss—such arms—such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something,
Between the tears, that would be comforting,—
But, ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die."

The sad thought recurring in each stanza: "I have no child to die!" makes us sympathize with him as much as he grieves with the distressed mother. Nor would we call this selfish of the poet to recall his own sorrow at such a time, for it only helps to bring out in strong relief the delicate insinuation of the author that if he, never having had a child to mourn over, could feel such sorrow at the departure of this loved one, what must be

the sorrow that eats at the hearts of the fond, loving mother who had jealously guarded the love of her own dear child.

NUMEROUS OTHER SELECTIONS are well known and deserving of mention, but we have already, we hope, given the reader an insight into the poet's soul and motives.

It is not strange that these poems, written in the colloquialisms of a small section, touched the hearts of all who read them; for, they are simple, and, as such, border on the sublime; they describe lowly objects and familiar, common scenes, but there is in them the beauty of familiar scenes and the sweetness of fond recollections. For this reason, Riley was loved by all and honored in life and death. New York City celebrates his birthday; "Riley Day" is inaugurated in his home town, Greenfield, at the Indiana University, at Cincinnati, and throughout Indiana it is proclaimed as a day of universal celebration. Surely, this man has captivated the hearts of his fellowman. And gladly do the people of these various sections respond to the joyous invitation to honor him whom they love.

THESE are the monuments erected in his honor—the loving hearts of admiring readers. His spirit has been caught up by his loving friends and they are busy erecting homes for those poor children whom Riley loved so well, and building hospitals to celebrate his charity to those in distress or grief. Surely to have effected this much is a blessed crown for any life work; but Riley's work is not yet done.

"Who bides his time, and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves;
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring
Who bides his time."

The Wanderer

T

IS BRIGHT TO-NIGHT upon the hill.
Angelic hosts with music fill
The air. A silver wand doth wave
From magic star to Bethlehem's cave.



'Tis cold to-night upon the hill.
The leafless trees are voiceless, still;
For Calvary has no star to guide,
And silent angels stand at Jesus' side.

Oh, closer draw thy mantle's fold,
Dear Lady, for thy child is cold.
For I have wandered high and far,
And lost the way where leads the star.

—T. HAILS, A.B. '19

The Convert



G. C. SCHWEGMAN, B.S. '19



“YOU SEE,” said Mr. Billings, “we are not prohibitionists. Our object is not to deprive you of your lawful pleasure; it is quite the contrary. Our society seeks to promote happiness; our one aim and purpose is to spread goodwill and good fellowship among men. We strive to teach the gospel of the brotherhood of man.” Mr. Billings dusted his little stub nose with a perfumed handkerchief, and proceeded, “I might say in one word that our object is reformation; social reformation, of course.”

McGhinty did not like that word “reformation.” As far as he had been able to learn it meant trying out some new scheme on somebody else. But he had no chance to express his views on reformations in general, for Billings interrupted his musings with a further development of his pet idea. He seemed like one obsessed with ideas that must be quickly expressed for the relief of the patient.

“We contend,” continued Billings, as he gently tapped his palm with his spectacle case, “that there is needless enmity and distrust among those who were intended to live in close relationship. We must have a homecoming of the scattered elements of the human family and bind them together in one harmonious unit. We want to show that it is just as easy for the world to live on peaceful terms as to be everlastingly quarreling.” Billings advanced and touched McGhinty on the shoulder. “My dear sir, here is the secret,” and his tone was not one to be heard from the house tops. “Condescension! If people would condescend just a little to others the world would be better off.”

And McGhinty, powerful of frame and sanguine in temperament, nodded his head as though he understood.

THEY walked on in silence. The important Mr. Billings ruminating his next point, and McGhinty in an attitude of deep thought. At last Billings broke the silence.

“Furthermore, my dear sir,” he spoke quickly now, “though you may doubt it, if every one lived his little life of condescension the world would be another Eden. The herd follows the leader, even through fire; and it is equally true of humans! You are cut from the pattern of Nature’s leaders. Set the example and watch the result!”

"Just as I thought," muttered McGhinty to himself. "Another reformation idea to be tried out on somebody else."

BUT MCGHINTY THOUGHT a good part of the day over the words of Billings. "Condescension," he repeated to himself, over and over again.

That evening when he arrived at the door of his own humble dwelling he vigorously scraped his heavily-shod feet on the hitherto ignored doormat. "Condescend to others a little bit," involuntarily came back to his mind.

Stepping inside the room, he carefully placed aside the old felt hat that had always been flung to the nearest chair, and with a determined step he marched straight to the kitchen table and placed his dinner pail right in the center. His spouse gazed at him in consternation. She expected to see him roll up his sleeves and begin washing the dishes. It would be no more surprising to her than what she had already witnessed.

Since their marriage she had seen Pat's disposition change with the accuracy of an Aneroid from congenial to sulky; and worse, after the second round at "The Blue Lion." But on this particular evening the needle was deceiving her—it failed to register, or some terrible disaster was impending. These signs she had never learned to divine. Therefore she refrained from speech. She felt in the presence of a stranger. Such carry-on for her Pat!

BUT at the end of their evening meal, when Pat actually transferred his plate from the table to the kitchen sink, and, turning back, called her "Molly," the affinity collapsed, both mentally and physically; and in real feminine style, she began to cry!

WHO CAN ANALYZE a woman's tears? Certainly, Pat could not. He saw the corner of the apron steal up to her eyes, and he felt his heart sink.

"Sure, this don't work out, at all!" he said to himself. "Here, now, I've tried that condescending stuff, and there's the old woman crying!"

But before he had time to draw conclusions, Molly, recovering from her shock, turned to him and said: "Sure, what's the matter, Patsy? What's come over you at all?"

"Nothing, my dear—"

But the sentence was never finished, for Mrs. McGhinty had faded into sweet oblivion as that last word struck her. "Dear!" The word had the effect of an anaesthetic.

"It's a fine mess I've gotten into now," thought Pat to himself.

"Dear!" When had she heard that word last? Surely not since the

night she promised to be his. "Has he tried some new brand?" she asked herself, "or was it a lapse of memory? Perhaps it was all a dream." She decided to wait until he left for the "club," and then she could have time to think the whole affair over quietly.

THE TIME CAME for Pat's departure, and Mrs. McGhinty found Pat seated solidly in the big chair before the fire. She knew positively, then, that something more wonderful than a lapse of memory had befallen her spouse.

"Why, Pat! Aren't you going out to-night?"

Pat stood up, and walked into the kitchen. He returned with his little tin can.

"What's the can for?" Molly asked, in surprise.

"Sure, Molly, you're making things harder with all you're going on. I'm converted. The Society man explained it all to me today. 'Live together, says he, and live like a pair of doves, he says,' and I've been trying his scheme. As far as that can is concerned, I'm just stepping outside to get it filled.

AT "THE BLUE LION" the name of Pat McGhinty had at command the respect of every patron. And woe betide the unfortunate who failed in this attitude! Pat's reputation as a pugilist stood for many years unblemished. Every inch of his six feet bespoke manly strength, and his large arms showed steel bands of muscle which on former occasions had drawn blood and admiration.

So this evening Pat entered the now abandoned refuge with the little can, his former friends exhibited some of the symptoms which Molly had registered when told of Pat's resolution.

"Yes, sir," he replied to anxious inquiries, "I'm converted. Fighting and getting drunk are out of my line. I'm not ashamed to say it, either. If some one don't start the ball rolling we'll be so covered with moss that the divil himself won't know us. And I'm going to give the first push. Why, man, if anyone was to slap me on this right cheek I would turn the other one."

This was a cue for Pat's life-long and never-victorious enemy—Fritz Schnagle. Calmly stepping forward, Fritz demanded, "Do you mean dot vot you say?"

"Of course I do, you omethon. What do you think I said it for?"

"All right, then," replied Fritz. Taking his bearings and fixing on the nearest exit, he sent his fist crashing into the Irishman's face.

Pat lost his balance and staggered to the floor, knocked all but sense-

less by the unexpected blow. Those present abandoned all hope for the assailant's personal welfare and appearance, for they had all seen the mighty Pat in action.

Instead of crushing the invader, as expected, Pat calmly turned the other side of his face, and Fritz promptly disfigured it. But he was not content in his victory, for he feared future consequences.

STAGGERING HOME, covered with blood and doubt, Pat yielded himself into the hands of his spouse. Poor Molly had almost convinced herself, in his absence, that it was not all a dream; but now she was uneasy again at these unusual signs. Who had ever succeeded before in drawing blood from Pat? It was a hard struggle, but Social Reformation and Condescension had taken a firm hold on Pat, and he in turn held on unflinchingly.

Several weeks passed during which McGhinty was the unfortunate recipient of fisted-greetings from strong men and weak alike. Many a man had longed for this day when he could "get a good crack" at that big dreadnaught. And now they were coming around stealthily playing a submarine warfare on him. But Pat stood by his convictions.

But endurance has a limit. Pat decided finally that his endurance had gone far past its station. He concluded that the experiment did not work, and so he would report to Billings. In the meantime he must take other means to teach "Condescension" to a few—especially to that Schnagle.

IN NATURAL FORM he left one morning without breakfast in order to intercept Fritz on his way to work.

Standing on the corner, Pat waited for his enemy to appear. He had timed the transit of his new luminary well. Fritz appeared and jostled McGhinty, which disturbance gave rise to an eruption of heavenly firmaments before the eyes of the astounded aggressor.

A few moments and loving friends had Fritz safely propped up in a white-walled ward.

BAD NEWS, like good news, spreads quickly. And when it became known that Pat was "on the warpath," due respect was again tendered to him. After having tasted blood again, Pat replied to Mr. Billings' request for a report on the success of the plan: "The Society has not got the right idea. Henceforth their principles are not my principles."

SATURDAY CAME with its half-holiday, and Pat, in a dejected frame of mind, was strolling homeward.

Turning a corner, he beheld a spectacle that opened his eyes wide with

astonishment. There, in the middle of the street, was none other than Mr. Billings—the advocate of “Condescension,”—busily engaged in an elimination process on some member of the great human family!

With admiring eyes, he watched the mauling process. In a few moments the ardent advocate of condescension had consigned, in the spirit of brotherhood and good fellowship, two hundred pounds of flesh and bones to sweet dreams, with a cobblestone for a pillow.

“Why, Billings, what’s come over you?” asked Pat, as he encountered his Society Uplifter.

“Mr. McGhinty, I was showing my sister through the factory district, and this vile creature dared to insult her. As you can see, I took the law into my own hands.”

Only then did the bright idea dawn on Pat. As if it had been printed before him, he read “Moderation!”

“Mr. Billings, will you join my society? I’m for that condescension stuff mixed in with a little moderation. We’ll turn our cheek sometimes; but we’ll never let the other fellow know whether we’re going to strike or not, then they’ll respect us always.

“Righto!” replied Mr. Billings.



The Song of the Christmas Card

D. J. O'ROURKE, A.B. '23



IN THE SHOW WINDOW of one of the large Sixth avenue stores little china dolls smiled at the khaki-clad soldier boys on their right. Around them were scattered in studied confusion the usual variety of toys for the deserving nephew or niece. The children paused before the display and selected the Red Cross Nurse with the large sign on her apron front, or the little Naval Officer who so gallantly saluted the maid in blue. Some were determined that Santa should send the biplane that hung suspended in its frail hanger; others were bent on possessing the formidable field gun or the miniature submarine. The young miss was attracted by the utility sets for real live soldier boys, and the mother or wife determined on their gifts—useful and uncumbersome—for their boys at the front.

But no one seemed to notice the modest creation of card board and colored inks which held its face close to the cold glass of the large window. It was a pretty card with its painted chimes and holly branches. But who would think of sending a card to their loved ones! Those busy idlers were seeking for sensible service gifts, and they wanted nothing cheap. "Why, what would he think of me if I sent him a cheap thing like that?" they would have answered the pleading cry of the little card. But no one seemed to notice its presence there, and it seemed associated with the tinsel and crape that served only for decoration. One day a poor little lad with a bundle of papers under his arm did hesitate before it for a moment. He tried to read the message it spoke, but he did not understand—it spoke of affection which he had never known—so he scampered off, shouting "Papers!"

There the little card remained and watched the Red Cross Doll or the little soldier boy go off to their new homes to make somebody happy. It saw the toys and other gifts leave one by one, and began to feel that now it might attract some of the passersby with its simple message. It had a keen sense of its utter worthlessness. It realized that it was not wanted by the long line of tired-faced women who passed it by without as much as a condescending glance; it was not wanted by the groups of laughing young misses who were whispering about a pipe or slippers for Thomas, Richard, or Henry; it was not wanted by swaggering young college lads who were discussing their offerings for the shrine of Ruth or Agnes, or

Julliene. Nobody seemed to have any use for the cheap, tawdry, gaudy waif.

It was during the quiet of the night, when the other gifts for Christmas were resting peacefully on their velvet covered stands or in their soft curly beds, that the sudden inspiration came to the watchful little card. It was gazing out on the dimly lighted streets. It heard the lonely whistle of some late traveler, and thought of lonely homes that would be cheerless on Christmas Day, and the realization burst upon it that someone should be made happy by it. But there was something lacking; it needed something to make it worth the distinction of a Christmas gift. But the long night passed and the question was left unanswered.

The next day it cried out in plaintive tones: "Please take me out of this cold prison! I can make somebody happy. I know I can!" But the only one to give the least sign of sympathy was the little girl on the corner with the large hat with the red band, who stopped ringing her bell for a second, and looked right at the poor little card. It eagerly watched the faces of the passersby, but instinctively it felt that they had not that something which it needed.

It was almost closing time when a poor, old, weary-looking Mother—she must have been a mother, for only mothers have those eyes—passed by. The little card felt that it must make its appeal now. Fortunately, at that moment the lights in the window flashed the signal for the approaching dismissal, and the kind-faced old lady stopped right under the little card. "Please take me with you!" it cried. The old woman pulled her worn shawl closer about her shoulders to keep out the cold, and read the message of the little card. Tottering into the store she asked, in tones that were feeble and dry, "What is the price of that little card hanging in the window?" "Five cents," replied the weary salesgirl, "but since it is the last thing we have in that line, you may have it for two cents." The old lady drew forth a small coin from a carefully knotted handkerchief and left the store with a lighter step.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, "Somewhere in France," a soldier boy looked at the little card and sighed, "God, bless you, Mother." And each night when he knelt to thank God for protecting him during the day he would press the little card to his heart and beg God to keep her till he should return.

It was only after some time that the cheap, tawdry creation of paints and cardboard realized what that something was which made it worthy of the coveted title "Christmas Present." The soul that had been breathed into it was the loving spirit of the giver.

The Infant's Plaint

M



Y CHRISTMAS STAR to-night, dear Mother,
Is clouded by battle smoke.
The world is dark,
The angry bark
Of bullets and flash of sabre stroke
Affright me, Mother dear.

Will the shepherds not come tonight, dear Mother,
Nor will the angels sing?
The Christmas snow
Is all aglow
With blood. I hear sounds of quarrelling!
Oh, answer, Mother dear!

And where are the Kings to-night, dear Mother?
Have they started from afar,
With gifts of gold
And the love they hold
For me? Have they lost the guiding star?
Why weep you, Mother dear?

—W. BOHEN, B.S. '19

The Romance of War

T. HOWARD KELLY, Bat. C., 103rd F. A.



LARGE PORTION of the flower of American manhood which has responded to the summons issued by this nation to defend the sacred principles and traditions upon which the government of the United States was founded when our liberty-loving forbears established it by right of conscience and the sword is daily passing in review before the people of this city.

To those who watch the incessant flow of soldiers as the tide of war sweeps them here and then across the sea to perform beyond the sight and hearing of their kinsmen their stern duties as defenders of their country's honor and rights, it must occur that they are witnessing a supreme act of patriotism that calls for the utmost sacrifice. Following closely in the wake of such a realization, which unfolds the true import of the part that America's present patriots have willingly chosen to play in the bloody struggle, must come the question: what force or what impulse is it that moves these men and boys to abandon the appetizable things of life to embrace the sufferings, horrors and hardships of war?



MANY ANSWER THEIR OWN QUESTION by muttering the word "patriotism," others seek to explain it by various other means of speech. But it is gradually dawning upon the uninitiated that the simple word "patriotism," which does not mean anything to some people, and which is life to others, does not fully explain the cause that actuates man to join the ranks of battle in behalf of something that he is willing to offer his life in defense of. Deep down at the very bottom of all wars—ancient and modern—there has been a spiritual cause that has swayed the will of man in favor of strife and struggle whenever something dear to him was in danger of destruction or harm.

NOW that the awe-inspiring tragedy of war is playing upon a world-wide stage, with the richest and most powerful nations of the world acting the principal roles of the spectacle of gruesome action, the psychological cause of all war, and especially this one, which is heaping burdens of misery and woe upon the strained shoulders of millions of suffering people, is being sought by the self-questioners here and elsewhere who are anxious to ascertain just what it is that inspires the highest type of the manpower of this nation and all other nations to endure a baptism of blood



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"
JOHN VAN HEUVAL, B. S. '15, 1ST LT. AVIATION SECT., SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.



and fire rather than continue along the broad avenues of peace when the principle and honor is threatened and attacked.

Persons who have studied the subject with deep consideration are of the belief that aside from political, mercenary and purely selfish reasons wars have always been fought as a result of some seed planted deep in the very soul of man that demands the strife of battle when the occasion is ripe for it. This seed is also explained as a determination of certain people or peoples to establish certain principles and to defend them with life-blood if necessary. This psycholological reason advanced to explain the existence of war throughout the history of the world appears possible and probable enough when it is considered that the first big achievements of our prehistoric ancestors were the victories they registered, one over the other. It is pointed out that the instinct of battle was formed then, and that the passage of time has only served to develop it.

SINCE THE STRUGGLING DAWN of the first prehistoric day when the primal man recognized the might of brute strength as the only compelling force or law to guide his actions, the spectre of war and carnage has stalked down through the moss-covered centuries of time, invading all climes and conditions and spreading its inevitable devastation wherever it chanced to be.

Born of the first natural impulse of our forebears, which was to accomplish their purposes by exercise of brute power, the dread scourge of battle was launched upon its blood-soaked course when the first two men—human by virtue of their spiritual attributes, but leaning toward the animal things of life, because of their giant physical powers—fought with stones and clubs for the possession of an object desired by both. The human race, through the countless generations that have come and gone since the first war was waged, has not fully lost the fierce animal strain that prompts wild beasts to spring at one another's throats in frenzied anger, or to fight to the death over lair and cubs, and which was present in the being of primal man. The grinding of the wheels of Time have succeeded in wearing down the outward march of brute force that characterized the Titan men who planted the seeds of the human race thousands of years ago.

Under a thin veneer called civilization the same impulses—the identical emotions and passions which swayed them in their savage state exerts some influence over the present-day actions of man. Through every war of civilized and barbarous eras the flaming lines of battle have always been formed because the floodtides of these deep-seated impulses and passions have broken through the lacquered surface which hemmed them,

and consequently brute strength has been constantly relied upon to overcome reason and enlightened judgment. Today the world, wounded and lacerated in all parts and bleeding from every vein, offers heart-rending conviction that the cave-man still lives in the civilized being of the twentieth century, despite the latter's boast of culture and knowledge.

But it must be remembered that while the primal instincts of our ancestors are responsible for the real act of fighting or destroying human life by sword or gun fire, still there must be some great reason that appeals to the heart and mind of man and leads him to the battle front. That is where the psychological element enters. The physical element came down through the ages from our forebears. War unfolds its panoply of rainbow colors to the vision of man and youth, and immediately there follows a response from their very souls. The response is made vibrant by the enthusiasm that charges the voices which answer the call to war, for in the lines of battle man and youth can see only the sublime romance that lives where the demon War rides at the head of Death's columns.

THE MAJORITY OF WARRIORS who follow the tattered flag of battle seeking the uncertain fortunes of war, do so because of the magnetic attraction of the supreme romance that is present in the very idea of war. The centuries of history that would have faded into oblivion, except for the flashing incidents of war and battle that they have given to posterity, offer convincing proofs that the human tendency to seek and embrace the romantic has been largely responsible for the far-flung lines of battle that have faced the fire of war since it has existed. To many it may seem unbelievable that such a thing as romance—a thing that has been described in poetry and prose as sweet and desirable—can be hidden beneath the terrible sufferings and anguish of war; but it is there in almost every rank. It is like a jewel set deep in the heart of the fighting men—the thing that actuated them to offer for battle, and prompts them to valorous deeds when death is closing around them.

BETWEEN the cannon roar that thunders and dies on Europe's gore-drenched fields we have often heard sinister voices declare that there is no more romance in war. It has been said that warfare, with its ruthless butchery of human life and wholesale annihilation of property no longer holds the romantic note that swayed men to ride forth to battle when knighthood and chivalry was in flower. But from the soldier boy of America today who has girded on his fighting clothes and awaits the order which will bring him to the flaming line of carnage on some French or Belgian frontier, where shell and smoke are thick, there comes an emphatic denial to the voice from across the water which denies that romance still lives in war.

Romance creeps into the heart of war from the very forming of the

first lines of battle because man, imprompted to offer himself to protect his loved ones, his own fireside, his country and the principles that have been to guide its national course and destiny. Where else is there to be found such supreme romance as that displayed in the heroism of the man who places his life between the people and things he loves? Such heroism and romance have been the inspiration for the greatest songs that have ever come from the pen of the world's most famous writers.

WAR OFFERS to man a lure of adventure that is almost undeniable. It is characteristic of man to seek adventure. Life itself is a big adventure, and war being one of the truly big things of life, it naturally sounds a siren blast to the real man. The combination of romance and adventure that stands out so prominently in the business of war has always been sufficiently strong enough to attract men of all conditions and climes to the crimson standard of the grim god of battles.

Today the flower of American manhood is flocking to this standard because of the romance and adventure that lies buried beneath the suffering and horror of human strife, and because the lure of this romance and adventure is heavily tinted with a natural strain of patriotism. Thus from the very consideration of the subject it can be readily seen that while the primitive instinct of man has its place in the combination of things that prompt him to fight, still the inspiring and moving power comes from the powerful romance that war offers.

THIS MODERN AGE has conspired to strip the panoply of war of some of its attractive trappings that have long been an added lure to youth. No longer is there the good old-fashioned indignation meeting of good citizens who loudly denounce the unlawful acts that have been perpetrated against them to inflame the imagination of youth and make the warm blood pound through his being because of injury done. No longer is there the traditional blast of trumpets, or the sound of martial music, or the rattle of drum and the flying blazonry of colors and flags to inspire the man who offers himself on the altar of his native land. Such things are relics of the past. Modern war paints a grey, grim picture devoid of them all. Its thunder clouds enshroud the nation in secret preparations for the struggle to come, and where once was blare and color, there is now silence and sameness. But underneath it all beats the great heart of romance even as it did in the revolutionary and civil wars.

Today our camps are concentration points for men who hail from almost every nook and cranny of America—men who have heard the call of war's romance and are willing to die that it be preserved for their posterity ripe with the same significance as they received it from their forefathers. The people of our cities have but to meet the fine, clean-cut young men who come from the North, East, South and West to prove for themselves that romance still lives in the ranks of battle.

Our Only Hope

M



ADLY, WILDLY the storm doth blow
Out on the boundless deep.
And the tempest in my heart doth grow
'Tis hard the course to keep.

Science has tried to calm the main
And quell the riot of waves;
To quiet my heart and clear my brain
Destroy what passion craves.

Gentle voice of the sleeping Christ,
Command the waves be still.
At Thy manger crib alone I tryst
For peace my soul to fill.

—T. HAILS, A.B. '19

The Songs of Christmas Cheer



CHAS. H. DUCOTE, B.S. '18



OF ALL THE SEASONS of the year, there is none which so affects the heart of man or child as Christmas. This holy season touches the chords of every heart, and brings forth from them feelings of joy and love. Spring delights us with birds and flowers and robes of green; Autumn pleases us with golden harvest and the rich display of russet and gold and brown; but the Yuletide in its snowy mantle of white awakens the tenderest feelings of mankind.

All alike fall victims to the spell of its influence. The rich man becomes less solicitous for the goods of the world and gives freely to his poorer brother asking aid. The sad and weary are made glad, and their interest in life is quickened by the Christmas cheer spread abroad by the more fortunate. The happy man becomes happier still, and the heart that is glad is filled with merriment. The joy of children is boundless, and nothing can affect the enthusiasm they manifest on that great day, when good St. Nicholas rewards them with toys and rich, rare "goodies." Even the old folks forget their declining years and quicken their hesitant steps to join in the pleasures of the day with hearts hardly less light and gay than those of the children.

THIS IS THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS, and it is characterized by the holy and the mistletoe, the roaring blazes within, bidding defiance to the cold without, and the spreading of goodwill and jollity everywhere. It furnishes the inspiration for the well known Christmas-trees erected in the centers of the squares of some of our large cities, and all ablaze, by night with myriads of lights. Multitudes passing by pause in their haste to lend their voices to the carols that ring across the snow-covered streets. Scholars and day laborers, trim ladies of fashion and shopgirls, and, occasionally, direliets, whose feet have followed the paths of sin, join in singing "Holy Night" and other well known Christmas anthems.

This most beautiful custom has its origin from the ancient method of public singing, instituted by the Troubadours, those men who went about from place to place, singing the popular folk songs and carols. It was but natural that their repertoire should include, among other well-known Yuletide melodies: "The Seven Joys of Mary" and "Christ, the Lord, Was Born Today." When we consider the wealth of English carols in the pre-reformation period, it is striking that so few have remained to us. However,

despite the advent of changes in manners and customs, some of the oldest compositions are still extant. It is worthy of note that the style of these old carols is based on very ancient models, especially in the frequent introduction of Latin phrases:

"Christ was born on Christmas day:
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay;
Christus natus hodie":
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
Ex Maria Virgine.

And the old English form of spelling—

"Nowell! Nowell! in this halle
Make merry, I pray you alle,
On that Chylde may we calle
Ullo sine crimine."

For the preservation of these and a few other old Christmas carols we are very much indebted to John Mason Neale, who wrote about the middle of the nineteenth century. Neal, as well as Newman, while realizing the social value of the Christmas rejoicing, stressed its religious aspect by insisting on the reason for rejoicing. In his book of hymns, he says:

"Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
News! News!
Jesus Christ was born today."

We find few verses on the subject better than the above, and it would be good if more remembered it in their jollification. Unfortunately, the common impulse is to follow the example of the revellers, who—

"Wassail, wassail, wassail sing we,
In honor of Christ's Nativity."

SIR WALTER SCOTT has given us a most charming poem on Christmas Eve, which contains numerous lines of great beauty. We mention those in which he speaks of midnight mass:

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung.
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

The story of the visit of the Magi and their offerings to the Child Jesus has not been left untold. Reginald Heber, in his "Christmas Hymn," beautifully expresses this phase of Christmas thought:

"Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountian and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine."

It is somewhat surprising, not to say disappointing, to note that Shakespeare makes mention of Christmas but once among all his poems; but that one tribute ranks as one of the best pieces of verse on the subject. The grandeur and sublime beauty of the holy season and its awe-inspiring dignity are beautifully represented in these lines from our greatest English poet:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

EXQUISITE is the expression of goodwill and merriment of Christmas as pictured by Adelaide Procter in her "Angel's Story"—

"While from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time was near).
Many a one that night was merry
Who had toiled through all the year.
That night saw all wrongs forgiven;

"Friends long parted reconciled;
Voices all unused to laughter,
Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow,
From their anxious cares beguiled."

Probably the most classic of English Christmas poems is Milton's "Ode On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." The great poet dwells at length on the remarkable fact that at Christ's Nativity all nations were at

peace. The din of clashing arms was hushed, the shouts of soldiery were stilled, and the Temple of Mars, the God of War, was shut.

"No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The nooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by."

Hence,

"Peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began."

Sublime are the words of Tennyson on the subject, in his "In Memoriam." It was after the death of his dear friend, Arthur Tallam, that, hearing the Yuletide bells, he is rendered well-nigh heart broken, his grief blending discordantly with the merry tunes of the bells. However, he cannot ignore their message of cheer and good will, for he says:

"They controlled me when a boy,
They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule."

Finally, his sorrow is overwhelmed by the joy of the occasion, and his despair is turned to hope. Cheerfully, he ends the poem:

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger the heart, the kindlier hand.
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

DICKENS manifests the true Christmas spirit in his poem. He has caught the merry music of the holy season and transmitted his joy in pleasant tones that touch the hearts of man, and bespeak the kind heart of their author.

"But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part."

Here is a sweet note from Longfellow, who, while writing verses as tender as the most delicate soul could desire, has not failed to include among them some simple and touching words on Christmas—

“I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And mild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!”

NOT ONLY have the bards drawn copiously from this never-failing fount of inspiration, but the story-tellers have found herein a magic source of inexhaustible matter for touching the great heart of humanity.

Who has not read the Christmas stories of Dickens—that prince of story-tellers? From the very beginning of his Christmas Carol he arouses our interest:

“Morley was dead to begin with. The register of the burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge’s name was good upon ‘change for anything he put his hand to.”

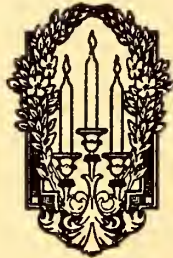
“What a droll strain!” we are tempted to exclaim as we read the introduction. Then our interest is heightened as we proceed with the story and follow Scrooge, with his cold and hard-hearted nature, in his wanderings. Who would not take delight in reading Scrooge’s nephew’s remarks about his uncle; and the Christmas scene wherein the nephew is holding his sides?

For a beautiful description of a Christmas tree, we must turn to Hans Christian Anderson’s “Christmas Tree.” We can picture to ourselves that tree with its branches covered with tinsel and loaded with all manner of presents. And the Christmas dinner! Who has ever heard of Christmas without some mention of the Christmas dinner served in the good old-fashioned style. For a genuine description of a Christmas feast, let us go to Washington Irving’s “Christmas Dinner.” Upon entering the room, we notice the decorations of holly and mistletoe, the old-fashioned drinking cups and goblets and the big open fireplace. A servant enters, bearing upon a silver tray a hogshead adorned with rosemary. Then the “Wassail Bowl” is passed from mouth to mouth and the feast proceeds, accompanied by music, laughter and stories, until ’tis time to retire from the festive board.

AND SO DOWN THE LONG LIST of other classic writers we learn of the same prevailing spirit of holy joy and peace taking possession of the hearts of all men. We may even come to writers of our times and find

in the beautiful "Christmas Legend" of Ida F. Treat a spiritual insight into the true meaning of Christmas legend and a delicate imagery of prose fiction that is not uncommon with writers dealing with this theme. Whoever fails to read "The Fourth Wise Man" of Van Dyke, when each successive Christmas comes around? Here we find a moral lesson beautifully expressed like a heavenly jewel in a spiritual setting.

But the list is endless, and each vies with the other in an effort to give praise and thanks to Him who came as a little child to give us peace and love. Ah, yes! there is the soul, the magic wand that scatters sadness and sorrow on this feast, and bids Joy and Gladness join hands in the merry dance of Happiness, the secret is LOVE. Love made Christmas, and Love brings a lasting Christmas to every heart.



Deo et Patriae

M



Y SOUL is yours, oh, Infant Christ!
By every right You claim it;
My memory You gave to me,
My intellect You freed it;
My feeble will is my own still:
I give it back that I may live.

That life is yours, Columbia!
I wait for you to ask it;
My strong right arm to guard or strike,
My brain for you to task it;
My hands, my feet, and each heart-beat
Are yours in Freedom's holy cause.

—T. P. DIAZ, A.B. '21

The Last Call

T. P. DIAZ, A.B. '21



HEY GOT ME AT LAST!" sighed Stalworth, and with a groan he fell back into the cold embraces of the narrow trench.

All day the battle raged. Never, since the moment it had reached the firing line, has the American contingent been engaged in such terrific and deadly action.

It is Christmas Eve; and the Boches have promised the Kaiser trenches and hated American prisoners as the most welcome gift of the season.

THE PREPARATIONS for the attack have been characteristically thorough; for well-nigh the whole of the two preceding days and nights has the deep bass of heavy hostile artillery been proclaiming death and destruction to the brave boys from over the seas. Every inch of ground; every nook and corner has been searched out by the destructive and death-dealing shells. At times a thousand volcanoes seemed vomiting forth, belching against the sky the very entrails of the earth and burying the living with the dead in a tomb of debris.

Since the first peep of dawn, wave upon wave of hostile infantry has surged forward to the attack. But the trenches are manned. Though their ranks have been thinned by the fearful bombardments, the heroic defenders creep out of their choked-up bomb-proofs to stem the incoming tide.

Again and again the onrushing masses melt away before the withering fire of the American rifles, machine guns and field artillery. But attack succeeds attack; the fury of demons is thriving the enemy onward. Inch by inch they creep nearer the devoted trenches, as unconquerable as a plague of locusts. A deluge of numbers must drown American courage! Into the first trench they pour, sweeping before them the brave defenders, who are forced to yield for the moment before the terrible onslaught.

WITH A SHOUT OF TRIUMPH, the enemy moves forward to engulf the second line. But their success is short lived.

"Steady, steady, boys!" the voice of a young officer sounds above the screeching whistle of bullets and the dismal howl of the shells. A shower of steel from the nearest trench tears to shreds the exulting ranks of the enemy. Frank Stalworth's company holds this post. His captain lies dead, torn to pieces by shrapnel, and Stalworth, next officer in rank, now holds command.

"Let them have all you've got!" he orders.

The machine guns rattle at their highest speed, as quickly as men can load and pull, the bullets go whizzing on their errand of death.

The enemy falters, amazed! Quick as a flash, Stalworth seizes the opportunity. "Out and at them!" he roars. A single leap, and he has cleared the edge of the trench. With a loud yell, the boys follow close upon his heels, their bayonets flashing in the sun. Like a tornado, they sweep against their foe.

The clash is terrific! Blood drips from the muzzles of the guns! A moment the enemy stands—wavers—reels—then turns and flees in dismay, leaving behind his dead and wounded.

All along the American lines sounds the command for the counter-charge. The foe clings stubbornly to the captured trench, fighting with accustomed valor; but he cannot withstand the brawn and steel of the American troops. The last piece of trench is wrested from his grasp, and he is hurled back to find shelter behind his own defenses.

"After them, boys!" shouts Stalworth, as he leaps forward to assail the Germans in their own stronghold. But he did not get far. A bullet in the abdomen strikes him down, and, with a groan of pain, he sinks back, unconscious, into the blood-soaked trench. His idolizing men bear him quickly and tenderly away to the shelter of a ruined bomb proof.

TILL DUSK the struggle lasted, and the enemy was at last definitely defeated. By thousands, the dead and wounded litter the field of conflict, and many a home in the Fatherland will have reason on the morrow to mourn and weep instead of resounding with paeons of victory and triumph.

For the American also it was a dearly bought victory. Many a Sammy has consecrated with his heart's blood the soil entrusted to his keeping.

In the gathering darkness, the ambulance men speed hither and thither bringing relief and comfort to the wounded. As fast as means will permit, the suffering heroes are borne from the scene of battle to receive first medical aid within the halls of the stately old castle that stands a few miles back of the trenches.

Stalworth was among the first to be transported to this improvised hospital. He was attended to immediately by the physician in charge, and under the kind treatment of the gentle nurses he soon regains consciousness.

HE GAZES AROUND IN WONDER! "Where am I?" he asks, as he attempts to rise from his cot. Gently the nurse presses him back to the pillows: "Among your friends, but please do not stir, for you are badly wounded!"

Stalworth did not have to be told this. The sharp pain in the shoulder and the terrible torture of the wound which was going to prove so fatal made him aware of his condition. He closed his eyes tightly and tried not to let his sigh of anguish be heard.

With returning consciousness, memory brings back to him every scene of the sanguine conflict. Slowly he lifts his head: "And the trenches! Are they safe?" he asks.

"Yes, but you must keep quiet now! The enemy is completely beaten back and won't soon try to attack again."

"Thank God!" murmurs Stalworth; his wound burns terribly; he feels life ebbing away! The trenches are safe; but at a fearful sacrifice! The dead; ah! yes, before another sunrise he, too, would be numbered among them! The realization bursts upon him with the sudden force of a lightning flash. No! he is not afraid to die, but it is hard to part with life so young. His well-founded expectations all must tumble, like the castle built in a dream. He was sure of promotion and honors. Ah! It is hard to see youth's most cherished ambitions cut short by the hand of Death!

"I must not die! I will not die!" he groans. "No, no, I must live!"

SLOWLY his eyes wander through the hall. A hundred cots like his are burdened with the wrecks of battle. Surgeons and nurses move noiselessly about administering relief, both physical and mental, to the stricken soldiers. Two or three are decorating the walls with holly branches, festoons of green and tinsel.

"Why the holly? Why the little red bells? Oh, yes—tomorrow is Christmas! Mother, a merry Christmas, Mother!" he mutters. His thoughts fly over the seas. Home, how happy it had been last Christmas time! Before the cheerfully glowing embers sits his dear old Mother. She is thinking of her boy, way over the waters, in far-off Flanders, facing the chance of battle. His little brother and sister are talking of "Frank," wishing that he'll come back for tomorrow. Oh! how he longs to live!

And in the house next door! how glad he is that she will still be ignorant on the morrow of his fate; that she will still be fondly and cheerfully hoping for his return. She had sent him a comforter for Christmas, knit by her own loving hands, to shield him from the inclemencies of the winter winds.

"Yes, Anna, how happy we would be together this Christmas, if it were not for the war!" he murmured, aloud.

"The war! Damn the war! Curse the day that I put on the uniform!"

Frank recognized the voice of a man of his own company; he turned in surprise and horror to gaze on the face of Jack Welton, an old comrade-in-

arms. He had been one of the pluckiest in the fight, and lay now as desperately wounded as Stalworth himself. Frank knew that Walton was alright at heart. He had witnessed his intrepidity in the fray. Nothing but the most excruciating torment could make Jack talk that way.

"Courage, Walton, courage!" he whispered. "Don't blame the war. I just had the sweetest dream of home and happiness, and I know I will never see that home again. But I gladly die because I know we are in this war for Liberty and Truth. We fight for peace—lasting peace on earth and good will to men. Tonight both of us are going, and as the Christmas bells are ringing their accustomed songs of peace on earth and good will to men, the guns are shouting death and destruction, and the rifles of a fiendish enemy are screeching their hymn of hate. But, remember, Walton, we fight for that peace which our dear old folks will enjoy after we are gone, and for the future Christmases which our loved ones can enjoy on earth. Boy, cheer up! Don't fail at the last moment."

"You're right, sir! But this pain is awful! It is hard to die like this," murmured Walton.

"Like what?" almost screamed Stalworth, "like a true hero and a noble patriot? Those wounds are the best medals of honor we can receive. Do you think I am over-fond of dying? Come, cheer up!"

"I guess you're right, Lieutenant. We have only a little while longer," replied Walton.

"Yes," feebly answered Stalworth, for he had exerted himself overmuch. "Yes, only—a few—moments—What's that?—Did you hear that?" A bugle sounded in the distance. It was the taps—the call to rest for those who had spent a hard, hard day.

"There is our last call, Walton, let us answer," bravely faltered Stalworth. He closed his eyes for the last eternal rest, and for a Merry Christmas in the land where peace endures.



Football Song

SUNG AT SPRING HILL-HOWARD GAME

AIR: TIPPERARY

Howard College and its rooters came to town today.

Though they are a cheerful crowd, they haven't come to stay.

They just made their little trip to play a friendly game;

But we don't expect that when they leave a vict'ry they will claim—For

CHORUS

It's a hard job to beat old Spring Hill,

It's a hard game to play.

It's a hard job to beat old Spring Hill,

And you won't beat her today.

You've learned it, Howard College,

And learned to your dismay—

It's a hard, hard job to beat old Spring Hill—

You won't win today.

Greet them, boys, they came to see you (we are friends, you know),

Show them how your team can play, and then your spirit show.

Bring them down to see their goal and help them count the score.

Oh! we know they'll understand it, for you showed them twice before—

That

The Springhillian

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No. 2

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Editorial

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

The month of the holly and the mistletoe is once more at hand, and a feeling of conviviality and good cheer to all is again taking hold of our spirits. Disheartedness and grouchiness are instantly dispelled by the thought of what will soon come to pass. Joy has flooded the campus. Every one goes about in a more buoyant, a jollier mood. For, besides the countless pleasures of the season itself, there is the realization that soon they shall return to their homes and loved ones. What delightful memories flit before their imaginations at the thought of this grand period of the year! How the enraptured college man loves to revel in the luxury of such thoughts and such delightful anticipations! The visions of former years often flash before his mind—the biting cold and the bleak, desolate landscape, barren of all life—contrasted with the cosy, inviting allurements of home. The blushing holly and the white-berried mistletoe, the glowing hearth and the merry Christmas gatherings; the fairy vision of a magic tree that springs up overnight, with its rich burden of tinsel and gaudy ornaments and the long strings of popcorn; the gay festivities of the Yuletide at which Mirth and Goodfeeling reign at the banquet board; all these make up such pleasant memories that we derive as much delight from the anticipation as from the actual pleasures themselves.

It is well for us to have such cherished memories. They are treasures that should not be thought lightly of. To the College man this going back to his home and dear friends is a grand reward for his four months' endeavor, and a fitting inspiration for the labors of the coming semester.

This year, especially, do we hope that the boys of Spring Hill who have been so lavishly favored by Dame Fortune, will realize how blessed they have been, and endeavor to make the most of all that comes their way.

The realization is being forced upon us that the holidays of the next few years will not be the same as those of former years. This year, as well as the ones that follow, is going to test the very fiber of our nature. Fifty years ago our fathers proved that the manhood of America ranked the highest in history. In the near future the young men of today will undoubtedly be put to the crucial test, and upon their training now will most likely depend their faithful adherence to the example set for us by our forebears.

When you have gone away for these few days—may they be the happiest ones of your life!—do not forget that you are endowed by good fortune with opportunities to fit you to take your place with distinction wherever you may be called upon. Welcome the opportunity to have your strength of character put to the test. Conditions are changing, and we must realize that in the near future each and every one will be called upon to “do his bit” for the country’s defense.

This is the time to test our spirit of self-sacrifice. It is the season of giving the best we have in us. Don’t let us show that craven spirit of selfishness. Our brothers across the seas have given up all the Christmas joys to spend their holidays in the cold, muddy trenches; there will be no cheerful fireside for them, no glad hand-shaking on the merry morning, no warm greeting from loving father or mother on Christmas Day. But they have foregone all this that we may enjoy our holidays the more. The news has reached us that they are busy “Somewhere in France” buying little gifts for the poor, destitute homes of the war-robbed families.

We certainly can’t be slackers! We may have to dispense with some of our favorite forms of amusement, but we will do it gladly in the spirit of Christmas—the spirit of giving to others; not under the impression that we are immolating ourselves on the altar of self-sacrifice, but with a cheerful, ready will and a desire to do not only “our bit,” but our full share.

To those of you who are now with us, THE SPRINGHILLIAN wishes a happy and holy Christmas.

To the men of Old Spring Hill who are now engaged in our defense, whether they be at home or abroad, on board ship or on tented plain, our hearts go out in sympathy and appreciation. We wish you, brave brothers, a peaceful and happy Christmas—peaceful in spirit, and happy in the knowledge that you are not alone in your battle, for, back home, your Alma Mater constantly bears you in mind, watches with mother-like affection your every action, suffers in your defeat and rejoices in your success, and

loudly proclaims and applauds your noble heroism. May the conviction of your exalted mission be a source of untold solace to you, and bring with it—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

OUR THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving Day, the most successful day in the history of our College, and the biggest "College Day" in the history of Mobile, is over long weeks ago; but this is our little time of Thanksgiving. In the same spirit of gratitude which characterized that day, we wish to offer our thanks:

1. To the MEN OF SPRING HILL who have honored their Alma Mater by their ready response to the call of their Country.
2. To the MEN OF SPRING HILL who honored their Alma Mater by their generous co-operation in the "College Day" celebration.
3. To the BOYS OF SPRING HILL who honored themselves and their Alma Mater by their splendid spirit during the season, and on "College Day" especially.
4. To the TEAM OF SPRING HILL which crowned itself and its Alma Mater with honors and kept Spring Hill among the Class B Champions of the South.
5. To the COACHES who labored so strenuously and so successfully in rounding out a winning team from green material.
6. To the FACULTY for its devotedness and consideration in every activity and undertaking.
7. To the PRESS OF MOBILE, FAIRHOPE and other sections for the assistance they gave in lending publicity to our games and other activities.
8. To THE MOBILE REGISTER, especially, for fathering the "College Day" idea, which was put on foot to make a bigger and busier Mobile by turning it into a College City.
9. To the PRESIDENTS AND PRINCIPALS of the various Universities, Colleges and Schools, who so heartily endorsed the "College Day" celebration.
10. To the ALUMNI of the various Universities, Colleges and Schools who took part in the celebration, and ALL THE BOOSTERS AND FRIENDS OF SPRING HILL for their loyalty and encouragement.

To each and all of the above we also extend our best wishes for—A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A SUCCESSFUL, PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Correspondence

THE LETTERS OF AN AVIATOR

Dayton, Ohio, August 27, 1917

This is the life for me! We have had actual flying every day since Friday. It is exciting; it is great! Today the instructor let me control the machine, and I took him for a spin over Dayton. I can hardly wait for the next day to fly. I do not fear going up, because I am always well prepared to die if the worst should happen.

We have a fine bunch of fellows here; in fact, the Signal Corps is composed of young college men. The engineers enlisting now are fine young men. Their's is an educated branch of the service; but the Signal Corps Aviation Branch is on top.

September 9, 1917

It looks as if we will be in training in France for about eight months before we even see a battlefield.

This week we are going to fly alone. For the last few weeks the instructor has just been going up with us as a passenger, and this week he is going to leave us. I am very anxious to show him that I can fly alone with ease.

September 16

The biggest thing I have to tell you is that I have been flying alone for three days. Yesterday (Sunday) I flew two hours over Dayton. At last I am really an aviator, and I am perfectly confident. It is the most exciting thing I have ever done, and I am simply crazy about it. We'll certainly have a fine time flying after the war! I expect to take my R. M. A. test in about three weeks. In my tests thus far, I am on top.

September 21

I am getting along just splendidly in flying, and will be ready in about ten days to take the R. M. A. examination for a commission. I learned to fly in five hours, which is considered very fast work.

We study French, topography, aerodynamics and photography, besides learning to fly. We are kept busy from 5 a. m. until about 10 p. m. Must go to class now.

October 8

I am getting along very well in my tests. I have stood six perfectly. I have only one more, which is a cross-country trip to Cincinnati. I made one forty-mile trip today in a very cold wind, and though I was bundled up like a feather bed, I nearly froze. I take my last test tomorrow, after which I will be recommended to Washington for my commission. I will then be offered a commission, which I will accept. This is the regular form of procedure.

Most probably we will be sent to New York to await the next boat. We will hang around New York for about ten days or two weeks. We will be free, but we must report every morning.

October 12

The greatest and most longed-for and worked-for has happened. I passed all the tests with flying colors, and have been recommended to Washington for a commission as First Lieutenant in the American Flying Corps.

But I had some experiences! You remember me telling you that the last test was a cross-country trip of a hundred miles. Well, I started Tuesday morning and got back Thursday night.

I got lost in the heavy clouds; then, my motor quit dead and I glided down into a farmer's corn field, seventy-five miles from our post. I worked on the thing all day Tuesday and Wednesday and part of Thursday, and finally made it back home just before dark. I certainly had some exciting and beneficial experience. I am very glad that it happened.

I am just as happy as can be. We have received no clothing nor flying outfit, and we will have to buy everything ourselves. This is the price of some of the things we will need: Flying coat, \$20; suit of clothes, \$30; overcoat, \$45; helmet, \$10; goggles (resistol), \$10; trunk (reg.), \$12, hat, \$6; boots, \$18; shoes, \$10; leggins, 13. So, you see, the money flies, as well as ourselves.

Hempstead, New York, November 12, 1917

I suppose, at last, my time has come. Our baggage is packed and gone. We are all ready to move at a moment's notice.

Now that the time has come, I feel very anxious to go. I feel in a fine mood, and all the boys here are in fine spirits. Will close to attend roll call.

Cablegram.

? ? ? ? ?

Arrived safely.

JOHN VAN HEUVAL,

First Lt. American Exp.

ANOTHER OF OUR AVIATORS

Somewhere In Europe

Dear Father: I know you will be surprised to hear from me after so long a silence, but I have been rushed, not only across the continent, but across the Atlantic, and I do not know when I shall stop moving.

Today we are in the center of the danger zone, and everyone hopes to see a submarine before we land.

I left Belleville, and was sent to New York. Thence we went to sea for a few days, and then went into another port. We left two weeks ago last Friday, and expect to land Monday. I guess by the time this letter reaches you, it will be very near Christmas time, and the boys will be getting ready to go home. It will be quite some time before I will be able to come back to America.

I will be pulling for the team Thursday week, and I do hope they will beat Howard. I wish I could be there to help them do it.

If I ever get back I will be right down to see you.

Your devoted friend,

GEORGE RATTERMANN

Aviation Section, Signal Corps, American Exped. Forces

GOES OVER TO THE AVIATION SECTION

Columbus, Miss., November 30, 1917

Dear Father: After attending the Reserve Officers' Training Camp, I am now being transferred to the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps of the Army.

With best wishes for the continued and greater success of Spring Hill, and kindest personal regards, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS J. CADY

ENDORSEMENTS OF COLLEGE DAY

I

To the Editor Mobile Register:

I desire to give public expression to my interest in the athletic celebration to be conducted in connection with the Howard-Spring Hill game on Thanksgiving Day.

I hope that the Alumni of the University of Alabama will co-operate fully in the plans for the day.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

GEORGE H. DENNY,
President University of Alabama

II

The idea of a "College Day" celebration in Mobile on Thanksgiving Day occurs to me to be a very good one.

Mobile has never had the true college spirit as is found in many cities much smaller in size, and consequently it has never given the support to athletics which its importance deserves.

In view of the football game between Spring Hill and Howard Colleges in Mobile on Thanksgiving Day, this strikes me as a very logical time to celebrate College Day. I do not believe it can be successfully denied that proper physical development goes hand-in-hand with the best mental development. I hope the day will soon come when we will be able to have an athletic director for the public schools, and thus be in a position to look after the physical, as well as the mental, developments of the child. The number of young men who are unable to enter the army on account of physical defects, shows too plainly that we have not paid enough attention to the physical development of our boys.

Very sincerely yours,

S. S. MURPHY,
Superintendent of Schools

III

The "College Day" movement appears to be a good thing. It should promote interest in higher education in general, as well as in the activities of the local college. The athletic phase of the movement is one that public school workers can endorse. One of the greatest needs of the public schools is for the fuller development of physical education.

Anything that will add to the people's appreciation of physical training and its value is to be commended.

Very truly yours,

LEE BRYNE,
Principal Mobile High School

IV

I beg leave to write you concerning the suggestion of observing "College Day" in your good city on Thanksgiving Day in connection with the Howard-Spring Hill football game.

You will permit me to say that the idea appeals to me most strongly, and it appears that the event might be made one of greatest pleasure and delight, both to the students participating and to former students of the various colleges of the state. I am confident the older men would enjoy hearing the old cheers of their Alma Mater, together with any "variations" that may have been invented by the younger generation since their own college days.

As you doubtless know, our institution has always been interested in athletics, and we note with great interest and sympathy any incident to promote any good, clean, manly sport.

I am sure that the old Auburn men will do all in their power to co-operate with this laudable undertaking.

Wishing you all manner of success, I am,
Very sincerely yours,

CHAS. C. THATCH,
President Alabama Polytechnic Institute

V

I have long wished to see some movement in Mobile that would arouse the college spirit in our community, and bring together the many alumni among us from various distinguished colleges and schools.

I am deeply grateful that Spring Hill College, as the ranking educational institution in all this immediate section, has set such a movement on foot.

I expect to aid it in purse and in person, and I bespeak for the College Day parade and celebration the co-operation and support it so richly deserves.

Yours very sincerely,
JULIUS TUTWILER WRIGHT,
University Military School

VI

I think that it is an excellent idea to make the occasion of the Howard-Spring Hill football game an opportunity for a general manifestation of college spirit on Thanksgiving Day in Mobile. The proposed parade to be participated in by the various alumni of different universities displaying the colors of their Alma Maters, should be a fine and inspiring feature of the day.

There can be no doubt that the game will be a very interesting one, participated in by such doughty antagonists, and the patronage of the people of Mobile in encouraging numbers should be expected at the important contest of athletic skill.

Pride in the local institution should prompt the lovers of clean sports in Mobile to give every aid to this one great event of the year.

With best wishes for your growing and progressive city, I remain,
Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD L. COLEBECK,
Acting President Birmingham College

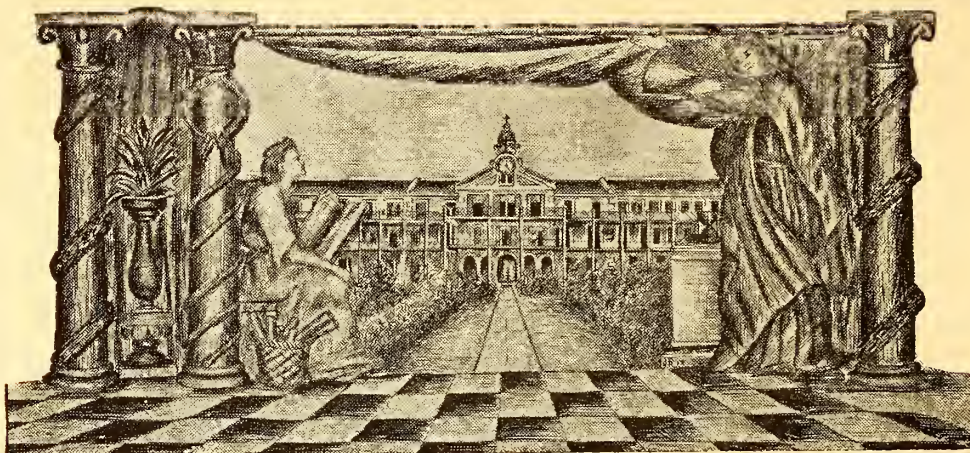
VII

I was out of the city when this move was put on foot, but I hasten to express to you my full appreciation of it. The highest distinction that comes to a city is her schools and colleges, and this College Day gives to Mobile her best chance to prove to the world that she is proud of her educational establishments, and that her sons and daughters have had the finest opportunity to reap the best training the country offers, and that she is fully awake to the fact that this public acknowledgment of her college-trained men and women means wonderful leadership for the future.

I congratulate The Mobile Register on the noble work done for this cause, and wish to express to all who have furthered the movement my heartiest congratulations.

Yours very cordially,

E. J. CUMMINGS, S.J.,
President Spring Hill College



DIARY

- Oct. 23—Whole Holiday. President's Day
26—Football Rally after supper. Band gave concert.
27—Spring Hill meets Southwestern Industrial Institute at Gulf Coast Fair Grounds.
Half Holiday. Rt. Rev. E. P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, visits College.
- Nov. 1—Solemn High Mass Feast of All Saints.
P. M.—Junior Varsity plays Wright's on Maxon Field.
2—Rally at night. Speeches made. B. Rios visits Alma Mater.
3—Half holiday. Varsity plays Marion on Maxon Field.
7—Monthly Exhibition given by First Academic Class.
8—Regular First Thursday. Little Yard "June Bugs" battle with Wright's "Bumble Bees."
10—Half Holiday. Spring Hill defeats Perkinson.
13—Off one hour class in afternoon in honor of St. Stanislaus.
16—New College Songs published and practiced.
19—Rev. Fr. de la Moriniere gives the invocation at meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs of Alabama.
24—Junior Yard vs. Wright's. Off one hour class.
J. Hastings visits College.
25—Mass meeting at 10 a. m. in Exhibition Hall.
27—St. John Berchman Society had general communion in honor of Patron Saint.
P. M.—Large Rally held for Thanksgiving game.

- 29—A. M., Mobile celebrates College Day by participating in Spring Hill parade.
A. M.—Rev. Fr. President delivered sermon at Camp Sheridan to the Catholic soldiers of the Ohio Division at field mass
P. M.—Spring Hill again defeats Howard at Monroe Park in annual battle.
- 30—J. Moulton visits College.
- Dec. 1—Holiday to celebrate football victory.
Thursday Order. Thanksgiving dinner.
James Keoughan visits College.
- 2—Spring Hill Juniors meet team from McGill Institute.
- 5—Monthly Reading of Notes. Exhibition by Second Academic Class.
Trapping season opened.
- 8—Holiday and Solemn High Mass—Feast of the Immaculate Conception.
Students witness Barton-Wright game at Monroe Park.
P. M.—Hymns before an especially erected Shrine of Our Lady.
Immediately after, special motion pictures were shown in the Exhibition Hall on "The Manufacture of Iron Tools."
- 9—C. Walmsley visits College.
- 10—Graduates' Holiday and Banquet at Battle House.
- 12—First Basket Ball Game.
- 13—Annual Football Banquet. Election of Officers for '18.
- 18—Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere Lectures at Battle House on Henry VIII
- 19—Monthly Reading of Notes. Football Night.
- 20—Departure for Christmas Vacations.

CHRONICLE

FOOTBALL
RALLY

This has been a season of rallying. The ball was started for the Southwestern game, which was played at the Gulf Coast Fair Grounds as a special feature of the Fair. It was the first time in the history of the fair in Mobile that this attraction had been introduced. It was, therefore up to the home college to work up spirit for the parade which preceded the game and to draw a large following to the contest. Speeches were given on this occasion by the coaches, the captain of the football team and some of the alumni. The Excelsior Band was on hand to lend its valuable assistance. The boys enjoyed a dance on the campus at the end of the drill.

A second rally, of more modest proportions, was held to keep the vigil of our encounter with Marion, the old-time rival of Spring Hill. It served its purpose well, and the spirit which it aroused was well manifested the next afternoon. Though we had the misfortune of carrying away with us the narrow end of the score, still we gloried in the fact that we played a good, clean game.

For weeks ahead of the "College Day" celebration we were working hard practicing the letter formations for the demonstration on Monroe Park field. These drills served the purpose of continual reminders of the great event which Thanksgiving Day held in store for us.

On Sunday, November 25, a mass meeting was held in the Exhibition Hall. The purpose of this gathering was to acquaint the students with the full program for the Thanksgiving Day celebration, and to rehearse the College songs. Rev. Fr. President addressed the meeting and expressed his regrets that he could not be with us on the great day because duty called him to Birmingham to address the soldiers at Camp Sheridan. Coach Hoffman gave a very forceful speech on loyalty to Alma Mater. The songs were rendered between the addresses, and after the meeting the boys repaired to the campus to drill.

All day Tuesday the "Bon Fire Committee" was busy hauling the shattered remains of the old "Nat" to the Senior Campus, where they erected two large pyramids of lumber. They were to be used at the biggest rally of the season, which was to take place that evening. Shortly after supper, the boys gathered in the Senior Library to hear words of good advice and encouragement from Coach Hoffman; to listen to the spirited exhortation of Dr. J. Rush; to receive confidence and assurance from the expressions of esteem, the reports of the different committees, and the pledge of fidelity and loyalty from the Alumni of Mobile in the persons of Messrs. B. O'Brien, P. Norville, M. Mahorner and Yeend Potter. The cheering and

College Day



"SPRING HILL RAM"



"WE'LL DO OUR LITTLE SHARE"



SINGING AMERICA



PREPAREDNESS



"ON TO THE FRAY"



AT THE FAIR GROUND'S



CUTTING A FIGURE DURING THE HALF



applause was loud and prolonged; but when the Sponsor, Miss Lyliane Dreaper, and her Maids, Miss Nellie Potter, Miss Elizabeth Neely, Miss Lois Stiles, Miss Madeline Schimpf, Miss Myrtle Ollinger and Miss Alice Hairston, made their appearance the greeting they received made the former cheering seem like a tin horn in comparison to a brass band. It was the first time the Sponsors for any game had honored us by their encouragement at our rally, and we put forth our best to show the appreciation we felt.

After the speeches were finished, all repaired to the campus. The fires were lighted, the drills rehearsed, the songs practiced, the whistle blown, and the tired boys went to bed to dream of the victory in store on the day after tomorrow. It was truly a fitting climax to our season of rallying.

EXHIBITIONS

The usual list of Class Exhibitions has been varied this year. In former years the privilege of displaying the profound wisdom and extensive erudition of the members of the Academic Course was confined to the members of the Junior, Sophomore, Freshman and First Academic Classes. But this year it was thought advisable to allow the High School Classes to show the rapid strides they were making on their long hike up the rugged heights.

If we may judge from their exhibition, the members of the First Academic Class are on a cross-country run for the final goal. Under the rapid fire of questions from their class President, Eugene Walet, they showed a remarkable fluency in speaking Latin, and an intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of Latin parsing. Charles G. Coyle ably and satisfactorily solved all the objections against the First Book of Plane Geometry which were proposed to him by the insistent queries of H. Le Sas-sier and W. Simpson. The selection in Elocution by Denis Burguières was well interpreted and equally well rendered.

The Second Academic Class offered a departure in the display of an unusually realistic football game. The novelty of the idea and the popularity of football among the students helped the interest, which did not lag once through the entire exhibition. There was a spirit of patriotism given to the performance by the Red, White and Blue Class Colors, and the titles of the opposing teams, The Army and Navy.

Both classes are to be highly congratulated on the entertaining and interesting exhibitions they afforded us.

Though the members of the Third Academic Class avow they will surpass both of the former exhibitions, yet they will not give the least hint of the nature of their program. We feel sure, however, that a treat is in store for us.

**SANCTUARY
SOCIETY**

The St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society celebrated the feast of its Patron by a general Communion on November 27th. Father F. McDonnell, S. J., gave a short instruction on the life of St. John, and drew some very practical lessons from his example of fidelity to duty. In the afternoon the members enjoyed the material comforts of the feast. It has been most edifying to note the fidelity of these emulators of the young Saint, and their conduct during the solemn services held in the past session has won for them high praise and admiration.

FIELD MASS

On Thanksgiving Day there was a field mass celebrated at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama. This was one of the few ceremonies of the kind ever witnessed in Alabama. Rt. Rev. E. P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, was present. The Reverend Bishop led the procession to the field. The sight was an imposing one, for the vestments of the altar, symbolizing sacrifice, blended their rich colors with the national uniform of khaki, also symbolizing sacrifice to God and Country. The procession passed through an aisle of armed infantrymen at "present arms," and wended its way to a flag-decorated altar, where a solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated—the first Thanksgiving Mass offered in Montgomery.

Rev. E. J. Cummings, S. J., President of Spring Hill College, preached an eloquent and inspiring sermon. Those of us who have had the privilege of hearing his eloquent and forceful style of oratory can readily believe that his audience was deeply impressed by his message, and firmly convinced by his irresistible logic. It was an earnest of the effect wrought when at the close of the sermon the bands crashed forth into the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the vast throng stood "at attention" and the soldiers in the attitude of "salute."

**INVOCATION
AND LECTURE**

On November 19th, Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere gave the invocation before a large audience assembled at the Cawthon Auditorium. The occasion was a convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs of Alabama. As we go to press, interest in the lecture on Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," which is to be given at the Battle House Auditorium for the relief of the soldiers, is running high. Those who have enjoyed the privilege of hearing the reverend lecturer on other occasions are anxiously waiting the literary treat in store for them.

**TRIBUTES
TO VARSITY**

The teams of Spring Hill have always won the admiration of visiting teams for their clean sportsmanship and courteous treatment of opponents; but this year the visitors have been loud and insistent in their praise.

C. J. McNaspy, Coach of Southwestern Team, had this to say to the editor of The Register: "I never saw such good sportsmanship in my life. We have played all over Louisiana and Mississippi, but never in my life have I enjoyed such real hospitality as was extended our team by the Spring Hill College boys today. We expected to win the game, and were, of course, disappointed, but we are tickled to death at the way we were treated." Incidentally, Coach McNaspy showed a mighty fine spirit of sportsmanship himself in speaking thus of the team that had vanquished his hitherto unconquerable warriors. Coach B. M. Parks of the Marion team, said that he wanted to publicly thank Spring Hill for the many courtesies extended to himself and his team, and for the keen sportsmanship in furnishing such a game. "Our trip to Mobile was a thoroughly delightful one, not only because we were successful in the contest, but because of the gentlemanly treatment that was accorded us by Spring Hill's Faculty and Student Body." These and many other tributes were given the team and boys of Spring Hill this year. We print them not through vanity, though we have reason to be proud of our record, but mainly to show the "old boys" that we are upholding traditions.

ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has been doing splendid service this year in the genuine amusement and pleasure it affords at all the public gatherings. We do not presume to judge, but we may quote: "It is one of the finest in many years." On Tuesday, December 18th, it will furnish splendid music at the lecture of Father de la Moriniere at the Battle House. We have heard it rumored that the members of the orchestra are secretly plotting a high-class musicale! We love the "rags" and "jazzes," but give us the "class."

COLLEGE DAY

We knew it was coming! For the past decade, after each Thanksgiving Day celebration, we have heard from all sides: "The biggest thing that ever happened" this year, we sing the same refrain, and add the **greatest** thing that ever happened. We could take a special issue to give a detailed account of the vast energies expended by the various committees in arranging the different features of the celebration. We have already hinted at the warm welcome the idea received from the leading men of the city and the state.

We have recorded the splendid victory of the team and given some idea of the long line of autos which chugged along in the parade, with pennants and streamers flying in the breeze and rows of happy enthusiasts piled high in each car. We have counted for you the number of lovers of clean sport who witnessed the well-fought battle, and let the balance waver between three and four thousand. We have pictured for you the splendid exhibition of the boys during the halves, as they formed their "H" and raised aloft the colors of our opponents, and the letters "S. H.," with the old Purple and White lifted high in air, and, finally, "U. S. A.," with the national colors, Red, White and Blue, wildly waving to the tune of "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the vast throng of spectators cheered and sang and stood at "attention." But the spirit that marked the day, the spirit that conceived the celebration and carried it to such a successful realization, that we cannot grasp to confine in cold type. The spirit was wonderful, and the spirit made this the greatest day in the history of old Spring Hill, and the vast crowds that were on hand to manifest that spirit made it the biggest day, former years not excepted, that Spring Hill and Mobile ever witnessed for the manifestation of downright, sincere loyalty to Alma Mater and to the home team. It was a day anxiously anticipated and fondly remembered.

FOOTBALL NIGHT

On Thursday, December 13th, the 1917 Football Varsity held its annual banquet. On this occasion the captain for the next season was elected. His name will be disclosed on Football Night. On this occasion, also, many other things will be sprung on the boys in the appearance of talent which has remained idle for some time past. Just what the nature of the program will be we cannot conjecture. Rehearsals are in full swing, but we cannot connect the threads to weave the full figure of the entertaining exhibition.

CONDOLENCES

The Students and Faculty wish to express through the medium of The Springhillian, deep and heartfelt sympathy with our fellow-student, Joseph Royer, for his recent bereavement in the loss of his brother. We fully appreciate Joe's loyalty in forgetting his personal feelings for the honor of the team.

BARNEY'S BABBLE

"The unusually good showing of the Spring Hill College football team has caused other colleges to realize that the Purple and White is a worthy opponent, and already officials of the local institution have received letters regarding games for next season. Tulane, Alabama, Florida and

others have asked to be included in Spring Hill's schedule next year, and indications are that local football enthusiasts will see the Purple and White hook up with some strong college teams on a local gridiron next year. Right now basket ball is occupying the attention of the Hillians. It will not be long before baseball will take sway, and under Coach Hoffman, at one time a star pitcher for Mobile, when in the Cotton States, should develop a winning team, despite the fact that a number of good men were taken from the lineup by graduation last year."



SENIOR LOCALS

G. A. SCHWEGMAN, B.S. '19

REGRETS

It is with sad thoughts and heavy heart that we begin this department. We keenly realize that in a few short days we will be obliged to seek comfort and recreation elsewhere. Our Alma Mater will turn us out from her cheery class-rooms and busy study halls and noisy campus to find as best we can pleasure and amusement in our own home towns and at our own firesides. Alas! we regret to go! Who is there that does not feel the sad parting? Some unfeeling wretches have already calculated the hours, aye, the minutes, and not a few can tell the train time even to the second. May Time, then, push fast her slow-moving wheels until the morning of the desired 20th. Then let there be a breakdown, a blowout or a submarine attack—we are not particular, any of these will do—anything to keep the machinery from starting again, or if this be not possible, at least to slacken the speed of the latest model timers recording the minutes and hours of the New Year and bringing us back to a dreaded day "Somewhere in January."

U. M. S. VS. BARTON GAME

This year we enjoyed the unique privilege of attending the U. M. S.-Barton football game at Monroe Park. In former years this permission was confined to the members of the Varsity. Professor Wright sent us complimentary tickets for the game, and thus added to the many acts of kindness and generosity he has shown us this year. We wish to thank our esteemed friend and loyal supporter for his kindness and favor. Though December 8th. was the coldest day we have had this winter, we forgot all about the weather in our interest and genuine enjoyment of the splendidly-contested game. For some the grandstand and the bleachers held stronger attractions than the game itself; but we have to make allowances for little

country lads who are not accustomed to the pictures we enjoy in Mobile and other cities.

HATS OFF! Boys, hats off to our leaders of Thanksgiving Day. Our friend Oscar may be proud of Opelousas, but when he gets back home he can tell all the folks about the great day! Hiram will drop the straw he held between his teeth, and Si will throw away the stick he was whittling to hear in amazement the thrilling story of the little lad, whose laugh used to wake up the whole village, heading the greatest college celebration that the world-renowned city of Mobile ever witnessed.

But we will go home, too, and each one of us will spread the fame of that day and the renown of our leader through the vast extent of the greatest town in the world—because we are all grateful to Oscar for his excellent generalship.

No! of course not! We're not going to forget our other leaders! Who could forget Jack Cooney and Rene Crane and their subalterns? We all know the pep and drive and kick and fight these fellows instilled into the boys, and without their help we could never have forced from the old-timers: "We never had anything like that in our day." You know that's a dead give-away for those fellows, and we feel like telling them, "Why didn't you behave yourselves?" We would like to know why, speaking of that ideal, sunny day, someone remarked it was a "Rene" day!

**HE KNOWS
BETTER NOW** When Oscar Bienvenu was walking in front of the bleachers shouting, "Hold 'em, Wrights!" at the U. M. S.-Barton game, he probably did not know, or failed to remember that the City High School Champions were representing a co-ed institution. There were no pointed remarks—but, ouch! the points of many hat pins gave the indignant reply, and as Oscar quickly rushed to his seat with his hands and feet, the echoes of his raucous voice floated back, "Touch down, Barton!"

OH, BOBO! We were all wrong! For many months we thought the sighs and moans and long faces of "Bobo" were ones of real pain from the injuries in the shoulder and leg which our gridiron hero nursed after two hard encounters on the field; but we find out now that there was quite a different reason. Dennis is sprouting an eyebrow, and, oh! it must be so painful—not to speak of the anxiety it brings. We do hope it will be hatched out for Christmas. Sing to it, Dennis—

"Now, little eyebrow,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a mustache
Bye and bye."

**WHERE ARE THE
SQUIRRELS?** The "little yard" is complaining this year because there are so few squirrels after them. We have a little theory of our own. Just listen to this, and try a guess where the next little squirrel is going to nibble.

Robby was enjoying a good spread at the P. & O. He had let down the anchors, and the steward of the craft began to pour the coffee. "It looks like rain," he remarked, trying to be sociable.

"Why, yes!" answered Robby, "but it's a little muddy, and there is a feint odor of coffee in the air."

We feel sure that a couple of the flying rodents caught Mathis when he said to "Rat": "Don't cry, little boy, laugh. It makes just as much noise, and it really sounds better."

Perhaps many of the reported infirmity cases were due to squirrel bites. You know, yourself, we can't blame the squirrels—there is so much camouflage.

Larry wishes to clear himself after the insinuations about that mule accident; but when, in answer to his loud avowal, "I'll show them that I have lots of sense," Groetsch inquired, "What kind of lots, vacant or improved?" there was a silence that seemed to indicate that the mule had scored another touchdown.

It has been suggested that a vigilant guard be placed over Dolson. He has been giving all the signs of an appetizing morsel. It would be a shame to have harm come to the lad—enough pick on him as it is—and he is so innocent, you know, even though he does come from Texas. Why, after our last issue, he guilelessly complained: "Why have you only two games in the October Number?" and when we told him they were all we had played, he turned the subject to Grizzard, remarking on that individual's special brand of "bull." You know, Norris hates to talk about himself!

We do not claim any special originality for our theory, but we do hold that facts seem to substantiate our claims. The instinct of animals in seeking their special means of subsistence is an infallible guide.

SENIOR BAND Oh, my! what a splendid squirrel trap this would make during rehearsals. But just put on the soft pedals, perhaps you are scaring them away. Why did you fail us? Did you get such a bad fright at your first appearance? As far as we can recall, no one was mortally wounded. Come out again! We can stand it!

BASKET BALL Immediately after the Thanksgiving game, the basket ball season was opened, and a large number reported for practice. There are two good teams giving promise of a successful season. Dennis Curren is captain of the Varsity. It is rumored that the schedule this year includes such teams as L. S. U.; Marion; Southern; Y. M. C. A., and St. Joseph' Club.

We extend to all our best wishes for a Merry Christmas.



JUNIOR LOCALS

T. P. DIAZ, A.B. '21

EFFECTS OF THE WAR Merchants nowadays wishing to make money have raised the price of their commodities, and are hoarding up their profits. The consumer, of course, objects. He is told that it cannot be helped. The war has brought that about. Everything is scarce, and what there is has to be paid dearly for. I am in a similar predicament as a retailer of news. You may fail to see the connection between this department and the price of eggs, for instance, but, take my word for it, there is a connection.

TWO FEET MAKE ONE CHAPLIN But do not be misled by the thought that just because the war is being waged over the sea that we are not alive and doing our full share to uphold traditions. Just drop around some day during the class of calisthenics and see for yourself. You have heard of a Chap(l)in the movies whose feet won't behave. Well, we have his very shadow in our midst. I heard some wise-acre remark, "Coming events cast their shadow before." Well, if the Chaplin here is the shadow of any coming events—lend me a dime, somebody! When "Umbrella" starts his performance you are sure of a pleasant diversion until the ten-minute bell rings. But he is so contrary. If the

rest are erect, he is bent over; when they are to the right, he is to the left; if told to go backward, he invariably goes forward. He must have on reverse continually.

One fine day our hero appeared on the scene wearing a green cap. He afterward had reason to interest himself in the art of camouflage. For his conspicuous headgear singled him out in the long line of orderly gymnasts, and served the purpose of a calcium. After the exercises he lamented aloud, "I can no do no better!" That night "Brown Skin" helped in the obsequies, and Charlie seemed to rejoice in the ashes of his quondam adornment. On Mondays and Wednesdays he is the center of attraction during office hours. As our friend Vince would say: "He unconsciously provokes the temperament of the tutor of arduous but beneficial exercise and the physiognomy of his 'Cari condiscipuli' are simultaneously engaged in manipulating their own contractile fibers so as to produce ludicrous and vociferous laughter." Phew! I am out of breath. I must rest.

NEW ATTRACTION

The promise of a new pool table has been fulfilled! The Seniors can no longer brag and taunt us about the splendid games of pool on their new table. We have tables of our own now. The billiard table has been pushed aside to give place to its new rival. If we may judge from the mad rush for the pool room, the table is appreciated fully. Our old friend Billiards, however, is not entirely neglected. "Trigonometry" is an ardent lover of the game. The list of members this year is a long one, and, judging by the way they run for their cues, we feel certain of ten-second men on our track team this year.

TRAPPING

This much-enjoyed diversion is still in vogue, and as popular as it ever was. But, alas! this year the squirrels are not coming after us. We have tried to make our traps as inviting and comfortable as we could. All the old lumber of the "Nat" was employed, and hammers were busily pounding away at the little snares for our tiny aviators; but they do not come. Perhaps they have gone to France! Or it may be that the fires which have been started in the woods during the trapping hour have frightened them away. Whatever the reason, our traps are empty. Keane has been favored by the visit of two possums. The first tasted fine. The other has taken a liking to Jack, and a mutual friendship, or it may be a natural understanding, has grown between them, and the possum can be seen timidly crawling around his neck and back again to the nice, warm pocket. We hope the little pet does not chew; if it does, Jack will have to get some more storage from

Gully. O'Shee seems to be an exception to the Law of Failure; he has caught two squirrels this season. Unfortunately, his first catch took a liking to Clarence's teacher during class, but the feeling was not reciprocated. Squirrel goes good at supper!

**RETURN AND
DEPARTURE**

Speaking of O'Shee, we must not fail to express our pleasure upon his recovery. Deeply did we regret the illness that prevented him from returning in September, and anxiously did we await reports of his condition; but we were all happy when we saw his smiling, cheery face and heard his high, merry voice calling out the old familiar names once more.

Another whom we welcomed back in September reversed the order. The fever which caused so much suffering to our chum, Fred. Lee, so weakened him and wore away his physical strength that he was obliged to discontinue his studies for the remainder of this session. We anxiously await his return after the Christmas holidays.

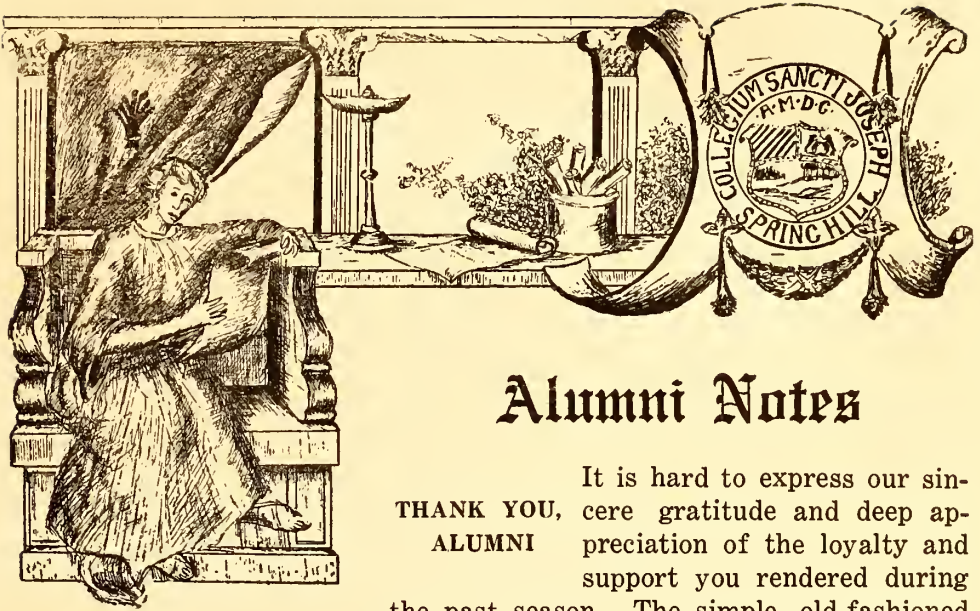
**SHOOTING
STARS**

Astronomers tell us that stars are not visible in the daytime because the sun hides their presence with its own strong light. If this is so, then, we can conclude that when a star does appear during a bright, sunny day that it is brighter than the sun. Well, this has actually happened; for a star shot down into one of our classes clothed in the form of Tom Fox, and its light began to shine when, in answer to the teacher's inquiry: "What is hard water?" the meteor replied, innocently, "Ice." Another similar phenomenon was witnessed when "Pinky" wrote in his composition that the only Liberty bell he knew was the bell for the end of class. We cannot draw any inferences from these two cases; but others of their kind are becoming frequent, and almost everyday occurrences.

**JUNIOR
BAND**

The future of the Junior Band seemed dubious, to say the least, at the beginning of this year. However, their insistency in tooting their own horns may give the secret to their remarkable success at their last exhibition. They played much better than the Senior Band—that is to say, if the Senior Band had made its appearance. We can only judge by auricular testimony.

We wish all the members of the Junior Yard a Merry Christmas.



Alumni Notes

It is hard to express our sincere gratitude and deep appreciation of the loyalty and support you rendered during the past season. The simple, old-fashioned words, "Thank you!" embrace all that we could possibly say through many pages. We would begin with this phrase, following it up by a long account of your manifestations of loyalty throughout the past season, especially on Thanksgiving Day, and then score our final with the same signals. But we have already recorded, in another place, the splendid demonstration of college spirit you inaugurated in Mobile and carried to such a successful termination. It remains, therefore, to express with this simple and sincere phrase our thanks to the heads of the different committees and to each individual member of those committees; to all who participated in the parade, and those who so lustily cheered the boys on to victory. You have initiated a great movement—the resurrection of Mobile—it is up to you to keep the warm spirit surging through the members of her community. Again, we thank you!

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

At least two of our old boys are getting up in the air. Read the interesting letters of our aviators in the Communication Department of this issue. If John Van Heuval and George Ratterman are holding anything back from their Uncle Sammy—then, it must be their appetites; for they have given up everything else. We are proud of their record; we rejoice

in their success, and we anxiously await reports of future achievements. Just think, Johnny is the boy we used to call "Dutch," and today he swears he is going to bring back the kaiser's mustache as a trophy. Old "Rat," no doubt, will contribute one of Fritz's wisdom teeth—if he ever had any. We wish them happiness, good luck and safety!

THE RISING MOON

We were going to speak of a full moon; but we feared that some might misunderstand and conclude that our exemplary "Dick" had suffered a severe fall. But we can better speak of him as "the Rising Moon," because it better expresses the gradual ascent of Ducote to the high position he occupies today. After the Ohio State-Auburn game, when he outplayed Harley, the All-American halfback, he was declared the greatest football player in America.

Of his playing in the Vanderbilt game, Blinkey Hern had this to say of our Moon:

"Nothing short of a gas attack would have impeded the ferocious rushes of 'Moon' Ducote, the superdreadnaught of Donahue, in his splintering of the Commodore front, and warping of the Vandy flanks. Many and many a day has slipped into the clammy grave of history since a remote replica of the battering ram attack of the Tiger terror has been unfurled in these parts, shedding bleakest gloom in its wake. Characterizing Ducote as the axis of the Auburn attack does him gross injustice. He IS the Tiger offense. In him the Auburn assault is hatched, born and bred, and nourished into a giant. To the Tigers he is meat and drink, the same as a spring is to growing plants, and rain to a parching harvest—life and soul, and indispensable. Shorn of his strength, the giant of the Auburn plains would be as Samson without his hair."

The editor then goes on to remark that "Moon" has no frills and furbelows, but we know all of this about him, and have loved him for this very trait. Down four or five long columns we read the wonderful account of the remarkable game, and we regret that we cannot reprint it here; but space does not permit. Besides, we know the brand of ball that "Moon" plays; not the same, it is true, that he used to play when in the little yard; but somewhat along the same style of his Varsity career—greatly intensified. We congratulate "Dick" on his splendid record, and wish him all success.

WELCOME VISITORS

We have recently been favored with visits from many of our old boys in their uniforms of service. James Norville, A.B. '06, was with us for our rally on Tuesday before the Thanksgiving game. He also witnessed the contest at the park. John Moulton, Ex. B.S. '17, is in the Quartermas-

ter Department at Camp Wheeler. He brought plenty of news with him about the old boys. We were glad to hear him contradict the report that our old "Jake" Clements had cashed in his checks. James Keoughan, Ex. A. B. '18, was unable to see the game on Turkey Day, for his train did not arrive in Mobile until the following morning. However, he was out to help us celebrate our victory. "Jimmie" is also at Camp Wheeler. Besides our soldier boys' visits, we enjoyed a call from John Hastings, B.S. '11. Johnnie has done splendid work with the team at Alabama this year, and is to receive his letter. Angelo Boudousquie, the well-remembered star of Howard-Spring Hill game in '15, witnessed the '17 Varsity play the same trick on Howard which he so successfully worked in his own Varsity days. Pat Mulchay, L. Lappington and many others were in Mobile for the game. We have also received recently a visit from Carrol Walmsley, Captain in the Army, and Walter Puder, Camp Schrever.

**RECENT
PROMOTIONS**

Daily we welcome the glad news of the success our boys are receiving in the Army and Navy. We are striving to make as complete a record as possible of our boys in service, with their proper rank and division number.

Since our last list we have learned of the recent promotions of:

Semmes Walmsley, Ex. B.S. '08, to a Captaincy.

Carrol Walmsley, Ex. B. S. '14, to a Captaincy.

G. A. Lasseigne is First Lieutenant O. R. C.

D. Dimitry, Ex. B.S. '07, is also First Lieutenant Q. M. D.

Clarence Touart is now Second Lieutenant.

L. Provosty is also wearing the First Lieutenant bar.

William Nicrosi, Second Lieutenant; been ordered to Mexican border.

Albert Hahn, First Lieutenant; has gone to Fort Morgan in C. A.

Walter Scott is in the Medical Reserve Corps.

John McCarthy, Ex. B.S. '18, is in the F. A.

James Casserly is a First Lieutenant.

Roger Reed has gone to the Officers' Training Camp.

Willis Roycroft is in the Veterinary Department.

Thomas J. Cady, Ex. B.S. '11, is also at Training Camp.

'60—Rev. Benito Aznar, '60, and Lic. Theo., '05, was secretary to the Archbishop of Merida, Yucatan. He has been driven out of the country for which he gave so many years of his life. The government has little use for holy men of the type of Father Aznar, so he had to go. At present he is taking refuge at his Alma Mater.

'99—Mr. Walter Scott is now with the Medical Reserve Corps, "Somewhere in France.

George A. Lasseigne, A.B. '07, married Miss Anna May Connell of Jackson, La., on December 10th at the Jesuit Church on Baronne street, New Orleans, La. Mrs. Lasseigne will stay with her mother while George is away with his regiment. He is First Lieutenant, O. R. C. The Springhillian wishes him all success in both of his newly chosen careers.

'09—Dr. John E. O'Flynn is in the Medical Corps at San Antonio.

Dr. James Garber has also received his commission in Medical Corps. Duggan Neely is in the Radio Service.

John Deegan recently suffered a great loss in the death of his mother. The Springhillian extends deep and sincere sympathy.

'10—William Nicrosi, A.B. '10, has received his commission as First Lieutenant.

Albert Hahn, First Lieutenant, has gone to Fort Morgan with the Coast Artillery.

'11—Thomas J. Cady of Columbus, Miss., after spending some time at the Officers' Training Camp, has applied for a transfer to the aviation section of the signal corps. We wish him success in his desired attainment.

Mr. B. Rios, Beaumont, Texas, paid a short visit to his Alma Mater.

'13—Dr. Rob. Tarleton, A.B. '13, is an intern at the City Hospital in St. Louis, Mo. Judging from his frequent visits to Mobile, some have concluded that there is something of more than ordinary interest for him in the city.

Frank L. Prohaska, A.B. '13, is at Camp Pike, near Little Rock, Ark., serving in the 347th Infantry, Regimental Supply Office. Word from any member of his class will reach him if directed as above; and a letter will surely be appreciated, as it is always appreciated, by one separated from home, church and past associates. We wish to sympathize with Frank in the recent bereavement he suffered in the loss of his mother. We assure him of the best kind of remembrance—prayer.

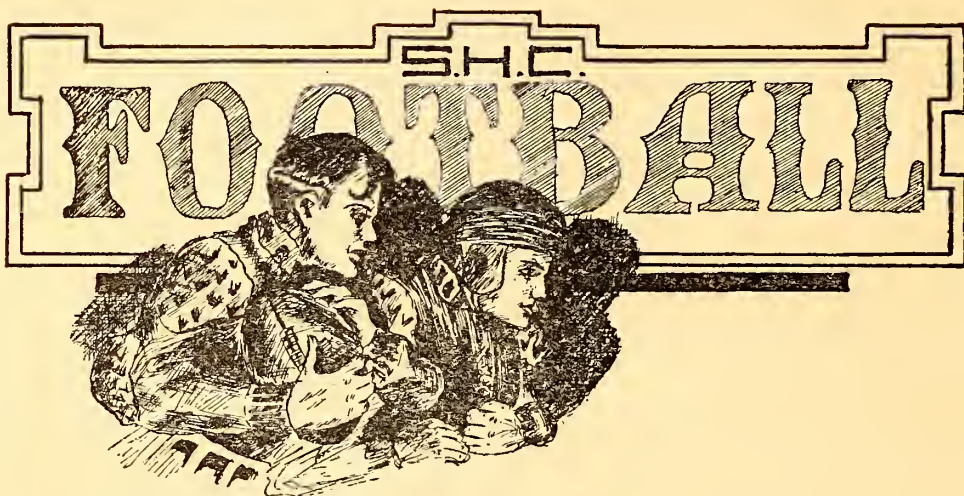


WILLIAM S. HOFFMAN, M. A., COACH AND PHYSICAL DIRECTOR



- '14—Carrol Walmsley, Ex. B.S. '14, is now a Lieutenant 65th Regiment U. S. Infantry. He was formerly a Captain in the Reserve Corps, but preferred a Lieutenancy in the U. S. Regulars.
- '16—John Dolson has undergone examinations for a commission in the Navy. The Springhillian wishes him all success.
- '17—On Tuesday, October 30th, Mr. Frank Bernard was married to Miss Felicia Broussard at the Sacred Heart Church, Broussard, La. We are glad to see the union of these two illustrious families, and we wish the newly married couple all success and prosperity.





SPRING HILL TRIUMPHANT

A RESUME OF THE '17 SEASON



YEARS HAVE GONE BY when, perhaps, a better season has been rounded off than the present one; stronger, more successful teams have undoubtedly gone forth to uphold the Purple and White; greater individual contests have been waged, but we dare to state that never before has a team shown such marked improvement from the day when the lighter Gulf-Coast team held us to a score of 12-7 to the grand victory of Thanksgiving; never before has the student body shown a finer loyalty than that of the present year, and never have the Alumni come so nobly to our help and encouragement.

THE EARLY PART OF SEPTEMBER saw at most six men of football experience, four of last year's team, Capt. Ed. O'Dowd, Luke O'Dowd, Rice and Curren, Reed, who played last year with St. Stanislaus, and Royer of Mt. St. Mary's fame. Therefore, with three backfield men and three linesmen as a nucleus, the new coach, Mr. Hoffman, started a big one-man's task to round out from a lot of green material, a football team. Too much praise cannot be showered upon him for his grim determination and undaunted courage, which overcame all obstacles and gave to old Spring Hill a winning team. But enough—the boys of Spring Hill know only too well to whom credit is due for our 1917 success, and they have given it to him with a right good will.

As this article is to be a retrospect of the past season, I cannot do bet-

ter than pass in review the six games played at Spring Hill. In general, the team was noted for its grit and fighting spirit, and, best of all, for its clean sportsmanship and gentlemanly conduct. Every opposing coach has paid this tribute to our coach and team.

THE FIRST GAME resulted in a victory, but Spring Hill put up a very poor exhibition of football. Poor interference, worse line play, and wretched fumbling at critical moments kept our score very low. While weak defensive play, following a costly fumble, permitted Gulf Coast for the first time in her history to cross Spring Hill's goal line.

Next came the annual game with Tulane. There was such a marked improvement shown in this contest that the Times-Picayune, sometime later, paid us the tribute by saying: "The light Spring Hill eleven is the only team that thus far has been able to make consistent gains through Tulane's line." Not only that, but were it not for the excellent safety work of Faust, Eddie O'Dowd would have more than once crossed Tulane's goal line.

On October 27th, which was College Day at the Gulf Coast Fair in Mobile, Spring Hill met the strong Southwestern Industrial Institute team, Class B Champions of Louisiana and Mississippi. It was a great football game. The heavy Lafayette team came to Mobile confident in her weight and experience and title. She put up a great game; but Spring Hill played better football. It was hard to convince the spectators that the team playing on the Fair Grounds was the same team which barely defeated Gulf Coast. They forgot the Spring Hill spirit; they forgot the Spring Hill coach; they forgot that every one of the boys on that team was a Spring Hill boy, and was ready to play to his last breath.

Our second defeat of the season was a great blow. After the splendid showing of the team against Lafayette, our hopeful expectations led us to believe that Spring Hill would drag Marion's proud colors in the dust. But somehow or other, the forward pass, which led to the defeat of Southwestern, failed to materialize, but Marion returned home with a wholesome respect for Spring Hill. They carried with them the realization that though defeated, our boys were not outfought.

We pass over the Perkinson game, to come to the great victory of the year, when, for the third time in succession, Howard bowed to Spring Hill. The victory was a fitting termination to the great College Day celebration in Mobile. Howard was outplayed in every department of the game. In those memorable last six minutes of play, when Howard fought like captured tigers, Spring Hill fought harder still; forced Howard to punt, and

kept the ball in Howard territory until the final whistle proclaimed her victor in the strife.

TO TELL of the Howard game without the mention of Robinson would be a serious fault. It was Robby who carried the ball twenty-three times for a total gain of 122 yards; it was Robby who caught Eddie's forward pass and scored the first touchdown; it was Robby, again, who, with the score 7-6 against us, plunged through the Howard line in seven successive bucks, for thirty-three yards and victory. Speaking of Robby in connection with the old reliable Mat Rice, one who knows has told us that "it is not their physical strength nor physique that makes them football players, but their never-say-quit spirit. Mat has never failed us, and never will. Luke O'Dowd played a great game at half. His forward pass helped win the Southwestern game, and his seventy-yard run enabled us to score on Marion.

I am not going to give a detailed account of each player. Reed was in every play, and his pep and activity was felt everywhere. Big Frank Wining and his big little brother Harold improved so wonderfully during the season that it was impossible to gain consistently through these two guards. Frank blocked the punt which Walet recovered in the Southwestern game. Only two minutes later, his little brother got even by picking the ball right off the Southwestern punter's toe. Tuminello played well at guard until he took sick; but in the Howard game he was back again with the old-time tackling. Fabacher and Curren, "nuf sed." Fabacher punted well and consistently outdistanced his opponents. Despite the fact that he was on the convalescent list and had left the infirmary but a few days previous to the Howard game, he was right there to replace Curren during the whole of the second half of that hard-fought contest. Let us not fail to mention how "Bobo," after his knee had been badly hurt, played almost two quarters of the game, and that at high-class playing. He deserves the captaincy next year.

Royer came here with a "rep," and more than lived up to it. Joe is a fast end—sure on forward passes and a hard tackler. He won a lasting place in the hearts of all Spring Hill boys when he sacrificed personal motives to give his strength and ability to old Spring Hill. Joe has the stuff of which heroes are made. At the other end there is a steady old reliable, who, in his own quiet, determined way, has responded to every suggestion of the coach, and gives promise of becoming a great football player.

Last, but by no means least, there is another who has played his last game for old Spring Hill, whose brainy work has won us many a game, whose speedy running with the ball has made the whole South sit up and

take notice. Suffice it to say that long after he has gone from our midst, stories will be rife amongst us about the playing of one of the greatest Spring Hill football players, of a star quarterback, of a loyal captain, but, best of all, of a fine, gentlemanly lad. The name of Eddie O'Dowd will not soon fade from our memory.

IN THE PRESENT TIME of strife and war, the President of the United States has been repeatedly keeping before our view the fact that there are men, like the skilled mechanic and engineer who are nonetheless heroes. Denying themselves the glory of fighting under the Stars and Stripes, they are giving the strength of their body, the sweat of their brow and the ingenuity of their mind to help the soldiers on the battlefield. And we feel that our article would be incomplete, were we not to mention those heroes who helped the coach turn out a winning team. Sacrificing their pleasure, day after day through the long three months of the season, they have given their time and their strength for old Spring Hill. Perhaps many of them may never make their letter. In time to come their names may be forgotten. But let us never forget that in a very large measure the success of the 1917 football team must be credited to the 1917 SCRUBS.

CONGRATULATIONS, then, to the coach and team of 1917! They have upheld Spring Hill's traditions, her courage, her fight, her never-say-die spirit.

SPRING HILL, 6; SOUTHWESTERN, 0

With a victory over Gulfport Military Academy, and a well played game against Tulane University to its credit, the Varsity undertook to prepare itself for the fray with the Southwestern Industrial Institute. Conjectures of all sorts were rife as to the outcome of this game, as Southwestern came to Mobile with a creditable reputation—three years college champions of Louisiana and Mississippi.

The Hill laddies upset all the dope by coming out on the big end of a 6-0 score. Outweighed twenty pounds to the man, the collegians outclassed their much-mooted rivals before a large crowd at the Gulf Coast Fair. From the first to the last whistle, the Hillians played a brand of football that surprised the heavy Louisiana eleven, and won the admiration and applause of the multitude of spectators.

The decision came in the last few moments of play, when Frank Winling blocked a punt of Captain Richards', and Walet fell on the ball behind Southwestern's goal.

The contest, though it was scoreless until the last quarter was nearly up, showed speed from members of both squads. The Hillians made up for their lack of weight by speed. Eddie O'Dowd starred in the game, and Robinson put up a spunky fight, even after he was injured.

For Southwestern, Richards and Fruge played a steady game, and furnished some thrills for the Spring Hill rooters.

HOW THEY LINED UP

SPRING HILL—		SOUTHWESTERN	
REED	CENTER	RICHARDS (Capt.)	
H. WINLING	RIGHT GUARD	DOUCET	
F. WINLING	LEFT TACKLE	AGUILLARD	
CURREN	RIGHT TACKLE	MASON	
WALET	LEFT END	JONES	
ROYER	RIGHT END	HAWKINS	
E. O'DOWD (Capt.)	QUARTER BACK	McGEE	
L. O'DOWD	LEFT HALF	DOXEY	
ROBINSON	RIGHT HALF	HOPKINS	
RICE	FULL BACK	FRUGE	

Maxon, umpire; Maiden, referee; Austill, field judge and timekeeper; Rush, head linesman.

THE GAME IN DETAIL

FIRST QUARTER—Richards of Southwestern, kicked off to Royer, who took the ball ten yards. A forward pass fails. Rice fumbled, later gaining ten yards on end run. L. O'Dowd lost five yards on an end run. Fabacher kicked to McGee, who was downed on the fifty-yard line. Doxey gained four yards on center rush. McGee gained two on center rush. Hopkins gained two on center rush. Fruge gains three on center rush. First down.

Hawkins failed to gain. Hopkins gained on end run. Southwestern penalized fifteen yards for holding, second down, 25 yards to go. Richards punted to E. O'Dowd on Spring Hill's ten-yard line, O'Dowd returning the ball one yard. L. O'Dowd gained ten yards on an end run. Robinson went around left end for fifteen yards. L. O'Dowd gained one yard on end run, and a forward pass, L. O'Dowd to Royer, was intercepted.

HOPKINS GAINS

Southwestern's ball. Hopkins gained four yards, and Doxey gained two on center rushes. Fruge failed to gain, and Richards kicked to E. O'Dowd on Spring Hill's thirty-five yard line.

Spring Hill's ball. Rice gained five yards around left end, and L. O'Dowd failed on end run. E. O'Dowd gained two yards on end run.

End first quarter.

Score: Spring Hill, 0; Southwestern, 0.

SECOND QUARTER—Spring Hill's ball, third down, three yards to go. Fabacher punted sixty yards to McGee. Fruge advanced two yards on center rush. McGee failed to gain on center rush. Hopkins gained one on center rush. Richards punted out of bounds and gave the ball to Spring Hill on her forty-yard line.

Robinson made two yards around right end, and Rice lost one on an end run. E.

O'Dowd failed to gain on end run. Fabacher punted to McGee, who returned the ball eight yards. This placed the ball on Southwestern's thirty-eight yard line, and McGee gained three on center rush. Fruge made six on an end run, and F. Winling threw Doxey for a four-yard loss. Royer threw Fruge for a one-yard loss. Richards kicked to E. O'Dowd on Spring Hill's forty-yard line, the ball being returned five yards. L. O'Dowd gained five on center rush. E. O'Dowd went one on center rush. Fruge failed to gain on center rush. Richards punted to Spring Hill's 40-yard line. Here Ed O'Dowd made a very pretty run around left end for 25 yards. L. O'Dowd gained three around right end, but Spring Hill was penalized for holding. A forward pass, L. O'Dowd to Royer, was intercepted.

End first half. Spring Hill, 0; Southwestern, 0.

THIRD QUARTER PLAY

THIRD QUARTER—Royer kicked to Doxey on Southwestern's 30-yard line. Hopkins failed to gain. Mason made one yard over right tackle, and F. Winling threw Jones for a loss of two yards. Richards punted to E. O'Dowd on 25-yard line, returned the ball 35 yards. Rice gained three on an end run. Robinson hurt his knee, but remained in game. Southwestern was penalized 15 yards, and Carson replaced Hawkins. L. O'Dowd gained two on an end run, and a forward pass, L. O'Dowd to Royer, failed. Fabacher punted 45 yards, the ball going out of bounds. Richards punted to Spring Hill's 40-yard line, and Robinson gained two over left guard. Another forward pass failed. Fabacher punted 12 yards, and the ball went out of bounds again.

Southwestern's ball. Southwestern was penalized five yards for offsides. Fruge gained three on an end run, and Hopkins was thrown for a five yards' loss by F. Winling. Richards punted to E. O'Dowd on Spring Hill's 35-yard line. L. O'Dowd lost one on end run. Fabacher punted 40 yards to McGee, giving Southwestern the ball. Hopkins gained five through left tackle, and McGee gained one more around end. Doxey gained five on center rush.

FOURTH QUARTER CLOSE

FOURTH QUARTER—Southwestern's ball on Spring Hill's forty-yard line, second down, six yards to go. Hopkins was thrown for one yard loss. Fruge lost five yards on a fumble. Hopkins was thrown for one yard loss. Fruge lost five yards on a fumble. Richards punted ten yards to L. O'Dowd. E. O'Dowd went around left end for one yard. L. O'Dowd gained three through center. E. O'Dowd lost three on end run. Fabacher punted 25 yards to Hopkins. Doxey gained five yards through the line and lost one yard on center rush. Fruge went over guard for two yards. Richards kicked to Spring Hill's five-yard line. L. O'Dowd went one yard around left end. Fabacher punted 40 yards to McGee, who was downed in his tracks by Rice. Robinson intercepted forward pass and went 30 yards. A perfect pass from L. O'Dowd to Royer netted 30 yards. With the goal to gain, first down, Robinson went through center for two yards. L. O'Dowd pushed through right guard for one yard, and E. O'Dowd was thrown for five yards on an end run. A forward pass, L. O'Dowd to Royer, fails.

With the ball in Southwestern's possession on her 15-yard line, Richards' punt was blocked by F. Winling, and the ball went behind line, Walet falling on it for a touch-down. Spring Hill missed the goal.

Royer kicked to Fruge on Southwestern's 5-yard line.

Richards' kick later was blocked by H. Winling, who was about three feet from him. Spring Hill was penalized 15 yards. L. O'Dowd gained one yard on an end run, and E. O'Dowd failed to gain on a center rush.

Final Score: Spring Hill, 6; Southwestern, 0.

SPRING HILL, 6; MARION, 14

Although Spring Hill College lost to Marion by a 14-to-6 score, football enthusiasts were treated to a good game—one that they really enjoyed because of the clean playing qualities of both teams. The Purple and White put up a spunky fight, and gave the visitors a battle that was mighty interesting to watch from the sidelines. The game was staged on the Maxon Field gridiron, and was attended by a big crowd, which included many Marion rooters.

Twelve of Marion's fourteen points were rung up by her star fullback and captain, H. Drennen, who made both touchdowns for the visitors. Drennen, with his twin brother, C. Drennen, starred for Marion. These two were the most consistent ground gainers of their faction. They played a pretty game and won the admiration of even some of Spring Hill's most enthusiastic supporters.

Robinson, Spring Hill's right half, made the touchdown for the locals when he fell on the ball behind the line after it had been carried nine yards and over by Rice, the fullback, and fumbled. This was made in the second quarter, just a few minutes after Marion made the first touchdown of the game. Marion's other touchdown was made shortly before the game ended, when H. Drennen went through for four yards and carried the ball over. The O'Dowd brothers for Spring Hill both made some very pretty runs, one by Luke O'Dowd being around right end for seventy yards.

This is the way the teams lined up:

SPRING HILL—		MARION
REED	CENTER	WILLIAMS
F. WINLING	RIGHT GUARD	KELLY
J. FABACHER	LEFT GUARD	CONCANNON
JOHN FABACHER	RIGHT TACKLE	KING
CURREN	LEFT TACKLE	ARGO
ROYER	RIGHT END	WARREN
WALET	LEFT END	THIEME
E. O'DOWD (Capt.)	QUARTER BACK	DAVIS
ROBINSON	RIGHT HALF	C. DRENNEN
L. O'DOWD	QUARTER BACK	DRACE
RICE	FULL BACK	H. DRENNEN (Capt.)

Officials—Maiden, referee; Austill, umpire; Maxon, field judge; Courtney, head linesman. Periods—Twelve minutes each.

GAME IN DETAIL

The game in detail follows:

FIRST QUARTER—Fabacher kicked off to C. Drennen, who went five yards. C.

Drennen gained twelve yards on an end run. Drace went eight on a center rush. H. Drennen went two on a center rush. C. Drennen went one on a center rush. Drace went three on a center rush. Drace went one on a center rush. Davis went four on an end run. C. Drennen went three on a center rush. C. Drennen failed to gain through center. Marion fumbled and the ball was recovered by F. Winling for a loss of twenty yards (Spring Hill's ball). Rice went through center for one yard. Robinson bucked the line for three yars. E. O'Dowd went around end for fifty yards. Spring Hill lost the ball on a series of forward passes (Marion's ball). Drace went three yards around right end. Davis lost three yards on a fumble. Marion was penalized five yards for off-side. King punted to Reed. A forward pass, E. O'Dowd to Walet failed. Warren intercepted a pass and went five yards. (Ball on Marion's thirty-yard line). C. Drennen went fifteen yards on a center rush. Drace went through tackle for one yard. End first quarter. Score, 0-0.

SECOND QUARTER—SCORE 7 TO 6

SECOND QUARTER—Ball on Marion's 40-yard line, second down, nine yards to go. C. Drennen went through tackle for four yards. H. Drennen went through tackle for eight yards. A forward pass, Davis to Warren, netted Marion 25 yards. H. Drennen went through tackle for five yards, and for three more. Then he carried the ball over for the first touchdown of the game. C. Drennen kicked goal. King kicked off to Rice, who went 15 yards. E. O'Dowd went around left end for eight yards. L. O'Dowd made 70 yards around right end. Rice went through center for two yards, then for seven more, and seven a second time. Rice then went nine yards and fumbled. The ball was recovered by Robinson for a touchdown. Rice missed goal. Fabacher kicked off to Warren, who went 10 yards. C. Drennen went around end for one yard. A forward pass, Davis to Warren, made 10 yards. H. Drennen failed to gain through center. Two forward passes failed. King punted to Spring Hill's 20-yard line, and Robinson went eight yards on center rush. Rice went through center for one yard. E. O'Dowd went around right end for five yards. E. O'Dowd lost two yards on an end run. A forward pass was intercepted by C. Drennen, who went through center for one yard. End first half. Marion, 7; S. H. C., 6.

UNCHANGED IN THIRD

THIRD QUARTER—King kicked off to Rice, who went fifteen yards. L. O'Dowd gained two on an end run. A forward pass, L. O'Dowd to Walet, failed. Fabacher punted to H. Drennen, who gained three yards. H. Drennen went six yards on a center rush. Then he went through tackle for another. C. Drennen went through tackle for one yard, then for two more. H. Drennen went through tackle for several yards. Drace failed to gain; a forward pass, Davis to Warren, failed. H. Drennen lost four on a center rush. Spring Hill got the ball on downs. E. O'Dowd went around left end for twelve yards. A forward pass, L. O'Dowd to Walet, failed, and Rice went through center for four yards. On Marion's foul, Spring Hill was advanced fifteen yards. L. O'Dowd lost five yards on a fumble. Two forward passes were tried, L. O'Dowd to E. O'Dowd, and L. O'Dowd to Walet. Both failed. Fabacher punted forty yards to Davis, who was downed in his tracks. Drennen went through tackle for eight yards. Davis was thrown for a two-yard pass by F. Winling. C. Drennen went around end for an eight-yard run. Drace failed to gain on an end run. End third quarter. Score—Marion, 7; Spring Hill College, 6.

HOW FINAL SCORING WAS MADE

FOURTH QUARTER—King punted to E. O'Dowd, who carried the ball ten yards.

E. O'Dowd went around left end for one yard. L. O'Dowd went around right end for three yards. E. O'Dowd lost seven on an end run. Fabacher punted to Davis, who returned ball seven yards. C. Drennen went around end for six yards. Drace failed to gain through center. A forward pass failed. Spring Hill got the ball on downs. A forward pass, L. O'Dowd to Royer, was intercepted by Drace. Drace went two yards on an end run. Drace went through tackle for five yards. H. Drennen went through center for one yard. C. Drennen went around end for seven yards. Drace went through tackle for seven yards, then through center for four. Drace went through center for two yards, and C. Drennen went through tackle for two more. A forward pass, Drace to Davis, failed, and another, Davis to Warren, gained twenty yards. H. Drennen went through tackle for four yards, then he carried it over for a second touchdown. C. Drennen kicked goal. King kicked off to L. O'Dowd, who went ten yards. Score: Marion, 14; S. H. C., 6.

SPRING HILL, 47; PERKINSTON, 0

Playing a betetr brand of football, Spring Hill College swamped the Perkinston (Miss.) Aggies under a 47-to-0 score. Seven touchdowns were scored, five of which were rung up by Robinson, the speedy left half back. Numerous lond end runs also featured. The game was played on Maxon Field, and was seen by a good crowd.

The visitors were considerably lighter than the Hillians, but strove hard through the whole contest to keep down the score.

Spring Hill attained a 13-0 lead in the first quarter, which grew in the second period to a 19-0 margin as the result of three touchdowns by Robinson. One of the neatest plays of the game, though, was made when Eddie O'Dowd, captain and quarter of the Spring Hill eleven, got away through an exceedingly hazardous path for a twenty-yard run, and another touchdown in the fourth quarter.

"Billy" Curren, who went in in the third quarter to fill Dorr's place as fullback, showed much smoke in his playing, with some pretty runs, and scored Spring Hill's fifth touchdown just after the fourth period was begun. This was Curren's first time in a game this season, and his playing showed that the athletic officials had been holding something back all season.

THE OPPOSING LINE-UPS

These are the line-ups:

SPRING HILL		PERKINSTON	
REED	GONZALES
CENTER			
H. WINLING	COWLING
RIGHT GUARD			
F. WINLING	DEPREE
LEFT GUARD			
WALET	P. D. NICASE
RIGHT TACKLE			
D. CURREN	L. H. NICASE
LEFT TACKLE			
ROYER	TERRY
RIGHT END			
DE LEON	SMITH
LEFT END			



JUNIOR VARSITY



E. O'DOWD (Capt.)	N. DAVIS (Capt.)
QUARTER BACK	
RICE	BARNETT
RIGHT HALF	
ROBINSON	BRADLEY
LEFT HALF	
DORR	BROADIES
FULL BACK	

Substitutes—Willard replaced right; Rice replaced Willard. Bannon went in for De Leon; W. Curry for Dorr, and Dantoni for Bannon.

Officials—Oviatt, referee; L. O'Dowd, field judge; Schimpf, head linesman.

SPRING HILL, 12; HOWARD, 7

Spring Hill College closed its football season by a 12-to-7 victory over Howard College of Birmingham, rivals for the past four years, on the Monroe Park gridiron. And, in so doing, administered the third consecutive defeat of the series to the Crimson and White team. Three thousand persons, all enthusiasts, saw the contest.

Spring Hill piled up its score by using what are generally termed "straight football" tactics. That is to say, it was done without the use of flourishing trick plays. The team stuck to the practice of bucking the line and gaining by end runs. Both of Spring Hill's touchdowns resulted from the use of these simple tactics, the first being rung up when Robinson, the Purple and White's speedy right half, caught a forward pass from Eddie O'Dowd, which gained fifteen yards, and carried the ball over.

The other one was made when Robinson bucked the line for seven consecutive times for gains of thirty-three yards, carrying the ball over the goal. Howard's touchdown was scored by Walker, the quarter back, after he got away for a fifteen-yard run around right end. Spring Hill's first was scored in the first quarter, Howard's in the second quarter, and the winning one by Spring Hill in the third. Neither side scored during the last quarter.

Two of Spring Hill's star players, Ed. O'Dowd, the captain and quarterback, and his brother, Luke, played their last game here. Both will receive their degrees at the end of the present term. Ed. O'Dowd has served as a member of the Varsity squad for four years.

The locals played a good brand of ball throughout, and try as the Howard Collegians might during the last half, they could not get through Spring Hill's line.

Duke, right end for the visitors, showed some speed during the contest, and won a niche among the stars of the game.

Spring Hill's entire student body, all "rooters," were on hand, and furnished the necessary encouragement with their catchy yells and songs. Between the halves they executed a most artistic drill, forming the letter "H," for Howard, and showing the Birmingham school's colors, Crimson and White; "S. H.," for Spring Hill, with the Purple and White color scheme, and at the conclusion, "U. S. A.," waving the national colors, Red, White and Blue, while the band played "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

STUDENTS REPEAT "SNAKE DANCE"

The students participated in the customary "snake dance" through the downtown streets immediately after the victory, disbanding to enjoy numerous social events that had been previously planned for them by their Mobile friends.

LINE-UP OF TEAMS

The line-up follows:

SPRING HILL	HOWARD
REED	PITTARD
CENTER	
H. WINLING	GRIFFIN
RIGHT GUARD	
TUMMINELLO	J. A. PRICE
RIGHT TACKLE	
ROYER	DUKE
RIGHT END	
F. WINLING	MORGAN
LEFT GUARD	
D. CURREN	HAYNES
LEFT TACKLE	
WALET	CARR
LEFT END	
E. O'DOWD (Capt.)	WALKER
QUARTER BACK	
ROBINSON	GIBSON (Capt.)
RIGHT HALF	
L. O'DOWD	JACKSON
LEFT HALF	
RICE	C. B. PRICE
FULL BACK	

Officials—Maiden, referee; Courtney, umpire; Wilson, head linesman; O'Bryan, timekeeper.

Howard won the toss, and chose to receive.

FIRST QUARTER—Curren kicked off to Gibson, who returned the ball five yards. Walker went one yard. Jackson went one more. Gibson gained three yards. Walker punted to E. O'Dowd, who returned the ball five yards. L. O'Dowd bucked the line for four, and Rice bucked for five yards. E. O'Dowd gained one yard on an end run. L. O'Dowd bucked for seven yards. E. O'Dowd went one yard on an end run. Walet bucked for twelve yards. E. O'Dowd went one yard on an end run. Robinson bucked for 15, for three more, and then for 15 yards. Rice bucked for two, and Robinson for two. E. O'Dowd gained one on an end run. A forward pass, E. O'Dowd to Robinson, gained 15 yards and the first touchdown.

Royer failed to kick goal.

Gibson kicked off to Tumminello, who returned the ball five yards. Newman replaced Duke for Howard. Howard was penalized 15 yards for off sides. A forward pass, E. O'Dowd to Royer, intercepted. Jackson gained five yards, and Gibson gained seven, and on a center rush one more. Jackson gained one. A forward pass, Walker to Duke, failed. Walker went one yard on an end run. Walker punted to Rice. Rice bucked for six, then for five more. E. O'Dowd gained 15 yards on an end run. Robinson bucked for one. Another forward pass, E. O'Dowd to Royer, was intercepted. Jackson gained six on an end run. Gibson gained six on an end run. Two forward passes, Walker to Duke, failed. Ed first half.

Spring Hill, 6; Howard, 7.

ROBINSON SCORES SECOND TOUCHDOWN

THIRD QUARTER—Gibson kicked off to Rice, who returned the ball 20 yards. Fabacher replaced Curren for Spring Hill. E. O'Dowd went four on an end run, then eight more. Robinson bucked for seven, and then for five. L. O'Dowd gained six on an end run. Robinson bucked for two, and E. O'Dowd bucked for two. Robinson bucked for one more. L. O'Dowd lost five on an end run. Fabacher punted 40 yards to Jackson. C. B. Price bucked for one, and then for five. Gibson punted to E. O'Dowd, who returned the ball 30 yards. A forward pass, E. O'Dowd to Royer, gained nine yards. Robinson bucked for two more, and E. O'Dowd went eleven on an end run. Robinson bucked Howard's line seven straight times for 33 yards, and Spring Hill's second touchdown.

Royer failed to kick goal.

Royer kicked off to Jackson, who returned the ball five yards. End of third quarter.

Spring Hill 12; Howard, 7.

FOURTH QUARTER—Ball on Howard's 40-yard line, first down, ten to go. Jackson bucked for five, and then failed to gain. C. B. Price bucked for three, and for three more, then he lost one and Walker bucked for two. Gibson punted to E. O'Dowd. E. O'Dowd failed to gain on an end run. Robinson gained four, then seven more. E. O'Dowd failed to gain. Robinson bucked for three. E. O'Dowd bucked for four. Fabacher punted 40 yards to Walker, who returned the ball five. Walker lost six on an end run. Gibson bucked for four yards. Gibson punted to Rice. Rice bucked for one, and Robinson bucked for four, then for three more. Fabacher punted to Walker. Jackson gained four, and then lost one. End of game.

Final Score: Spring Hill, 12; Howard, 7.

Junior Varsity

With only five members of last year's team, a few "June Bugs" and some new material, Coach Rice, Spring Hill's fullback, despaired not; but went to work with what he had. The sacrifices he made were amply rewarded. Responding to his every suggestion, the squad developed into a fast, gritty team. We found it very hard to arrange games. Wright's was our only opponent, but, although each team won a game, we showed a superior knowledge of technique. The team line-up was as follows: Left end, Keoughan; left tackle, O. McEvoy; left guard, C. Coyle, Lourcey; center, C. Morgan, D'Aquin; right guard, Yarbrough, Christie; right tackle, Neuhooff; right end, D. Burguières; quarterback, Murray; left half, Vickers; right half, Walmsley; fullback, Allen.

Wright's defeated us in the first game because our line, lacking for the most part in the very fundamentals of the game, failed to play football. Spring Hill drew first blood when Neuhooff, playing half back, caught a forward pass from Murray and made a neat 20-yard run for a touchdown. Morgan failed to kick the goal. Kirkpatrick, the fleet little halfback of Wright's, scored in the second quarter, after a 35-yard end run. He then kicked the goal. Straight football gave Wright's a touchdown in the third quarter, and another in the fourth. This, with one goal kicked, brought their score up

to 20. Toward the close of the game Murray made another forward pass to Allen, who raced 45 yards for a touchdown. This ended the scoring. U. M. S., 20; S. H. C. Juniors, 6.

The second game was one of those hard fought battles which football enthusiasts love to see. Until the end of the third quarter neither side had any advantage. The ball see-sawed up and down the field, McPhillips and Kirkpatrick doing stellar work for U. M. S., with Allen and Murray starring for the Juniors. Toward the end of the third quarter, Allen intercepted a forward pass and gained ten yards before he was tackled. With the ball in the center of the field, Allen went ten yards on a trick formation. Here the quarter ended. When play resumed, Allen and Murray bucked two first downs. A forward pass, Murray to Keoughan, netted 15 yards. In two bucks, Allen carried the ball over for the only score of the game. Allen and Murray did great work in the back field, while the whole line played excellent defensive football. U. M. S., 0; S. H. C. Juniors, 6.

The Junior Division wishes to publicly express their gratitude and appreciation of this year's coach, the old reliable Mat. Rice.

Signals



The Springhillian

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FROM A PAINTING
BY PROF. P. B. DOUSVILLE

OUT OF THE DEPTHS...





The Springhillian

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No. 3

Easter Morn

I gazed unto the purple mountain crest
And there beheld, in robes of crimson hue,
The drooping form of Sorrow bathed in dew
That fell from passion-roses blest.



She hastens now along the road, to rest
Before an empty tomb of marble new!
I watch her there the withered petals strew.
Lo! Easter lilies bloom on Death's cold breast!



Oh, let me gather all the faded leaves
Of passion-roses pressed within my heart!
No colder marble ever bosomed sheaves,
Cut by the Reaper's scythe and set apart
Within the tomb, than this cold heart which grieves
Nor hopes in vain to see the lilies start.

The Soldier Poet

—*—

J. KOPECKY, A.B. '19



THE MUSE OF POETRY is standing gazing over the gulf of years. She is waiting for the call which will bring her back to the hearts of our American people. Many years has she been exiled from our land.

The separation was inevitable. We had given up the grassy lawn for the macadamized road, the graceful poplar and the towering pine for the busy, crowded office building. We left the song of the birds and the murmur of the brook to deaden our soul-voice with the roar of traffic and the din of the market place. We had ceased to dream. There was no place in our lives for poetry. Our visions fled; our dreams vanished. We forgot the language of the heart by a too frequent use of the language of the mart. Our ideals were self-interested and concrete; our heroes, the captains of high finance; our ambition, the acquisition of gold.

But today our hearts are bleeding, and that voice cannot be stilled. It must speak out in its anguish. Poetry, the language of the heart, must be called home once more. We are turning back, like little children, to learn the expression of noble sentiment and exalted emotion.

The Muse of Poetry sent her loyal children into our busy streets, but we refused to take them in. They sang to us of the pleasures of the smiling fields we had left, where golden buttercups glistened in the sun and myriad daisies smiled,—but we were too busy with our bankers or accountants to heed their song. They returned once more and sang of the things we loved—the busy streets, the quest of gold, the endless climb for power—and, lo! behind the lattice of our lives, they saw a deathless soul peep through the bars. Thus consoled, they remained with us to win us back to things of the soul by objects of earth. But now with the transformation which is taking place in our lives—the selfishness fast departing, the noble purposes reborn; we have called the minstrels in from the noisy streets to sit by our side and teach us once more the lisps of the heart.

WE HAVE BEEN TOLD that the war has crowded our libraries with an abundance of literature that is scarcely above mediocrity. It is the effort of the novice attempting a language long since forgotten.

There are some, however, who have not to relearn that language. They are among the devout worshipers of the Muse of Poetry. They are the loyal subjects who rendered homage and service to their queen even in her exile. They are our teachers in the forgotten art of poetry. They are

our "poets of the street" whom we have called to our side to aid our helplessness in expressing the emotions that sway our hearts.

Foremost among these, we have one who has done yeoman service in the cause of arts and letters. Unlike some of his brother poets, he bears none of the marks of the imitators of traditions. He does not re-echo an age-worn message. Joyce Kilmer sings his own songs; he dreams his own dreams and sees his own visions.

But he is an adept at interpreting the dreams and visions of others. He has recently given us a volume of "Dreams and Images" which gives us the code that awakes sympathetic vibrations in his own heart. He tells us in the introduction to this volume: "What I have tried to do is to bring together the poems in English that I like best that were written by Catholics since the middle of the nineteenth century. There are in this book poems religious in theme; there are also love-songs and war-songs. But I think that it may be called a book of Catholic poems." We have been told that it is fortunate for this attempt at a "Catholic Anthology" that one gifted with such unerring literary judgment and poetic instinct should have shouldered this work. But no one can deny that, in a volume of this kind, the name of Kilmer should head the long line of Catholic poets. It is to be expected that the modest compiler of this volume should leave this admirable collection without a single one of his own inspiring lyrics. Under any other hand, Mr. Kilmer's poems would have occupied many pages. This is the noble spirit of disinterestedness that makes music in the poet's heart.

THERE IS in Joyce Kilmer's poetry a rare combination of qualities that places him among the leading American poets. Delicacy of expression, artistic imagery and virility of thought, which naturally portray the character of their author, are present in every line. Lovers of true, enduring literature have realized that Kilmer is a master artist whose productions are sure to repay careful study and to open up avenues of thought.

He is gifted with attributes that assure a modern poet's success. His themes, at times actually commonplace, are treated in a frank but novel and entertaining manner. He can sing the old songs in a way that makes them new. What poet has not sung of the "trees"? But listen to our modern poet in his distinctively modern interpretation:

"A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may, in summer, wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Though our poet has taken his themes from modern life and clothed them in a language intelligible to all, he still holds the

"Little poets mincing there
With women's hearts and women's hair—

in deep contempt. In his eyes, they profane the sacred trust given to their keeping and call upon their profession

"The merchant's sneer, the clerk's disdain".

Woven into every fabric on the poet's loom, he would have the taut red skeins from hearts that throb and bleed and suffer.

"Light songs we breathe that perish with our breath
Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod.
They shall not live who have not tasted death.
They only sing who are struck dumb by God."

And this is why he answers the question that finally presents itself to our minds: "What would we have of the poet?"

"The pleasantest sort of poet
Is the poet who's old and wise,
With an old white beard and wrinkles
About his kind old eyes.

.

The young poet screams forever
About his sex and his soul,
But the old man listens and smokes his pipe
And polishes its bowl.

There is no peace to be taken
With poets who are young,
For they worry about the wars to be fought
And the songs that must be sung.

But the old man knows that he's in his chair,
And that God's on His throne in the sky,
So he sits by the fire in comfort,
And he lets the world spin by."

And here we have the reason for Kilmer's recourse to the most familiar scenes in nature and the commonplaces of life for subjects to present his muse. He sings not "about his sex and his soul", but soars to the skies to roam the "Milky Way," and cries out in his gratitude:

"God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the sky.
That's the path where my feet would tread whenever I have to die.
Some folks call it a silver sworn, and some a Pearly Crown,
But the only thing, I think, it is, is Main Street, Heaven Town."

While roaming along this road he chants his beautiful hymn and tells us the secret of the stars.

"Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are,
Flashes past the face of God, and is a star."

He comes down to earth again and meets "Martin" the dreamer who—"exhaled romance and wore an overcoat of glory." He wanders to the "Delicatessen" and teaches us the magic and grandeur possible for the man who "Leans across a slab of board and draws his knife and slices cheese." Kilmer can sing of these homely subjects because he sees the heart and the soul. He mirrors the familiar emotions and beliefs of common life which our other moderns have long since abandoned. His poems are not machine-made, they are not cursed with the barrenness and sterility that so frequently characterizes our Moderns who glide along in smooth running cadences seeking a realism which they would call "artistic simplicity and childlike purity." These poets see nothing but ether in the air, a singular mixture of atoms affecting the movements of the heart, and the soul, if existing at all, is nothing but reaction, phenomenon and a thousand and one other senseless phrases to express their ignorance. The songs of the poet who can see God in the Heavens and the spirit of God breathing in the soul of man and stirring the heart of man to high aspirations and lofty ideals, are not reeking with the door of a charred philosophical outlook, but replete with true simplicity and admirable humility. The spirit of faith and humility that prompted the lines—

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree

gives that charm of true simplicity which study always makes artificial.

KILMER'S TALENT was noticed even before the completion of his education at Rutgers College and Columbia University. English critics placed such high value on his early writings, that he was appointed the laureate of the Waverly Centennial. This was indeed a signal honor conferred upon an American writer, but the illustrious recipient has since more than justified the choice then made.

His first two volumes were "The Summer of Love" and "Trees and Other Poems". A large number of these poems had previously appeared in various periodicals. Among those more generally known are: "The Citizen of the World", "To Certain Poets", "Delicatessen", the half-humorous "Dave Lilly", and the beautiful little ode, "Pennies". Recently, a third volume, "Main Street and Other Poems", was given the public. This contains many excellent lyrics such as, "Apology", "The Proud Poet", "The Singing Girl", and "Easter Week".

After thoughtful perusal of his delightful verses, it may strike one as strange to know that such compositions were the work of a convert. They are the reflections of a mind thoroughly familiar with Catholicity and its inspiring traditions; they are the outpourings of a soul which is deeply permeated with true Catholic spirit; they are the tender expressions of a lover who has found the Christ, and who has learned that—

"Vain is the chiming of forgotten bells
That the wind sways above a ruined shrine.
Vainer his voice in whom no longer dwells
Hunger that craves immortal Bread and Wine."

He seemed to have joined the company of those Catholic poets who were cradled in the bosom of Mother Church. He joined the ranks of Patmore and Thompson, and rushed off with them in childish play, bidding his reader—

"Look for me in the nurseries of heaven".

He shows an intimacy with sacred things which is as refreshing to the Catholic heart as it is disconcerting to the Puritanical mind. We hear that same note of childlike intimacy in "The Robe of Christ":

At the foot of the Cross on Calvary
Three soldiers sat and dined,
And one of them was the Devil,
And he won the Robe of Christ.

When the devil comes in proper form
To the chamber where I dwell,
I know him, and make the sign of the cross
Which drives him back to hell.

Throughout the whole beautiful poem the doubt possesses his mind, why should the Devil spend his time in seeking after his soul? Why should he take such varied forms to try to win his soul? The "poor man of rhyme" should be nothing to him who can have "kings, queens and crested monarchs" for his prey. Satan has visited him under the varied forms which his art can assume, and now he comes in the robe of Christ!

"How can I tell, who am a fool,
If this be Christ or no?
These bleeding hands outstretched to me!
Those eyes that loved me so!"

I see the Robe—I look—I hope—
I fear—but there is one
Who will direct my troubled mind;
Christ's mother knows her son.

With childlike faith and confidence, he rushes to the Mother of Good Counsel beseeching intelligence to know the evil one, and entreating the Tower of Ivory to girt him around with its strong protection, and keep him free from the power of the evil one. The assuring response of Mary finally quiets his soul.

"This is the man of lies," she says,
"Disguised with fearful art;
He has the wounded hands and feet,
But not the wounded heart."

Beside the cross on Cavalry
She watched them as they dined.
She saw the Devil join the game,
And win the robe of Christ."

Even before the conversion of Mr. Kilmer, he showed great interest in the poetry and traditions of the Old Faith which has since offered him a source of copious inspiration. He embraced Catholicity, therefore, as one returning to the church which had ever been properly his own. When questioned some time after this event in his life, he said: "I like to think that I have always been a Catholic; I prefer not to think of myself as a convert. Being also a member of the Knights of Columbus, he has honored this body of men in one of his excellent poems, the "Stars". In this poem he shows how unmistakably he caught the spirit of that noble order. "Christ's troop, Mary's guard, God's own men," he calls them.

Scattered throughout his works, there has always been a strong martial note sounded. Kilmer is an enthusiastic patriot. When our zealous nation entered the present conflict, he proved that his songs were real utterances of the emotions of his soul.

"When you say of the making of ballads and songs that it is woman's work,
You forgot all the fighting poets that have been in every land.
There was Byron who left all his lady-loves to fight against the Turk,
And David, the Singing King of the Jews, who was born with a sword in his hand.
It was yesterday that Rupert Brooke went out to the Wars and died,
And Sir Philip Sidney's lyric voice was as sweet as his arm was strong;
And Sir Walter Raleigh met the axe as a lover meets his bride,
Because he carried in his soul the courage of his song."

And because our poet "carried in his soul the courage of his song," he enlisted in his country's service, though above the draft age. And we did not find him in the officers' training camp, but in the ranks of the Seventh Regiment, New York Infantry. Later, we find him transferred to the 165th New York Infantry, in the hope of having his desire for the fray satisfied sooner.

Though the number of his finished productions is creditable, indeed, we are sure that in his newly chosen career, he will not entirely forsake his literary activity. No doubt the virile pen which has already ensured our modest and unassuming soldier-poet an exalted position among the literateurs of our century will produce many a stirring martial lyric that will make his name live for ages in the hearts of our American people and the memory of the world.



Out of the Depths

—*—

G. A. SCHWEGMAN, B.S. '19



AMERICA IS SYNONYMOUS with generous response. Long before Columbia entered the war, America was liberally represented in France and on the battle fronts of Europe. The "Yank" had become an honored and respected person in the eyes of "Tommy Atkins", and his reputation for lightheartedness and daring was sustained and fortified. "Sammies" were at the front of every line of gallant defenders and were on the top rung of the ladder whenever the command was expected to "go over the top".

Our Uncle had also a large contingent among the flying squads. The air holds a strong attraction for many young Americans. One has only to visit some of the large cities to see this borne out. Why has a Singer and a Woolworth stretched their arms so far into the heavens if not in an attempt to bring a few tresses of the clouds down to "Sammy", or to help him get closer to the smooth running super-sixes of the great Milky Way? He wants to get up into the air. There is found liberty without even the restraining hand of the traffic squad to remind him of a speed limit.

"There are great things going on in Europe," thought Sammy: "There is a good fight being staged between Kaiser Bill and Johnny Bull." He must get over to see it!

Vance Maxwell and Ray Van Buren rushed for front seats, and found at the box office that they were selling observation chairs in the North, South, East and West of Cloudland, their new addition. Vance and Ray were up in the air before they realized that this was a "free for all." The next thing they realized was that it was a real war, such a war as they had read about in their history class at college back in dear old U. S. A. It was not very long before they were in it. The clouds seemed to have been rolled away. There were performers on the stage now, just as at the old circus back home. And Vance had to go up to do his little turn while Ray performed alongside of him.

"I'm getting sick of this stuff!" muttered Ray to Vance after one of their performances.

"What's the matter, Texas? Want to go back home with the lariat?" Vance flung back with a smile.

"No! Not that, you old Boston bean. But there's nobody here to talk to," explained Ray.

"Oh! Thanks. Do I look like a listening post?" retorted Vance. He

was smiling, but he knew just how his companion felt. He had experienced the same loneliness, yet had no intention just at present of admitting it. "Let's run down to the billet and see that old Frenchie who tried to stop a few the other day. We are 'on our own' now, and it is better than hanging around this place."

Vance made some comments on the kind of a fool that he had been. One of that species with a small but strong adjective as a characteristic. They were soon on their way.

THAT VISIT proved a wonder worker. They saw the wounded soldier, but lost interest in him almost immediately. As Vance afterwards expressed it, they were like travellers in an African jungle coming to seek amusement from a tame pet, and finding a box from home instead.

"You old chump!" Ray taunted. "You didn't want to come. You see, now, what you would have missed?"

"Lord! You talk as if you knew it was going to happen. You didn't know any more than I did that they were there. I wonder when they came?"

"I don't know. It's enough for me to know that they are there. It will be just our luck to get some order now to bring us away from this place."

"It certainly was good to meet some of the old folks again. Gee! I feel like a brother to them!" Vance looked, quickly, at his friend, for he had started to hop around and whistle. "What's the matter with you? Gone off?" asked Vance, but he well knew the meaning of Ray's outburst. "You know what I mean," he added, in explanation.

"Oh, yes, I know very well. Who doesn't know what that means?" answered Ray, doubled up with laughter.

"You old baked bean!" was all Vance could say for a few moments. He went on to explain. "Those two girls are over here to do their bit, and they are up against the same thing that we have experienced. Did you see how glad they were to see us? They're from Virginia—Southern girls! Gee, whiz! those fellows in Virginia must be slow to let two Janes like that get over here. I know you're going to laugh, but it's up to us to look after them. They come from our own country, and we should feel toward them like we do to our own sisters."

EVENTS SEEMED to indicate that these American lads had been very attentive to their sisters at home. But the strange part of the working out of their doctrine was that after awhile only one of the girls seemed to be their sister. They were both showering attentions on the same sister.

Unfortunately, these two girls were not twins. It might have been easier to take one for the other and give both a share of the brotherly attentions which were sent to the unmistakably fair one.

Pearl was everything that is contained in the name except the velvet covered jewel case—the setting seemed perfect. If you had asked either Vance or Ray what color eyes she had you would have been told that they were just bright-smiling, and then they would end up hopelessly by telling you that you knew the type. One was as bad as the other. They knew that Hazel's eyes were grey, and they almost thought her hair was touched with a little grey also. They had paid less attention to her, but seemed better able to give a detailed description of her than of Pearl.

For some time, their friendship continued as formerly. They knew that the brother game was working in a direction that one tried to conceal from the other. Pearl seemed to be playing the real sister to both of them. If she had any preference, they never learned of it or saw the least sign that might give an indication towards which one the arrow pointed.

VANCE AND RAY were not given much time to brood over their state of mind or heart, for the fighting was fierce. Though life held a Pearl of great price for them, still the prospects of gaining it did not prevent them from taking the greatest risks. If Death chose to snatch away the happiness that might be in store for them, it mattered little.

The inevitable had finally come. Vance and Ray were less friendly than formerly. They could not talk to each other as freely as they were accustomed. For hours they would sit in their hangar without uttering more than monosyllables. All the old subjects of conversation had lost their interest. The only thing they wished to talk about was tabooed. One dared not mention the subject of his thoughts to the other. Rivalry, which had hardly been suspected, and which surely had not been manifest, became intense. Both fought like men bereft of reason, in the hope that the news of their knightly deeds might win favor from the lips of their lady. Unconsciously, they were adding to their credit a splendid list of heroic deeds. Both had attracted the attention of their government at home.

When the United States finally entered the war, they were accordingly called home to give needed instruction in the American flying schools. The summons was imperative, and they were rushed off, with barely enough time to throw their few belongings together and board the steamer.

THROWN TOGETHER AGAIN by Fate, the old friends assumed some of the old spirit that existed between them. They chatted about the scenes they were leaving, and considered their chances of returning.

Finally, Vance blurted out, "I don't suppose you had an opportunity to see her before you left?"

"No!" answered Ray, looking out over the water, and apparently thinking little of either the question or his answer.

The subject was closed for a few seconds. "I wonder if we could get word to her," began Vance, again. "It seems mighty frowsy to run away like this."

"Oh, for the Lord's sake!" broke in Ray, "do you think she is going to brood over a thing like that when she is wrestling with Death in that old pest hole? You ought to know that she hasn't got much of that puppy stuff in her. She's—well—it doesn't matter," Ray ended desperately, and they both turned to answer the call of the bell to dinner.

IT WAS A JOLLY CROWD that presented itself at that dinner table. To listen to their happy laughter and the merry tinkling of glasses, one would have found it hard to imagine that these people had been living with Death for some time past. But they were happy now, with the thought of a surcease of their own suffering, and the hope of still being of assistance to others. They were getting away from the mud, the dirt, the rats and the cooties of the trenches and rest billets. They were revelling in the luxury of clean linen, eating at a table from china plates, and there was no more bully beef on them, and looming in front of them was the vision of the exquisite enjoyment of the ante-bellum trip to the bathroom! Do you wonder at their happiness? Such things are only appreciated after the privations which these people had so recently suffered.

Suddenly a bell sounded. There was silence for a minute. Then some one laughed—a shrill, hysterical laugh—a laugh that froze the blood in the veins. No one had stirred from their places until the order was given to put on the life belts and prepare for the worst. A submarine had been sighted, and the wireless operator had received an S. O. S. from a transport some few leagues away.

The passengers rushed on deck, but there seemed no indication of danger. It made the suspense the more unbearable. Darkness would fall in another hour, and with the lights out on board, they would have to struggle with Death in the darkness. But some one sighted a vessel in the distance, and they were rapidly heading toward it. As they came closer to the ship, they saw her stand firm, as though securely anchored, then list to starboard; the angle became greater, the bow dropped, the stern was lifted into the air, and then, like a diver, she slid to the bottom of the ocean. The passengers stood gazing in wonder and fright. They forgot their own danger in the weird fascination of the spectacle before them. There were

small boats, actuating the immensity of the limitless ocean. Some five or ten miles in the distance a strange land loomed into sight, and a few of the boats were making good headway in that direction, while others were struggling and floundering about in the waves. Finally, the steamer came close enough to get some of the party aboard. Cheers were given, and answered in tones that had no cheer in them. Orders were snapped out like bullet shots, and men were rushing about like automata.

Ray quickly rushed to the side of Vance, and pointing to a figure floating and making a last struggle with the waves, hissed: "It's a woman, I think! I can't go in after her because I must attend to these people coming over in the boat."

But Vance had not waited for the third word. He sighted the figure, and was overboard in the same instant. The struggling was hard. His burden seemed a ton weight. Vance felt that he was attempting to raise the submerged vessel. He was hardly equal to the task. His recent wounds and lack of sleep had left him weaker than he had imagined. But a new strength seemed to enter him, and after a desperate struggle, they were brought aboard. Vance fell in a heap on the deck, worn out by the tremendous strain on his nerves and his strength.

After several hours, their ship was once more "Homeward Bound." The danger seemed to have passed for them. They learned from some of the rescued that the crew of the submerged vessel had let out one of their mines from the stern quarter, and that they had seen the color of the water change in the vicinity of the "sub," and bubbles were seen on the surface, with a brownish shine. But even while the subject was under discussion the look-out discovered another monster lying on the surface of the water, like a huge whale taking the air. It was ranged 500 yards dead ahead. The officer on deck ordered the starboard battery to open fire. The "sub" was in the act of submerging when the shot was fired, but as they steamed directly over her wake and let go four mines of different sizes in as many seconds, they soon felt assured that the danger had passed.

ALL HANDS were ordered below to get needed refreshment and rest. The refreshments were easily obtained, but the rest seemed beyond the reach of most of them. It was a scene of desolation. People walked the deck the next day with eyes staring into the distance. They did not seem to be conscious of any one else on board. On another occasion, it would be difficult to keep from laughing at the garish costumes that were seen on deck and in the saloons. It was all too terrible to laugh at now.

Vance was seated in a half doze in the saloon, when a matron approached him and said, "I think you are the gentleman who rescued the lady the other day."

Vance turned to her and smiled with his sleepy eyes: "Why, there were any number of women rescued—and they all seemed dressed the same—at least—well, you know what a condition they were in." He seemed too worn out for the exertion of attempting to recall the smallest detail of that scene.

"Yes!" answered the matron, kindly. "I should have thought of that. You know the ship that was sunk was bringing some nurses back to America to help the Red Cross campaigns and to direct the American women in their war work. But I know you are the gentleman I want. Please delay no longer—I want you to come with me."

"Alright," answered Vance, with a deep sigh that showed the business was not agreeable to him. "I suppose I could not rest here, anyhow. The lady wishes to thank me and that kind of stuff, isn't it?"

The matron smiled and nodded assent. They started down the deck.

Vance was shown into a stateroom. He was not prepared for what he saw. There before him was Ray, and on a low couch was the lady who had sent for him. Ray stood up uneasily when Vance entered, and stepped aside. The figure on the couch had moved in an effort to see who had entered the room, but the matron pushed it back gently. Vance stepped forward and gazed into the face of Pearl.

"Is this the gentleman who rescued me?" she asked the matron in a cold voice. The matron gave her assurance, and turning to him without the least sign of recognition, she continued in the same colorless tone, "I thank you very much, sir. When I recover I shall try to repay you."

Vance turned to Ray in amazement. His eyes questioned his friend, and he received a shrug of the shoulders for an answer. At a signal from the matron, they both left the room.

Out on deck again, neither spoke for a few moments. Then Vance broke the silence by saying, "Isn't that Pearl?"

"Of course it is," replied Ray. "You were too far gone to recognize her the other day. But I knew her immediately. I have haunted that room and watched that couch like a thief trying to steal a look of recognition."

"Why didn't you say something about it?" interrupted Vance.

"I knew there was no use. The matron says there are strange indications in her case. You know, she had just recovered from nervous breakdown, and this shock seems to have affected her brain."

"You don't mean to say that there is danger of insanity?" asked Vance.

"That's what the doctors seem to think," answered Ray, sadly.

"They're crazy!" cried Vance. "That girl has too much sense to lose it all, even in an affair of this kind. I'm going to take chances now. It's only when she is crazy that she would accept me. I intend to win her now and claim my reward."

VANCE was, of course, in high favor as the gallant rescuer of Pearl. Gradually her condition became normal again. She recalled slowly all the old days back at the front, and confessed to Vance that he had always enjoyed the same favor which he received at present. He claimed his reward, and it was gladly bestowed. He brought back from the first line trenches, not the helmet of a Fritz, nor an iron cross, but a priceless Pearl.



To a Winter Bloom

H



AS THE COLD NOT CHILLED thy tender heart, nor the gale
Scattered the petals from thy feathery veil,
Lone flower of the dell?
Art thou a wayward child leaving thy home,
Or did'st thou venture forth to mock the moan
Of winds that toll thy knell?

Not 'til you open wide your flowery heart,
To welcome give the icy dart,
Shot by the flocking blast,
Upon the ground with withered petals locked,
Into a grave by chilling tremors rocked
Wilt thou be cast.

Like to a friend art thou come home
To find thy brothers dead—to roam
Amid the ruins of the past.
In vain contest the right of present lord,
For thou wilt soon be forced by Winter's horde
To yield at last.

T. HAILS, A.B. '19



J. KEOUGHAN, EX.A.B. '18
W. PUDER, EX.A.B. '18

L E RALL, B.S. '14
G. TAYLOR, COACH '17



Our Breathless Soldiers

C. H. DUCOTE, B.S. '18



IN THESE DAYS OF WAR, when thousands of America's young men are leaving our shores to fight for Liberty, there is one question which is apt to recur with dogged insistence; our solution leaving us either in a state of dejection and hopelessness, or filling us with comforting hope and dauntless courage.

"To be or not to be": that is the question; whether we will ever again in some future life see those whom we have sent over the seas. If we should, after due reflection, come to the conclusion that there is no future life after we have "shuffled off this mortal coil", then, truly, we have cause for much anxiety and dejection; and we could, with reason, look upon this life as a house of cards, waiting to be destroyed by any chance inclination, whim, or caprice of the builder. If, on the contrary, we come to the conclusion, that there is something to live and strive for besides the material gains of life, we will find here a solace for all our yearnings and heartaches; here we will also see the shadow of impending chastisement for our evil deeds and wrongdoings; here we will receive encouragement and strength to bear our trials. We will realize that we are gazing at the windows of Heaven from the wrong side, and that one day we shall watch the sun streaming through their colored squares, making one harmonious unit, where before there was nothing but repulsive disorder.

It must be evident to any thinking man that he cannot obtain a full measure of happiness here on earth. Recall the fable of the fisherman and the magic fish. Man asks first for a cottage, then a palace, then titles or royalty, and, finally, for the government of the moon and the planets. A great store of knowledge makes his appetite for learning keener; possession of vast sums of money makes him restless in an effort to increase his income. If he had the earth for a throne and the stars and planets as vassals, he would still aspire higher; he would be obsessed with the thought of something still attainable.

RECENTLY the American Magazine testified that the belief in a future life was still gripping the hearts and consoling the minds of our progress-loving people. Seeking for advancement, they find it in its perfection in the future life. The long list of correspondents who promptly answered the question, "Do you believe in a future life?" made the editor marvel at the faith which still burns in the hearts of our apparently frivolous people. The contrary opinion is held by only a small coterie of Ma-

terialists. It has never had a strong following. Even among the Ancients its subscribers were a negligible minority.

The student of the literatures of ancient, as well as modern peoples, knows that Pagan nations were in harmony with the Hebrews and Christians in their belief in immortality. All taught and recognized an ideal life in an ideal spot after death as the portion of the good people. A little serious thought should convince anyone with the slightest inclination to incredulity that there is something after death. It is true that a people may err in some trivial matter, but surely, the vast majority of peoples would not err in a matter of such supreme importance.

AS A FIRST PRINCIPLE, we may say that if there are no such things as souls, there is plainly no such thing as immortality. For the body of man is material, and consequently subject to the decay which is inherent in all matter. The thousands who die daily offer sufficient proof that the duration of the body is exceedingly brief; never lasting longer than a few decades of years. Hence it must be patent that there is something in man higher and nobler than anything material, something which is capable of performing intellectual acts, and free acts of the will—operations which no material substance is capable of initiating or terminating. We may look on this life as especially that of the body—a life short enough, as befits the body; while the next life is that of the soul—an eternal life, as befits the nature and aspirations of the soul.

A soulless man is no better than the ape. Their bodies are made of the same prime matter, there is even a similarity in the skeleton. They are born, they grow, they build up weakened tissues, they are harassed by sickness and disease, and the destruction of the organisms brings death and dissolution. Both should have their bodies crumble into dust and then—oblivion. No one would predicate immortality of these beings since they are crass matter and nothing more. Even the vital principle would be purely material in both. We would have to expect our flower beds to be in continual bloom and the rose cut from its stem to lose none of its perfume, none of its beauty, none of its life.

But man has the right to more than this. It would be the unjust infliction of the punishment of a Tantalus.

"So bends tormented Tantalus to drink
While from his lips the refluent waters shrink.
Again the rising stream his bosom laves,
And thirst consumes him 'mid circumfluent waves."

Continual yearning and striving for the unattainable! These are the

aspirations springing from the soul which distinguishes man from the brute creation. All things in nature are man's servants and slaves. The animals carry his burdens, supply his food or afford amusement. The flowers and plants cheer his heart or support his strength. The earth yields him a home and precious minerals. This is the ultimate end of the things of nature—their sole purpose is to serve man and assist him in his journey to God. It is the generous Father providing for His child during an enforced absence from home. Man is universally recognized as the superior of the animals, and it is just as generally conceded that there is something in man besides mere matter which elevates him to a higher plane than the rest of the created things about him.

IT IS A COMMON BELIEF that man has a soul, which is the subject of his mental life, and the ultimate principle by which he thinks and wills—a something more than shifting matter and ever changing body. We know also that the soul can understand abstract physical and moral laws, differentiate between right and wrong and form an idea of God. In no sense can our bodies perform acts such as these, because they are material and capable of performing only material acts. Even from a cursory glance, we may reasonably conceive the soul as being immortal. Were our souls capable of dying, this could be brought about in two ways: by annihilating the soul, or by causing it to corrupt and crumble away.

It is very hard for us to comprehend the human soul, hence how utterly impossible would it be for us to annihilate it. God is the only being who could annihilate man's soul, since by annihilation is meant reduction to nothingness, an action which God alone can perform. Although God is able to do this, He will never annihilate the human soul, since He has implanted in every human being a desire for, and made him capable of attaining perfect happiness in a life after death. May we not say that the Maker of the universe, when He gave man that craving, intended at some future time to gratify it? How may we explain all those yearnings that rise in our hearts, those longings for better things, those strivings after an impossible ideal, except by saying that they really represent and indicate what is to follow the narrow confines of life in this world. Why is it that man never feels perfectly satisfied while partaking of the passing joys of this life, if not because he is made for something better and nobler than anything time and the world have to offer him? We are safe in saying that God will never contradict these innate desires of our souls by annihilating them.

Again, the human soul is incorruptible, because it is a simple, spiritual being, and does not depend upon the body for its existence. Thus man's

soul, evolved from nothing by God, will endure forever. The body will live for a while, then crumble away. Disease may plow deep furrows in the cheeks already made hollow by old age, the limbs may weaken and totter under their burden; in time the whole organism may be on the point of impending dissolution, and, finally, with disintegration and the breaking down of the organisms, Death may claim his toll. The body and all other earthly matter will decay; after a short life, or after an apparently interminable existence, but the soul—never. Grim-visaged Death may come, and with the sickle in his hand, mow down the body of man as easily as the farmer cuts the grain in his crops; the machine guns on the battlefield may scatter death through our trenches and billets, the submarine may bring helpless victims to an untimely grave in the bosom of the ocean—but the world has yet to see the device that can bring death to the soul. It is like the effort of a child to grasp its own shadow. Death may stretch out his bony claws to wrench the life from the soul, but the spiritual substance evades his striving, and keeps ever unattainable. The soul shall continue to live forever, regardless of anything that may happen around it. Just as pleasant strains of music fill our hearts with joy and gladness, so the thought of our never-dying souls, and the bright hope of a future life to come should fill us with joy and comfort.

As the soul is incorruptible, so is its life everlasting. The soul is ever young, since it knows no decay. Its life is endless and eternal. Centuries do not even approach the very smallest fraction of eternity. Between eternity and time there is no relation, yet when we see our friends after death we shall enjoy their company for eternity.

SUPPOSE there were no future life after this present struggle! Does anyone believe that so many thousands of our boys would "Go over the top" to meet the ruthless thrust of a merciless Hun? Can anyone imagine that so many young men with lives of promise before them would sacrifice themselves to all the horrors of war and suffer untimely death that the world may be made safer for those who stay at home; and do this without some hope of a future reward? If there were nothing else but this present life, they would hardly be so generous in consigning themselves to oblivion. There are men "over there" spending day after day in the trenches, in the camps and in the hospitals and pest houses, taking chances every minute of the day, fighting with a confidence and an eagerness not to be equalled. They see thousands fall around them every day, yet they have the courage to "carry on" and see it through, even though they know that their own lives may ultimately be sacrificed. Could they do this if they thought that life held nothing more for them than the earthly body

each possessed? Could they leave their loved ones at home if they knew positively that they could never hope to see them again in this life, and hence nevermore? Could they have the courage to break, in a moment, the many and strong ties of affection to their loved ones under these conditions? No! There are men "over there" who know, and they will tell you, that it is a sustaining belief in a future life which enables our men to do the almost superhuman feats that are attributed to them—acts that will eventually win the war for Right and Democracy. They do not believe that it is possible for men who go to battle, secure in the knowledge that they are fighting for a righteous cause, and afraid of death can be beaten back forever. Some day the Hun's grip must loosen, and then nothing can hold them back.

What of the mother who has sent her big, strapping son out to war? No one can realize what she gives up, more than the mother. How a mother has to care for her boy! This was not like sending him out to school, with shining face, and slate tucked away under his arm. Is she to sit lonely before the fire with visions of him flashing before her eyes, and know that it is all over now, she will never see that boy again? Never again? She will tell you "that's a lie." She knows that as surely as the coals are burning in the grate before her and the wind is whistling outside through the trees, she will see her boy again. Not with her poor old eyes, that are wrinkled now with age, and shriveled with her bitter tears; not with those eyes that gazed on him in love from his birth to his departure; not in this life, not here, brave mothers! but in the great life beyond the grave, where mothers and sons are never more forced to endure the cruel separation!

Imagine what her agony would be without that consolation! God knows it is hard enough for a mother to bear the loss of her son. When he goes out in the world of business, there is a little mother at home still, the old home where once he was. Everything brings back memories of her boy; every room is full of his presence; everything in the house seems to echo back his merry laugh. There is his chair, here his desk; this is his bedroom! When death comes in the natural course, it is still harder to bear, because the months of waiting grow into years. But when he is sent off to hasten the time of his allotted span—ah! that were unbearable if there were no light glimmering in the windows of Heaven to tell mother that one day there will be a home-coming. A few years—they may be intolerably long, but it is not a sinking away into nothingness—that writing must be blotted out!

And what would we think of the fathers who sent their sons off to war, knowing that it matters not whether the cause be just or not? There is no one to question the boy, when the skein of life is cut, whether he

fought a righteous war, or whether he lived a righteous life. With one mighty stroke, these men are consigned to their original nothingness—a war, death, oblivion! Think you that fathers can thus rid themselves of their sons who were their pals and their angels? Will the fathers so fail in their purpose and prove so false to mother and son? Then, they were little better than a race of savages fit for slavery, but not for Liberty and Freedom, to fight for which they bade their boys go off to war.

BUT NO! It is because we believe that our soldier boys are deathless, because we know that the bayonet thrust of the burly Hun cannot take the life of his soul, because we are certain that we shall see them one day in Heaven that we can force back the starting tear and smile while we wave farewell. It is because we realize that what made our boy different from any other was the character of his soul, because we saw his soul growing, unfolding like a flower, from infancy to manhood, because we felt the sorrows that afflicted his soul, that we know now that soul shall live forever, and with that soul we shall be forever happy.

Easter is the feast of immortality. It represents Christ rising from the dead with His body glorious and immortal. This is the pledge of our future resurrection; the ray of hope breaking through the dark clouds of misery and sorrow; the bright edge that suggests the silver lining; the rainbow-covenant spanning our stormy lives.



Forgetfulness

T



HE LAUGHING CHILDREN in their thoughtless play,
A new-born lamb with wreathed flowers deck.
And loving arms throw round his snowy neck—
Their whole delight for this short happy day.

Sweet baby lips, with rosy kisses, press
His dainty nose; his startled eyes, 'mid showers
Of golden hair, are hid. Swift fade the flowers,
But to the pet—swifter forgetfulness.

So man for life's brief span is Fortune's play.
In bright young eyes is mirrored all his fame;
His health is pledged in friendship's fondest wines—
With learning's laurels crowned, with roses gay,
His little day runs fast and fades his name,
As frost, when sultry sun in mid-sky shines.

E. A. STRAUSS, A.B. '20

Private Enfield's Revenge

JOS. W. MEAD, A.B. '22



THE GREY DAWN was just breaking on the Western front. The unceasing boom of the cannons, the screeching of flying shells and the pup-pup-pup of the machine gunfire told of the many lives that were being sacrificed to the God of War on the battlefields of France.

It was the memorable first of July. A great day in the history of the lives of those "Tommies" who survived it, and a greater day for those who sealed with their blood their faith in the cause for which they fought. "Old Pepper" had told them that on that day the "big push" would start. They would "go over the top" and start the famous battle of the Somme.

In the front line trenches all was in readiness for the signal to go over the top. Many a man there did not feel so anxious at that moment about making the world safe for Democracy, and Democracy safe for the world. That fervent ejaculation had lost a great deal of its impelling influence. It was behind their every action, but the immediate action brought new motives in every necessity.

Private Enfield, at least, would have laughed, scornfully, at the man who told him he was fighting for such an abstract thing as Democracy. He had a great big Fritz waiting for him on the other side of No-Man's Land, and he was going to fight him. Enfield was a noble character. It was the nobility of his character that first brought him to these first line trenches. But he had a hard struggle to keep from chanting a hymn of hate. It was almost impossible for him to witness the deeds of the Bosches and not feel hatred for the principles they embodied, and even for the men themselves. He had heard some gentlemen say that we must fight without hate. "Let them come and try it," was the challenge that he flung back at them now.

But Enfield knew that he would not be a criterion for the other men of his army. He was inclined to feel strong hatred, a hatred that almost overpowered him and blinded him to anything noble or good in the object of his detestation. At home he flew into a rage at the slightest provocation. His parents had learned to fear the indications of his outbursts. His friends had become disgusted with his sudden ebullitions, and had cut him. He had learned one thing during his stay at camp: His like and dislikes were less than nothing, and would not be tolerated by his companions, and much less so by his superiors. It did not take long for this truth to come home

to him with telling force. Because he had a great heart that aspired after the great and the noble, he acknowledged to himself that he was wrong, and set about trying to curb his temper and weaken his hatred.

Enfield was succeeding remarkably until one of his superior officers punished him for a mistake committed by another "Tommy." He was not going to offer explanations, but intended to accept his punishment as though it were his due. In his heart, however, the smouldering fires burst into flame. He tried to keep them from blinding him and consuming his reason, but it was all to no avail. The hatred was back there again, and no effort of his could quench it.

AS THE GREY DAWN gradually melted into a golden light, the men knew that before the sun crept over to its setting they might have "gone West". All night long a continuous barrage had been kept up, over the German lines, by the heavy artillery in the rear. The hour was fast approaching for the barrage to be lifted. The appointed hour was four-thirty. Three whistles sounded simultaneously along the trenches. The "Tommies" gritted their teeth and bravely scaled the ladders and rushed like maniacs into No-Man's Land. With fierce-set faces and the glitter of bayonets flashing back the uncertain light of the early morning, they seemed like a horde of mad men. The fierce yells of the men of Enfield's Company only made his blood boil with the old hatred for his enemy—Fritz. He could even forget his lieutenant and the feeling he bore him in his anxiety to get one of these Bosches.

A bloody encounter took place. Men were falling on all sides; some shot, others falling under the heavy thrust of a well-directed bayonet. Dreadful carnage resulted on both sides. Enfield was engaged in a bayonet parley with a burly Hun. Once or twice he was nearly overcome, but the power of his hate impelled him on. At last the Bosche, tired of this play, made a terrific lunge at Enfield. But "Tommy" was well prepared. He stepped aside quickly, and so surprised "Fritz" that he caught him off his guard, and sent six feet of fighting German West.

With this fellow out of the way, Enfield could pause for breath. But he did not enjoy the rest for any length of time, for in the distance he saw one of his companions pushed against the wall of the trench and receiving jabs from the bayonets of two German soldiers. Enfield did not feel like going in search for another encounter. He considered himself fortunate in getting away with his last visitor. His first impulse was to run back toward his own lines before his presence was discovered. No one would know the difference. But the thought suddenly came to him that if he were in the condition in which he found his companion, not a single man in

his company would think of saving their own lives while one of their comrades was in danger. He made cautiously in the direction of the men. He would creep up on them unawares. There was no necessity for taking risks where common sense might save his companion and himself. As he came closer he saw the Bosches were torturing their victim, and his blood boiled with hatred for these brutes. "Tommy" would never take that advantage of his prisoner. He would kill him outright, or conduct him to his cell. He hated these people worse than ever! When he came close enough, he made a bound for the nearest fellow and ran his bayonet through his back. The fellow tumbled over, almost knocking Enfield to the ground with him. When he regained his balance he saw the other fellow had been disposed of by a shot from the pistol of their prisoner. And the prisoner! Enfield looked into the face of Lieutenant Gibson!

Enfield was dazed for a moment. Would he finish what the others had begun? It was the easiest thing in the world. He held out his arm for Gibson to lean on, and, together, they crossed No-Man's Land to their own trenches. Half way across, he paused to send a hand grenade back into the German lines. When he turned to his friend, he found he had gone into unconsciousness. He took him on his shoulder and entered his own lines, amid the cheers of his comrades. He cursed them as fools for their "bally ranting," and with an air of disgust handed his burden to the medical men.

"Tough luck!" he muttered, "that he should be the one I had to save!"



The Rose Tree

I



SAW a rose tree in the gale

Bend with the storm and kiss the earth;

But quickly raise its head and hail

The light to which the storm gave birth.

My heart was racked with bitter pain;

Swayed by demon doubts and fears;

But my soul crept up to my eyes again,

And smiled at the rose through my blinding tears.

W. BOHEN, B.S. '19

The Clue

*

D. J. O'ROURKE, A.B. '23



MORRIS FRANKLIN had lived with his aunt, Mrs. Bellemont, for the last three years; that is, since the death of his mother. Mrs. Bellemont was a very wealthy woman, but the poor knew nothing of that. In this respect, Morris was poor, indeed. While his mother lived, he had everything that wealth could purchase. Since her death, he had a hard time of it, or, as he was wont to term it, "three years of hell". But the time had now come when something should be done. He determined to find out what had become of his mother's wealth.

In the apartment of Mrs. Bellemont was a life-sized portrait of her sister, Mrs. Franklin. Painted by an eminent artist, it was an object of admiration to all who beheld it. Yet, this picture caused Morris no little worry—rather, not the picture, but the fact that Mrs. Bellemont seemed to guard it most jealously. Her chair was always placed directly in front of it, and should Morris even attempt to scrutinize it, she would always, by some means or other, divert his attention.

Morris did not like the idea of suspecting his mother's sister of anything like duplicity, yet, many and many a night, he lay awake pondering the reason of her strange interest in that picture. On one of these nights, he was disturbed by a low, shuffling noise, and, thinking it to be a burglar, quickly slipped into his bathrobe, grabbed his revolver and hurried down the stairs. He found nothing! Every door was locked, every window barred. Nonplussed, he ascended the stairs, quietly. As he passed his aunt's room, he stopped suddenly. He thought he had detected a silent footstep. Posting himself in between the curtain and the glass door that opened from Mrs. Bellemont's room into the hallway, Morris waited and waited. Still, nothing happened. The room was quite dark, yet he could just see enough to assure him that everything was alright. He turned to go, when a sudden light flashed across the room, and, with the same low shuffling noise he had heard before, the portrait of his mother began to open. Into it walked the white-robed figure of his aunt. The portrait, as if by magic, swung back to its former place.

Seizing a firm hold on his revolver, Morris determined not to let this mystery go unravelled. He pushed into the room, and, on going over to the picture, proceeded to examine it. With a sudden shudder in his very soul, the cry of "My God!" escaped his lips. A pair of living, piercing eyes

had taken the place of those in the portrait, and glared at him with ever-increasing terror.

Morris was too wise not to see the foolishness of attempting an assault upon the picture. Some clever brain had planned all this mystery, and it would require equally as clever detective work to unravel it. He quietly departed for his own room to spend a sleepless night, pondering and planning. In the wee hours of the morning, he had come to the following resolution: First, not to let his aunt think for a moment that he suspected her of anything, but to mention the fact merely as a dream, and watch the effect it would have upon her; second, to put the whole case in the hands of his bosom friend, Bernard Lynch, who, as a private detective, had already shown great ability in such cases.

THAT MORNING Morris was up early, and was surprised to see his aunt, contrary to her usual custom, ahead of him at the breakfast table. She greeted him, cordially:

"Good morning, Morris," said she, "how did you sleep last night?"

"Not very well," he answered, "I had a strange dream." He then related to her the events of the preceding night, carefully concealing the fact that he had the least suspicion of her being the white-robed figure who entered through the opening left by the portrait. She heard him through, calmly, and, with a laugh, advised him not to eat too much meat at supper.

"By the way," he said, as if changing the subject, "Bernard Lynch is coming over today to spend the week with us. I've been writing him for the last year to revive college memories by playing my room-mate again, and, at last, he has consented."

AN HOUR LATER, Morris was closeted with Bernard in the latter's office. Bernard listened attentively to the statement of the facts, lit a cigarette, and mused for awhile.

"Well, it's a whopper," he said, finally. "What a strange story! Can it be possible that your own aunt is against you, and is trying to rob you of what really belongs to you? But let us to business."

Then followed a long discussion of schemes and plans.

MEANWHILE Mrs. Belmont was also busily planning. She had to go into that secret chamber every night. And with those two devils, as she called them, in the house, it would be impossible to do so. She therefore resolved to go and seek advice from—she would not care to have it known—her old advisor and accomplice.

TING LU was engaged in fixing up a new stock of rice. To watch him in this pursuit, no one would ever suspect that he was a notorious crook, long sought after by different agencies .

"Good morning, Ting Lu," said Mrs. Bellemont to the Chinaman.

"Inez!" exclaimed the Chinaman, quite overcome by surprise.

"Ting Lu," said she, with a tone of aristocracy in her voice, "I am no longer Inez to you, but Mrs. Bellemont."

"Very well," sneered Ting Lu. "And I am to be called Kong Poo. Very well, Mrs. Bellemont and Kong Poo. For Inez and Ting Lu are bad names, and we will make it fifty-fifty."

"Yes, fifty-fifty it shall be. For I came here not to talk on our past life and deeds, but on a far more important mission."

"S-h!" whispered the wily Chinaman, pointing to a shelf on the wall. He gave a low, peculiar whistle. Right near the shelf to which he pointed, a secret door opened. Going into a small closet, Ting Lu, or Kong Poo, as he wishes to be called, removed a large box from the corner and motioned Mrs. Bellemont through a trap door into a secret chamber below. In the center of the room was a round table, at which the two seated themselves. The Chinaman tapped a small bell, and five yellow men, with little brown eyes, came to him, one from behind an empty barrel, one from under the very table at which they were seated. To Mrs. Bellemont they seemed to have sprung from everywhere. "Now," said the Chinaman, "I have you in my power."

"Hush!" answered the frightened woman. "Have you so soon forgotten what I told you. Remember, fifty-fifty on this deal."

"Yes, but you have forgotten the promise you made to me before I left for Sing-Sing."

"Well, I do remember it, Kong Poo. Many times have I thought to repay you for your assistance in helping me to escape, but I just could not find time to visit you."

Drawing a purse from her waist, she placed it in his hand. One glance at its contents convinced the greedy Chinaman, and he answered: "Well, we can call it square now. What is the new job you got for me?"

These two old companions in thieftcraft discussed for over an hour their plans.

"Very well," said Mrs. Bellemont, as she was leaving the shop, "don't forget the hour, and I'll be there to answer the phone."

WHEN MORRIS and Bernard reached the former's home that evening, the door was opened by a new butler. Morris looked at him with some curiosity, and asked whence he came.

"But a few minutes ago," he said, "your aunt fired the old butler. I needed a job, so she hired me. You can bet that I will do my very best, and give you every help."

"Sounds pretty well," said Morris to Bernard, on the way up stairs, "but it looks rotten. Whatever possessed her to hire a Chinaman?"

EVERYTHING went on as usual, until near the end of dinner, the phone rang, and Mrs. Bellemont was summoned to answer the call.

She spoke in quick, excited tones, so that the young men in the dining room were able to catch the following words: "Hello—yes, I'll tell him, right away—yes?—NO! Hope it's nothing serious." With this, she burst into the dining room to inform Bernard that his father had taken suddenly ill, and his folks wished him home immediately.

Bernard rose quickly from the table, a look of agonized terror in his face, and hurried up stairs to Morris' room.

"Listen," said the former, "be quick, and slip me the key to the door; this is a put-up game. My father has been dead for six years. You go to bed as usual. Only, for Heaven's sake, don't go to sleep. When you are wanted, I'll call you." With these words, he hurried down the stairs and out into the street, walked around the corner and hid himself in the shadow of an apartment house.

An hour later, he returned, and quietly slipped into the house. He posted himself in exactly the same position which Morris had taken—between the glass and the curtain.

Then followed a flash of light, the opening of the picture and the entrance of the white-robed figure—not alone—but followed by a yellow-faced man—but no Mrs. Bellemont followed him when he came out. He pressed a button behind the frame of the portrait, and the picture door closed.

"Hands up!" I've got you now," cried Bernard, as he plunged into the room.

Suddenly the lights went out. He fired—then he felt a terrible wrench on his arm. The pistol flew out of his hand, and the yellow demon plunged through the door and down the stairs. Bernard followed him, shouting to Morris for assistance. But Ting Lu, for it was he, instead of trying the door, turned swiftly into the parlor, sprang through an open window and jumped into a waiting automobile, which started at full speed around the corner.

Bernard turned to Morris, who was now coming into the parlor.

"That Chinaman is not as slick as his hair. I saw the number of his auto as it passed under the street lamp—it is 3003. You can't forget it

easily. I've got to follow it now. Since I cut the wires, I can't phone anybody. Your aunt is still in that secret room behind the picture. Press the button behind the frame, and you can get in."

With this he, too, jumped through the window and turned the corner.

MORRIS ascended to his aunt's room, turned on the lights which the villain had so cleverly shut off, passed over to the portrait, pressed the button—and stood aghast at the awful spectacle before him. There, a few feet from the entrance to the room, lay the body of Mrs. Bellemont. Her mouth was gagged, her white robe stained red with her own blood. A dagger had been plugged into her heart. He lifted the body, carried it back, placed it on the bed, and then proceeded to examine that mysterious room. It presented only four bare walls to him. They were not even painted.

"Maybe I can find another electric button behind the picture! Sure enough! Here it is!" At the pressure of the button there was a wurring noise to the left, and he beheld a partition slide back, leaving an opening into a smaller room beyond. In that room the whole mystery of the portrait was revealed. Three iron chests were placed over against the wall. On opening one of them, Morris, to his utter amazement, found it quite full of gold and silver coins. The second contained many jewels, stolen no doubt. The third—stocks and bonds. One only thought filled his mind: "What a criminal was his own mother's sister!"

MEANWHILE, Bernard was fast on the heels of the murderer. As he turned the corner, he came face to face with Mrs. Bellemont's former butler.

"Ah, Jacques, did you notice anything strange about that automobile which just passed?"

"Yes," replied the man, "I noticed that yellow devil who keeps the rice shop on State street, stick his head out of the window and look in the direction of Mrs. Bellemont's house. If he's been up to any devilment, you'll be sure to find him at Shang Hi's Hotel, on the corner of State street and Monroe avenue."

Bernard cautiously picked his way down the street, and, sure enough, there, outside the hotel, stood an automobile, the number of which read 3003. He entered into the salon and slipped into a seat in the far corner. Two men at the next table were conversing, and he heard the following words:

"Ting Lu, go tomorrow to Chicago; but first he kill Franklin. He give me five hundred dollar to run automobile."

WHEN BERNARD reached the home of Morris Franklin, he was surprised to see a little lad of about ten years sitting on the doorstep and weeping.

"Hello, youngster!" he said, "what's the row?"

"I'm hungry and lost."

"Well, come on in and get something to eat, and then we'll find out where you live."

Morris opened the door, and, when he had heard of the trouble, started to lead the way to the kitchen. But the little lad stumbled, and both the young men jumped to prevent a fall. In the confusion which followed, a wig fell off the little one's head. And, behold! before them were the golden hair and bashful, blushing face of a little girl. She burst into a flood of tears and cried out almost hysterically: "Yes! I'm a girl! Oh, let me stay here and live with you! You are so kind! I used to be happy with my mother and brother and aunt. But now, I hate my aunt because she gave me to that horrid Chinaman. I have been with him four years. He was always mean to me, and wanted me to do something wrong. When I said, 'No, I won't,' he would take a long needle and stick me with it until I had to say 'yes.' And, oh! he wanted me to kill you by putting the poison in my pocket into your coffee at breakfast. He knew you would take me into your house. Please don't let him get me any more. And find my mother for me. Here is her picture." With these words, she drew a small locket from around her neck, opened it and showed it to them.

Morris stood for one moment as if transfixed. Then he clasped the little girl in his arms and almost smothered her with kisses.

"My poor little Jen!" he cried. "And that woman wired to me that you were drowned! My little sister! Don't you know me?"

"But," broke in Bernard, who was more than dumbfounded, "we've got to trap the living villain. Little one, what were you to do after you had poisoned your brother?"

"I was to wait here until ten o'clock, and then Ting Lu was to meet me on the lawn."

With this, Bernard bounded through the door. In a few minutes he returned with a group of plain-clothesmen. These were stationed at different parts of the house.

AT TEN O'CLOCK, Kong Poo, with three of his assistants, arrived. The little lady was sitting on the lawn, as had been prearranged. "All's well!" she said.

"Ha!" laughed Kong Poo, "'tis well for you, 'all's well'."

He and his accomplices entered the hall and locked the front door.

"Hands up!" commanded one of the officers. Kong Poo dashed out of a nearby window and ran to his auto.

"Quick! quick!" he said to the driver, "to the wharf, to the wharf!"

"I have you!" said one of the plain-clothesmen, who was waiting in the auto for him.

King Poo leaned back in his seat, as meek as a lamb, with a pair of handcuffs on his wrists and a revolver pointed at his head.



Mine and Thine

W



HEN the laughing waves run high
On a sheltered, sunlit mere,
All's mine,
Naught thine.

When a sighing sea moans by,
With a wail of wintry care,
All's thine,
Naught mine.

T. HAILS, A.B. '19



The Springhillian

VOL. X

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No. 3

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Editorial

THE COLLEGE MAN OF TODAY

There are two ways of helping the enemy: by enlisting in the army of Hate; and by joining the ranks of American Knockers. The latter way is more effective. A dagger in the back finds an easy entrance.

The war has produced but one Hoover; but it has crowded the market place with Calamity Howlers. Hooverism is their bete noire; but they end their "feast of fat things" with cafe noir.

The leaders of the Allies are simpletons to these street-corner generals; Pershing a mere tyro to these know-it-alls. If their composite Egos had Joffre's ear for five minutes, the war would end in twenty-four hours. But Joffre prefers bayonets to tongues.

Carrion have keen scent for foul matter. When the ally of the double-buzzard looks for evil in the Administration, he will pass over miles of sweet-smelling clover to find the rotting corpse. They are SAYING and DOING for the War Lord.

Caesar said: "It is more disagreeable for me to say than to do." But these Kulturists find it easier to say the word of reproach than to do their bit for America. The very implications they would resent are the identical insults they hurl at the men who are doing their best to make the world safe for Democracy.

Scandal gets a willing push from them. "He is in it for graft!" "He

has too much invested to let England lose!" To the scandal-monger every golden sheen is pinchback. Virtue is a mask; nobility, a bluff; generosity, graft.

The man who stands out from the mob must ever expect to be the target for the decaying products of their diseased minds. It is the price of pre-eminence. If Caesar had remained a "second-in-command," Cassius' dagger would never have sought his heart. Damien always finds his Dr. Hyde. Stevensons are rare.

The leaders must arm themselves with triple steel. But acid, dripping long enough, will wear away the stoutest metal. Shrapnel splinters dint the two-pound helmet.

America wants SAYERS and DOERS for the republic. A few words of praise for the good work done by the different committees, a cheerful acceptance of the limitations set on food, a real attempt to save fuel and produce; surely, this is not asking too much. Many a reputation has been ruined by a cruel shrug of the shoulders or a significant silence, when a few words could have saved it.

Keep your Victrola, but patronize the Cinema also. SAY and DO!

SAYING AND DOING

The war has brought many lessons home to us. It has opened our eyes to a proper perspective of values. What were proclaimed the latest discoveries of science previous to August, 1914, have tottered from their foundations and find a place in the scrap heap. Ideas propounded as the "ne plus ultra" have been passed into the limbo of things forgotten.

The revelations of those carrying on the struggle with a scientific accuracy and perfection have completely altered the general views of the American thinking people on a great many theories that were held in high repute.

Among these changes, and the one which affects us most, is the reversal of the old attitude towards the College Graduate and his institution.

It does not require a remarkable feat of memory to recall the manner of high disdain in which a college education was looked down upon as a thing of little or no practical value. A college education to these people meant little more than a term of brousing amidst ancient pastures—it conjured up horrible evils resulting from vice-breeding fraternities, the over-indulgence in athletics to the detriment of any scholarly advancement, the habits of squandering precious time in frivolous dances and amusements, and a list almost without end. In this pleasant retreat they had their heads crammed with useless knowledge if they escaped from the taint of the

above evils. This information would take about three or four years' experience in the practical world to be unlearned. The institutions which developed such types of manhood should not be fostered, if unfortunately they had to be tolerated.

In consequence, the opinion of those who required the services of young men was anything but favorable to the College man. When looking for a position, the ambitious wide-awake lad with a fairly decent elementary education could hold his own chances against the college men, and there was a strong prejudice in his favor.

The trend of opinion has changed. The truly progressive leaders of today know that he can best answer the cry for increased efficiency by selecting his employees from the ranks of the college-bred. The men whose trained minds enable them more easily to grasp the real crux of a situation and to adopt the best means to the end in view have finally been called upon to aid in the difficulties resulting from the changing conditions which are confronting the business men today.

When the Government, last August, opened the officers' training camps, it fully realized the value of a college training, and gave unquestionable evidence of the faith it had in the college man. It demanded that applicants for admission should have a college education, or at least the equivalent.

A college education was made the standard for the requirements of those officers upon whose judgment depended the lives of a great many citizens. By this single act, the Government plainly recognized the ability of the trained mind to make the most of a trying situation in the shortest possible time.

On the bloody battlefields, when the bullets are screeching, and shells are bursting overhead, and the groans and the ghastly sights of wounded and dying men are sufficient to set men mad, then the intellect that has been trained to act with precision, and with speed rises as master of the situation and dominates all emergencies.

In the crisis of a battle, when an instant's hesitation would prove fatal, decision must be reached with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. The mind gifted with natural talents, which have remained undeveloped, will rarely measure up to the test. It is here that the intellect that has gone through its monotonous work of drill takes control of every new surprise and rises to its own supreme height. Its ability to see the point of a difficulty gives it a great advantage over the one who is forced to grope about in doubt at the cost of precious moments. The Government clearly saw this at the beginning of the war, and not only in the selection of its officers,

but also in a great many other cases has shown a marked deference to the college-trained man.

In the list of those who were considered deserving of exemption from service were included all technical students, as well as those who were pursuing a course of studies that might make them more serviceable at some later date. So great was the Government's regard for the trained mind that the lawmakers of the country thought a man would be better able to serve his country by equipping himself to take his place among the leaders than joining the ranks and squandering the development he had thus far received. Our Government, then, considered her greatest assets the possession of men with a college training, and the promise of others to take their place.

England and France have long since learned the same lesson. With this remarkable endorsement by a government seeking the best material that can be supplied, there can be no doubt about the position the college man will hold in the future.

A new vista is opened up for our contemplation. The big man of tomorrow will not be the man of haphazard methods, he will be a man who has subjected his mind to a rigorous course of training, one who can draw from the storehouse of knowledge which he obtained, the solution to the difficult questions that must come up for solution after the war.

The Alumni of the various colleges of the country have proven that the trust reposed in them was not misplaced. They have stood the test with a natural ease and with satisfaction. In doing this, they have helped to confirm the Government in its recognition of their worth that the safest course to pursue in future is to encourage the higher education of its citizens, and to advance them to the positions which their strenuous application deserves.

USEFUL INFORMATION TO SENIORS AND ALUMNI

Doubtless many of our readers know something of the United States Employment Service, that branch of our National Government operating some eighty-five public (free) employment offices throughout the United States. We believe, however, that very few know that at one of these offices, that at Chicago, Illinois, a section has been set apart for the sole benefit of professional men and women, known as the Teachers' and Professional Service Division. Through this division the Government endeavors to find suitable positions for teachers and professional engineers draftsmen, civil, mechanical, electrical engineers, chemists, metallurgists, etc.), and suitable persons for school officers and employers needing such

help. In a few words, this division is a Teachers' and Engineering Agency, operated by the United States Government.

Dr. P. B. Prentis, Acting Director of Employment for Illinois, under whose jurisdiction this division is operated, reports that during the past year it has been found impossible to find enough teachers to supply the need, and many attractive positions throughout the United States have been unfilled for this reason. It has frequently happened, however, that immediately after a position had been reported filled through other sources, a suitable candidate would effect registration. Of course, it was then too late to nominate the teacher for that particular position. Dr. Prentis earnestly hopes that such occasions may be quite infrequent during the 1918-19 appointment season. This can only be accomplished by every available teacher being registered in the division before the opening of the appointment season. We therefore suggest that if you expect to be available for a new position for the next year, that you write Dr. Prentis immediately for a registration blank. Then, when the appointment season opens in April or May, your record will be complete, and the division may be able to nominate you for the first suitable position reported. Registration in the Teachers' and Professional Service Department will also benefit you in other ways, for, should you learn of a position for which you would like to apply through any other source, the division will, if asked, send copies of your confidential record to the school officer to whom application is made.

What has been said above in regard to teachers, applies with equal force to the other professions cared for by this division. Although this phase of the work was not commenced until October, 1917, the demand for mechanical engineers, designers, draftsmen, chemists and metallurgists has been far greater than the supply. To our seniors, we say, "If you are preparing for any branch of the engineering profession, register with the division as soon as possible." To our alumni, we say, "If you are dissatisfied with your present position, write to Dr. Prentis at once for a registration blank. The division has some very attractive positions listed, and it may be possible for you to secure one of these.

Any communications intended for this division should be addressed: "Teachers' and Professional Service Division, U. S. Employment Service. 845 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois." Applicants for registration should indicate the kind of work desired, so that the proper blank may be sent. It will be a convenience to the division if you will enclose with your letter a self-addressed legal size ($4\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$) envelope, with a three-cent stamp affixed.



A. J. GREFER, A.B. '15
J. VAN HEUVAL, B.S. '15

W. K. NICROSI, A.B. '10
C. J. LANGE, EX.AB. '20



Communications

CROSSING THE CHANNEL

AMERICAN AIR SERVICE,

FEBRUARY 16, 1918

Dear Father—Your letter came in this morning's mail. I am glad to hear that you thought my last letter interesting. There is very little going on over here to make things interesting except war, and war is a trivial item with the Beaumont Squadron.

We are the only detachment in France that has a name, and the Beaumont is known from Paris to Nice. They have never been defeated in anything, and hold an unsullied record. I will have to close for a few hours, because I expect to enjoy the luxury of a bath. It is the first in over two weeks, and I am not certain that I will be able to get one, as there are only seven bath tubs in the entire village. When a few thousand Americans have to bathe, it's something to talk about for these people.

I actually did get one. I have never felt better in all my life. In fact, I feel so fine that I am going to attempt to tell you something about the life of an aviator in France.

Our trip across was fine. But when we landed, our troubles began. We had an all-night ride, without anything to eat, and eight men in a compartment of an English railway coach. Then a nice long walk without breakfast. We finally landed at a "Rest Camp" (never go near a rest camp!) We were treated very well at this camp, and stayed there about four days. Then came that ever-to-be-remembered trip across the channel. When we return, I want to fly over or swim across. We had Canadians, British Tommies, Australians, American Infantry, Signal Corps and men from the navy all piled together. We made a fine start. Before leaving, I saw Harry Hughes on the boat next to ours. When out about two hours, I was ready to die. The men were wishing that a torpedo would hit the boat, so that they could get off. Sick? No! I wasn't sick. I had eaten cheese for supper, and since then I have never attempted to eat it again. That ship went through all the motions of a bucking horse, and then some! By the time we made port, the boat was covered with slime, and below deck it was two inches deep.

Men were piled one on top of another, and while I was roaming about on two occasions, I put my foot on a "Tommie's" face, and he only turned over and groaned. Oh! that was some trip.

About one o'clock the boat came alongside of the dock, and just as soon as it was possible, I jumped, and no one in the world could have induced me to return to it.

There was a British hospital train at the dock waiting for some German prisoners to carry them to the frontier and exchange them for English. The men on the train were kind enough to give me something to eat. I discovered an ambulance and went to sleep for the rest of the night. In the morning the boat was gone, and there I was! I found out that it could not land the men, and had gone out in the harbor to keep the boat from being smashed against the dock. There was nothing to do but wait. I went uptown and had a good meal, and got back just as the boys were getting off the boat. We had another long hike to the "rest camp," and they were not going to feed the men, because they had no mess kits with them. The men picked "bully beef" cans out of the garbage and used them to eat out of. They enjoyed it, too! We slept in old stables, and almost froze to death. Three days of misery there, and we left for ———.

We were on the train for two nights. Suit cases made fine pillows, and hard-tack and bully beef were favorites at all meals. We arrived at _____ on Thanksgiving morning, and a fine dinner with a real turkey sent from the States. We were stationed there over a month, and guard duty, with mud up to your ankles, made things very interesting and enjoyable. We did everything we could think of, and when we could think of nothing else, we did the same things over again. I had to go to the base hospital for an operation. A hospital is Heaven, and I always want to return. We were named the Beaumont Flying Cadets, and that name has gone all over France. Of course, we could not stay there very long, so here I am. The boys are going fine. Today we killed a pig, and tomorrow roast pig will be served. I will tell you more in my next.

Wish best wishes to your Reverence, and all the Faculty, and kind remembrances to all the boys, I remain,

Your devoted friend,

GEORGE H. RATTERMAN (B.S. '17),

American Air Service, A. E. F.

Editor's Note—We have a series of interesting letters from "Big George," which we will print in our next number.



READY TO GO OVER THERE

TALIAFERRO FIELD No. 2,

FORT WORTH TEXAS

FEBRUARY 27, 1918

My Dear—I am flying at last. I took my first "solo flight" after three hours and forty minutes' instruction. Believe me, it certainly does make you feel strange when you find yourself up in the air all alone! It is up to you, then, to either fly or break your neck. I preferred to fly.

Flying has a great fascination, but I suppose one gets tired of it after awhile. My time has not yet come to tire of it.

We really expected to be sent to Egypt after we finished ground school. However, we had no say in the matter, so we were sent here. I don't know when I will be sent to France; however, I think it will be some time in April, but this is not authentic.

I did not see Captain Castle when he met his death. He was at Camp Benbrook, or Taliaferro Field No. 3. However, I knew Captain Castle, and his death was a shock to all of us. He was a fine fellow, and the best friend, among the officers, that the U. S. Cadets at Benbrook had.

We are having a regular "Texas sand storm" here today, so we are not doing any flying.

MARCH 11, 1918

My Dear———: I took my altitude test the other day, and, incidentally, I broke the record for this field. However, I only got up to 10,001 feet, the previous record being 9,200 feet. You see, these machines are made for training purposes only, and consequently, they will not go up very high.

We are only required to go up 8,000 feet on our first altitude test, but after I got up that high I decided to see just how high I really could go. I started out by circling around the airdome, as we are supposed to stay within sight of the hangars; but when I got up to 5,000 feet, I came into contact with the clouds, and in a very short time I went up through and over them, and from that time I did not see the ground for some time.

The scenery above the clouds was simply beautiful, and for a moment it was impossible for me to realize that I was really and truly up above the clouds. When you get up this high, everything becomes perfectly still, and you feel very lonely.

When I got up 10,000 feet, both my hands and my feet became absolutely numb, and I had to guide my machine by my sense of sight. I managed to get up 10,001 feet, and then I thought I had gone high enough. I cut off my motor and started downward. I made for an opening in the clouds, and when I got through it I was still up 4,000 feet, having dropped 6,000 feet. Then as soon as I leveled off my machine, I felt the effects of the high altitude. My ears nearly burst open, and then it dawned upon me that I had come down too suddenly. For the moment, I was sick and groggy, and it took me some time to regain myself. But when I did recover I received the surprise of my life—instead of being over Fort Worth, and near camp, I was over the city of Dallas, and thirty miles away from camp.

I was nearly out of gasoline, so I had to land at Love Field and get my tank refilled. Of course, then it was an easy job to fly back to Fort Worth. But this was a great experience, and I really enjoyed the trip.

Yesterday I took my cross-country test. I had no trouble in finding the three places at which I had to land. I made good landings at two of them, and a very bumpy landing at the third, due to the irregularity of the ground.

I now have about eighteen hours' flying time to my credit. When I have done twelve hours more, I will be through here. I will then be transferred to Hicks, the aerial gunnery school, for higher training.

About going to France, I really don't know when I am going over. However, it is rumored that some of us are to leave Saturday for France. I don't think I will be among the number to go. However, you never can tell.

Give my best regards to Rev. Father Cummings, and to all the faculty.

Yours devotedly,

EDMOND McKENNA (Ex. B.S. '13

U. S. Cadet, Taliaferro Field No. 2, Fort Worth, Texas



OFF FOR THE FRONT

FORT ROSENCRANS,

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

FEBRUARY 2, 1918

My Dear ———: Well, I am about to leave the dear old U. S. A.! We have "done packed" all our stuff, and it is in town in the cars waiting for us. In the morning we eat at 5:45, and as soon as we get through breakfast, we start for France.

Give all the Fathers my best regards, and pray for me once in a while. Tell Father D. Cronin to remember me in his prayers. He knows how much I need them.

Tell everybody hello and goodbye for me. If you ever see Lionel, get the old cuss to write me a long letter. I want to hear from him. We had some good times together in N. O.

Your old pal,

FRANK P. WOOD,

Batt. A, 65th Art., C. A. C., A. E. F., via N. Y. C.



"OVER THE WAVES"

NEW ORLEANS, LA.,

MARCH 11, 1918

Dear Father: Life in the navy is fine! Of course, it is very different from out-

door life, but anyone who has been through old Spring Hill and learned the discipline can easily adapt himself to this life. I have no trouble whatever.

I am rated musician second class in the navy, and play solo melophone. Our duties are altogether different from the ordinary seaman. The band is looked upon as a separate branche of service.

We report at camp at seven-thirty a. m., and at eight play colors. We then march on the parade grounds and play for the boys while they drill and go through their morning exercises. After this, we have concert for one hour. This finishes our work for the morning. It is about ten-thirty when we finish. The other boys continue to drill until eleven-thirty. We have our noonday mess at 12 o'clock sharp. At one o'clock we practice, while the seamen go out for drill in boats. At 2:30 we play concert for another hour, and then we are finished for the day. The others continue until 4 o'clock p. m. At 4:10 o'clock we get shore leave, or liberty, as it is called, but only the band members get liberty every day. On Saturday we have inspection and dress parade and battalion parade and review. Then we get liberty at 1 p. m., and don't report until Monday morning at 7:30, while the others report at 9:30 Sunday morning.

Father, don't forget to let me know when you intend to hold the celebration in Mobile. I will try to get a furlough and come over for it.

I must get down to practice now. With kindest regards to you, all the faculty and students, I am,

Yours sincerely,

A. J. GREFER (A.B. '13)



GOOD NEWS

AVIATION CORPS, U. S. ARMY,
POST FIELD, FORT SILL, OKLA.

JANUARY 19, 1918

Editor Springhillian, Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.:

Dear Sir: Believing yourself and your readers to be interested in the activities of Spring Hill boys in the service of their country, I am enclosing data relative to a former Spring Hill boy, Vivian Herbert Brady, son of Mrs. P. B. Brady, New York City.

Mr. Brady was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and lived there for a number of years, and entered Spring Hill in 1911.

Mr. Brady enlisted in the aviation corps at Fort McPherson as a private on July 18th, and has risen rapidly. He is now in charge of all supplies for the 137th Aero Squadron, with rank of sergeant, first class. Sergeant Brady is the smallest man in the regular army, weighs 108 pounds, and stands 5 feet ½ inch tall. In order to be accepted into the army, it was necessary for him to secure permission from the Adjutant General of the Army. Sergeant Brady is one of the most efficient, as well as one of the most popular members of his squad, 50 per cent of whom are, like himself, college men.

Very truly yours,

L. PARTAN MECKER,

Sergt. 137th Aero Sq.

Editor's Note—The Springhillian wishes to thank Sgt. Mecker for his kindly interest, and proposes his example to others for imitation.



PRACTICAL LOYALTY

CAMP WHEELER, GA.,
FEBRUARY 11, 1918

Editor Springhillian—Enclosed find check, for which put me on your list of sub-

scribers. I wish I could pay a visit to my old Alma Mater, but at present it is impossible, although I hope to be able to run over before going "over there."

Had I not been in service since the call to the border, I would have been back to that old renowned institution 'ere this.

Whether on this side or over there, where I expect to be real soon, my thoughts are with the college at all times.

Wishing the Springhillian all success in all its undertakings, and may it continue to thrive and keep us posted as to the whereabouts of our former comrades and classmates.

Believe me, sincerely,

R. HOWARD SHERIDAN,

1st Lt. Co. C., 121 Inf., Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.



HANDING IT OUT

CAMP GORDON, GA., JANUARY 11, 1918

Dear Father—Your letter of the 5th received, and I was pleased very much to hear from you, for there is nothing the soldier of today appreciates more than a letter. In fact, the first calls that the new soldier learns is the mail call and the mess call.

I am now entering my eighth month in the service, and my work is growing in interest every day. On the 2nd day of June I enlisted, and was immediately sent to the quartermaster training school, at that time located in Charleston, S. C. In this historic old city with the temperature 98 degrees in the shade, I spent two months, each day being occupied with five hours of study in quartermaster work and three hours of drilling until we become as efficient in this art as the best of the now well known dough-boys."

On August 1, along with five other men, I was sent to Camp Gordon, Ga., one of the large army cantonments then under construction. When we arrived we looked in vain for the large camp that we expected to see, for at that time Camp Gordon may well be described as being nothing else but trees, breeze and sunshine. Overnight, this huge camp seemed to arise out of nothing, and today it is a modern city capable of caring for 40,000 Sammies.

On August 15th, I was placed in charge of the issuing office of the property division, which job I am still holding. The property branch issues everything used by the army, except ordnance, clothing and subsistence; in fact, we issue everything from a needle to an automobile.

The K. of C.'s deserve great praise for the work they are doing in the various camps about the country. Every Sunday six masses are said in their building at half-hour intervals, the total attendance at these masses being about ten thousand men. This enormous crowd of men waiting their turn in line to hear mass seems little short of marvelous to our Protestant brothers in uniform. They are stamping out prejudice, that great evil which flourishes thru ignorance and lack of proper information, by enlightening the men of these camps as to the true principles, correct belief and real teachings of the Catholic religion. They are also doing wonders in making camp life more home-like and bearable, and uniting the soldier and the home by closer ties.

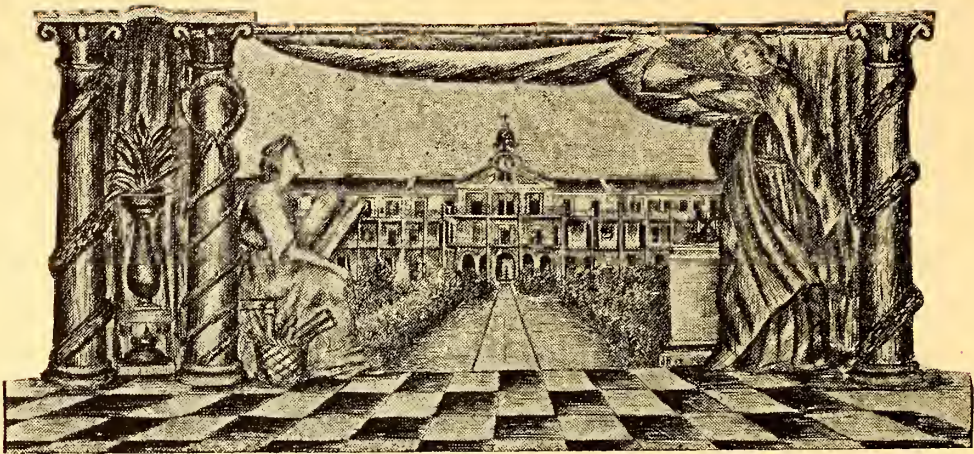
My old chum at Spring Hill, Eddie Blankenstein, who enlisted along with me, sailed for "Somewhere in France" three weeks ago. I received a letter from him the day before he sailed, and he wrote that he considered it the greatest adventure of his life.

John Van Heuval and George Ratterman I had the pleasure of seeing while in the aviation school in Atlanta. With best wishes for health and success during 1918, I am,

Very sincerely,

ED. J. BYRNE (B.S. '14)

1st Sgt. Q. M. C., Camp Gordon, Ga.



DIARY

- Jan. 5—Holidays ended.
 14—S. H. C. meets Auburn on College Court.
 26—Varsity plays Y. M. C. A. on Y. M. C. A. Floor.
- Feb. 2—Father President gives Lecture in Mobile.
 3—Father McDonald speaks at McGill Institute.
 3—Red Cross Lecture. S. H. C. joined as Junior Auxiliary Unit to Mobile Chapter.
 4-5—Semi-Annual Examinations.
 5—P. M., Rt. Rev. Bishop Allen visits College.
 5—Evening: Yenni Literary Circle presents "A Pair of Spectacles."
 6-7—Half-Session Holidays.
 8—Second Term commenced.
 12—Senior Division entertains with play, "Three Hats."
 25—Arthur L. Freret, '95, pays visit to Alma Mater.
 26—Carlos Fredrich, B. S. '09, visits College.
 27—Rev. Fr. B. Aznar died.
 28—League started in Junior Division.
- March 3—College Nine plays "All-Stars" from Mobile.
 4—Novena of Grace begun in Students' Chapel.
 6—Monthly Exhibition given by Third Academic Class.
 7—Regular Thursday Order. No one allowed to go to Mobile on account of smallpox.
 10—S. H. C. played St. Joseph on College Diamond.
 12—Novena of Grace ends.
 14—First Thursday Order. Mobile boys allowed to go home. Rev. Fr. Stritch leaves as Army Chaplain for Camp Beauregard.

- 17—S. H. C. plays Thoss-Crown on College Diamond.
- 19—Whole-Holiday, in honor of St. Joseph.
- 24—Varsity meets Chickasaw nine. Raymond Hause visits College.
- 26—Half-Holiday. Varsity goes to Cleveland-Mobile game.
- 27—Holiday regular Thursday Order.
- 28—Retreat given by Rev. Fr. Walsh begins. "Moon" Ducote visits College.

CHRONICLE

T. P. DIAZ, A.B. '21

RETURN There was no hope for it. On the date assigned and at the hour appointed, all returned. Those who had bragged that they were going to "remain over a few days" were among the first to get back. But they were not ridiculed by their fellow-students, for Gloom was written upon two hundred and ten faces. It did not take long, however, before the bees were busily humming again. What with basketball and semi-annual examinations coming, there was enough to distract one's thoughts. The remarkable averages attained at these examinations only went to show how quickly all had knuckled down to work.

S. H. C. JOINS RED CROSS On Sunday, February 3, Dr. Stockton Axson, representing the American Red Cross, made a combined business and pleasure trip to the College. He was accompanied by Mr. W. J. Leppert, Director of the Bureau of Development of the Gulf Division of the American Red Cross. They explained to us their mission, stating that they were visiting schools and colleges not to enroll one member or a few members, but to annex whole institutions. Both gentlemen, well known speakers, made such an earnest appeal for our co-operation in this philanthropic movement, that when they asked all those to stand who wished to aid the Red Cross, there was a rush for floor space. It was then that the student body of Spring Hill, vouched for by Rev. Fr. President, joined the Mobile Chapter of the Red Cross as a Junior Auxiliary Unit.

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES" On Tuesday evening, February 5, The Yenni Literary Circle entertained the student body and a large number of Mobile friends with a production of Sydney Grundy's adaptation of the French comedy, "A Pair of Spectacles."

Apart from the interest element of the play, which was produced for the first time in the history of the academy, there was an added interest given by the splendid acting of the principal characters. Dennis J. Burguières played the leading role, and surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of those who looked forward to his first appearance in a title part. He showed an interpretation of his part that was perfectly carried out in every gesture and intonation. The sudden transformation which takes place in his character was not overdrawn. His tableaux in the second act was a clever piece of acting. Teodoro P. Diaz had the advantage of previous experience in a major part; but his task of representing the pessimistic Gregory Goldfinch was by no means an easy one. He scored a distinct success as an irascible Gregory, whose gruff manner of speaking and abrupt way of acting called for impersonation above mediocrity.

Marion R. Vickers acted the juvenile part of Percy in a manner that eclipsed former appearances. Between the two fires of a temptation to overact and to be underspirited, he guided his part through a narrow road and difficult circumstances with much valor and discretion. The other juvenile part of the play was taken by Chas. G. Coyle. He depicted the nephew of Goldfinch, and the endeavors of that young man to "sow his wild oats" without any depreciation from the character. His success in this, his first appearance, predicts a bright future. Matthias Mahorner, Edward Murray and Walter Potter held minor parts, but the trio won high commendation for their perfect renditions of the characters they impersonated. Jules Allen was especially good as the old family servant, who moved about with an austere dignity that easily won the audience. Henry Neuhoff played the part of the old sea captain, with a fidelity that made the audience wish his appearances had been more frequent.

The Yenni Literary Circle is to be congratulated on their selection of "A Pair of Spectacles" and on their excellent spirit and zest and facility in handling the play of their choice.

The orchestra rendered some popular airs during the intermissions. "Sally Trombone," with solo part by T. P. Diaz, was the hit of the evening.

A neat little program announced a series of Lectures
LECTURE SERIES to be given by the Fathers of Spring Hill College at the Academy of the Visitation. The series began in December and finished in March. They were well attended by many of the alumnae of the Convent, and also patronized by friends in Mobile. The course aimed to give an appreciation of some of our religious poets and Southern bards. A variety was added by the instructive and interesting lectures of Frs. Macdonnell and Ruhlmann. Father Macdonnell's lecture met

with such deep appreciation that he was asked to repeat it at the course of lectures which were given at McGill Institute. Fr. de la Moriniere repeated his lecture on King Henry VIII, and won many rounds of applause. The list of subjects follows:

December 19	In the Realm of Poetry
	Rev. E. Cummings, S.J.
January 10	King Henry VIII
	Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere, S.J.
January 17	The Dream of Gerontius
	Rev. J. C. Kearns, S.J.
January 24	The First Flowers of Martyrdom
	Rev. F. I. Macdonnell, S.J.
January 31	Winds and Waves
	Rev. C. Ruhlman, S.J.
February 6	Francis Thompson
	Rev. E. Cummings, S.J.
February 14	A Spring Hill Bard
	Rev. J. C. Kearns, S.J.
February 21	Poets of the Sunny South
	Rev. J. H. Stritch, S. J.
February 28	Alfred Tennyson
	Rev. F. I. Macdonnell, S.J.
March 6	Poetry and Holiness
	Rev. E. Cummings, S.J.

SERVICE FLAG Owing to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Martin Van Heuval, we look forward to the unveiling of a service flag sometime in April. Mrs. Van Heuval, during a trip through the East and middle West, visited some of our most prominent institutions of learning, and gathered the last word on the Service Flag. On her return, she was instrumental in the formation of a "Betsy Ross Club" at the Convent of the Visitation. Her inspiration has been in back of the efforts of the girls, and we feel sure that it will be a work of love, since two stars will shine there for John and James Van Heuval, who are now doing their full share in helping to win the war for Democracy. The Springhillian wishes to thank Mrs. Van Heuval and the members of the Betsy Ross Club for a work which will be appreciated even more by the "old boys" than by those who are forced to stay back home.

THREE HATS The presentation of "The Three Hats" by the members of the Senior division drew a large and appreciative audience to our Auditorium. Generous applause greeted the players throughout the entire performance. The play was pronounced a success by all who witnessed the performance. Some went even

so far as to say that it was characterized by the finest acting ever witnessed in the auditorium. A musical program was furnished between the acts. Robert Courtney rendered a vocal solo, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the Hawaiian Quartette won rounds of enthusiastic applause. Luther Trammell was the soloist on the steel guitar, and he gained several encores. The other members of the quartette were Dennis Curren, Oscar Bienvenu and Angelo Festorazzi.

The plot of the play dealt with the escapades of Jack Selwyn, an ex-college man, whose inability to avoid getting mixed up in embarrassing scrapes, is constantly causing him to invent new means of appeasing the irate questioning of his testy father, the general.

"Cutie" Robinson took the part of Jack Selwyn, and achieved fully as great a success as an actor as he did with his work on the gridiron.

In the part of "General Selwyn," Dennis Curren again came into the limelight with a fine opportunity for displaying his talent in the portrayal of the testy old general.

Oscar Bienvenu, as Fred Bellamy, a friend of Selwyn's, who had once saved the life of that high-liver, put a good deal of interest in the play, and added to the complication that continually occurred. His mistaken ideas of the intentions of Lieutenant Kattskill led the two into working constantly at cross purposes. In the end, the duel was narrowly averted by the attaining of their respective desires. Eddie Reed took the part of Lieutenant Kattskill, and looked every bit of the handsome Irish soldier.

"Dibbs," Selwyn's servant, and one of the humorous characters of the play, was impersonated by Jos. Hardy, a first-year lad. His talented performance evoked many "Hardy" laughs.

Messrs. Kopecky, Rice and Walker were also prominently cast, and added much to the success of the play.

**BENEFIT
LECTURE**

On Tuesday, December 18, at the Battle House Auditorium, Father E. C. de la Moriniere delivered his latest lecture, King Henry VIII, to a large and appreciative audience. The lecture was given to help the soldier boys at Camp Wheeler, who stood in need of comforts and medical supplies. The epidemic of measles and pneumonia, prevalent at that time, made it impossible for the government to supply those little comforts that make for cheerful contentment at Christmas. The people of Mobile showed their willingness to help this worthy cause, and their appreciation of obtaining their end by such an entertaining means, by attending the lecture in large numbers.

The press notices characterized our beloved Fr. de la Moriniere in the following terms:

"This elegant divine's magnetic personality puts each listener under its magic spell. His deep research and mastery of his subject give authority to his utterances. His sentences flow like music, charming and informing alike; and bridge, as it were, the chasm of years back to Shakespeare and his immortal characters. With him we meet a strange, but historic Henry the Eighth, and see the great character, Catherine of Aragon, in a new and startling light as a classic gem in a new setting."

One of the features of the evening, which showed that the people of Mobile are above the smallness of that spirit of bigotry which is only too prevalent in some of our Southern states, was the combination of circumstances, which had a Jew lead the reverend speaker to the stage, and a Protestant minister introduce to the audience a Jesuit priest. This is the spirit which has long characterized the City of Mobile, and it shows the greatness and nobleness of soul of her people.

**DRIVE
K. OF C.**

This same spirit was again shown in the K. of C. drive in Mobile. Our city was very justly praised for her spirit of generosity which brought her above the required quota. Rev. E. J. Cummings, President of Spring Hill College, gave the initial push to the drive in his speech at a luncheon held at the Cawthon Hotel. Two distinguished alumni of Spring Hill College directed the Fund Drive. Mr. M. Mahorner, A.M. '05, LL.D. '12, was appointed General Chairman, but owing to serious illness, Mr. James Hope Glennon, A.B. '95, acted in his place. The success of the drive justified the choice. Mr. Peyton Norville and Mr. M. J. Vickers, both alumni, were also active in the spirited drive. Not only our boys in the training camps and "over there" are doing their bit, but our other boys, who have to stay at home, are doing their full share.

**THIRD ACADEMIC
CLASS EXHIBITION**

On the afternoon of March 6, we were treated to a real world series game staged by the members of the Third Academic Class. "The White Sox vs. Giants" read the program. And what a program! It gave the secret away finally. We had been long conjecturing on the nature of the mysterious preparations that were in progress. Why carry a mask, protector, balls, glove and bat to prepare for a class exhibition? And those papers, that were taken out so reverently and placed in safe keeping with such care! What could they mean? Lo! now they appear no longer. What are we to expect? The baseball is all camouflage. This was the conclusion we

had finally arrived at, but we were forced to come back to our original conjectures when the program in the shape of a baseball, with the threads of the class colors running through it, was placed in our hands. "Kids," we had called them, but they would have done credit to pupils advanced in years and in grade. They promised us a baseball game, and we were not disappointed. With a speed and accuracy that comes with long practice and careful drilling, they went through a most realistic game. Not a single feature was omitted. The pantomime, at the end of the game, by L. Oldham, won merited applause, and was a fitting conclusion to the very creditable exhibition we witnessed from the members of the Third Academic Class. We hope they remain true to their motto: "Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter."

There was hardly a boy at Spring Hill who did not
REV. J. STRITCH, S.J. hate to see Fr. Stritch leave. It was only the spirit
K. OF C. CHAPLAIN of generous giving to the service of our country that
 reconciled us to the loss of such a good friend. We
 rejoiced with our esteemed professor of sophomore and our beloved moderator of the Junior Literary Academy in the honor bestowed on him. It
 were selfish to wish to keep him with us, when some of our soldier boys
 were waiting his ministrations. Gladly, then, with this understanding, we
 bade him farewell, and anxiously do we await to hear of the great things
 which we feel sure he will do for the boys in khaki.

PATRIOTIC
CELEBRATION We regret that we must be indefinite with regard to
 the celebration that has caused such excitement in
 both yards. It will occur sometime in April, or at the
 beginning of May. Just what the nature of the affair
 will be, we prefer to leave to others to state with authority. This much has
 come to us—the Senior Band is rehearsing every day, the Orchestra is
 working on the "expressivo," and about thirty fellows are going around
 the yard, muttering to themselves. They are studying their parts for the
 big play. The name? Look among the ads, and you will find it there.

CONDOLENCES It was a strange combination of circumstances that
 brought sorrow to both of our football coaches, Doctor
 Rush and Mr. W. Hoffman. Both suffered the loss of
 their beloved mothers. We know what keen suffering this meant for our
 esteemed coaches, and we trust that they know that we were right there
 with them in their sorrow as we have been with them in the grand victories
 they helped us to win. The Springhillian, even at this late date, wishes to

extend to them the sincerest condolences of both student body and faculty. We also wish to give expression to the heartfelt sympathy felt for our colleague, Joseph Tuminello, in the loss of his mother. It may be unkind of us to open these wounds afresh, but we do so only to pour on them the balm of a brotherly sympathy.

SENIOR LOCALS

G. A. SCHWEGMAN, B.S. '19

The St. Patrick's Day parade was one of surpassing elegance. Tired and weary and wan, the marchers returned to nurse blistered feet and aching limbs. "How dreadful to make those poor boys play ball after marching all morning!" Despite this last horror, Schwegman and Gianelloni and Levy and Kopecky were an honor to their forefathers from the "auld sod"; as for the other sons of old Erin, Tuminello, D'Antoni and Cuadras and the long list, more power to them!

Patterson won't tell what the E. B. carved on his arm means. We suspect, though, "Ethiopian Beauty" would top it off.

If Staples is struck up, is D'Antoni?

Soniat passed in geometry this month!

Ed Reed stood at the rubber plate,
The balls went whizzing past.
He closed his eyes and swung at one—
Yep, got a hit at last!

Why does a chicken cross the street?
Oh! How can she help it, Pierre?

Skinner certainly did use his head when he stopped the fast one at short.

Bobo is blue again—! Thinks he'll join the army now instead of the navy. That's right, Bo, get all the training in warfare you can. 'Twill stand you in good stead later.

Willard has already invited his friend to the play.

Cheer up, Rene! She may think YOU are "perfectly wonderful" also, when you play baseball in New Orleans.

Dorn has found his affinity. Ask Redding.

Another for Vinegar Bill: He traded his pop for Strauss' chef.

Simpson has taken up a course in penmanship recently.

Reynaud's walk is getting slower!
His feet refuse to mosey.
His eyes are filled with tears the more,
On account of losing Josie!

Wanted: Horn's keys. Return to Bohen.

P. D. Byrne paid the yard a short visit recently. Welcome, P. D., mighty glad to see you around occasionally.

The pink envelopes still continue to come to LeSassier and Hartwell in the same mail.

Three men went a-hunting, and nothing could they find,
Until they came to Lucedale, and that they left behind.
The Englishman said, "It's Lucedale"; the Scotchman, he said, "Nay."
The Irishman said, "It's a country town, and an awful place to stay."

The above offered the subject for an interesting debate between Bau-dier and Skinner during a most thrilling movie.

Faherty has obtained a reserved seat in the exhibition hall.

Speaking about the hall, we would ask some fellows to talk a little louder during the movies—sometimes the music interferes with our getting their explanations.

A law of compensation applied: Strauss' feet counteract the impulse of his head to ascend.

Gremillion recently volunteered the information that the Germans were advancing on Paris, but the Huns would drive them back.

Bienvenu thinks his clarionette playing would prove effective on the Western front. It would surely drive the boys over the top—to get away from it.

Alice, the brown-eyed maiden fair,
For Rene fell, with love so rare.
But Crane just sits and cries and cries
For the Mobile girl with big blue eyes.

A heavyweight bout was staged between "Battling" Allen and "Kid" Theriot the other night. No decision was rendered.

Crane and Reynaud, the Caruso and McCormack of Spring Hill, rendered a most beautiful duet at choir practice last week. Gianelloni promised to entertain in the near future.

It's alright, boys! The doctor says I'll be sitting up soon.

JUNIOR LOCALS

T. P. DIAZ, A.B. '21

BACK Lights out in the dormitory! Sniff-sniff a stifled sob
ON THE JOB lost in downy depths. The thoughts that ached in that
little head, buried in its pillow to avoid detection! If
caught—what a nuisance colds are! Such a cruel
world! Why, oh, why, did Pandora open that fatal box to disperse such
wretchedness and misery into this world? Some of those mischievous
demons flew far away to land on that prolific spot—S. H. C., only to breed
sorrow and dejection for all the boys to come.

"What a TIME I had!" raves on the oppressed one. "I detest this
place—I'm gonna run away tomorrow!" Rave on, little one. Soon Mr.
Sandman applies his balm and soothes that aching heart; resuscitating it
so that the next day the wronged feels ashamed of his conduct of the pre-
vious night. "What cowards the darkness makes of us all!"

In a few days the wound was healed, the scab fell off, and the new skin
appeared pink and prime in determination. This determination gave way
to ideas of entertainment which subsequently matured in deeds. We will
jot down a few of these events.

BASKETBALL Almost the first things to greet our eyes in our own "Little Yard" were the basketball goods. For the first few weeks they kept up the interest of those who wished not to dwell on reminiscences. As usual, there was a good number of candidates for the nineteen hundred and eighteen quintette. After a favored few had been selected, some fine plays were learned, under the alert supervision of our athletic director, Mr. Hoffman. Our only regret was that the "Juniors" did not have the opportunity of displaying their skill and winning certain honors. Due to some freak of nature, presumably the war, no games could be scheduled. Had there been a season for the team, we would surely have been greeted by the captain of the team, D. Burguières, with some unusual stunts, as his prowess at goal shooting seems nothing less than a second nature. He would have been ably supported by his teammates, J. Allen, M. Mahorner, Murray, Morgan and Neuhoff.

SODALITY The Junior Sodality has been progressing rapidly, although silently, towards its ideal. The fact that during this winter's extreme cold spell, several meetings were missed, has only made the members doubly zealous now at each weekly gathering. Spurred on by Fr. Kearns' words of encouragement and advice, the Sodalists are giving evidence of the kind director's thoughts reflected in their daily actions.

A score or more of postulants have applied for admission, and these have been placed on probation. A public reception of candidates will take place on the first of May, in the students' chapel.

DAMRICH AND LEE RETURN Two of our old friends back again! With joy, we hailed the return of those belated travelers on the journey of knowledge. Well known "Fatty," we presume, was just enjoying an otiose life until the last possible minute. But not so with the latter.

Back in the early days of this past winter the Angel of Death had almost taken hold of that once plump and jovial "Fred." So, after his recovery from a severe attack of diphtheria, it was no wonder he chose to recuperate in his old home town. A few months of careful treatment has restored once more to our midst our comrade, Fred Lee. Welcome!

TRAVELOGUES We learn from "The Farmers' Friend" that Mr. Cornelius Lourcey made a pleasure trip to Macon, Ga., to visit his brother, stationed at Camp Wheeler. We might add that on his return, Lourcey seemed a trifle more sophisticated

than before. Besides, we are sure that the trip improved his appetite, and therefore his winsomeness, for, so they say, after his return he loudly preached the "gospel of the clean plate," not by exhortation, but by example.

William Flynn was obliged to go home for an operation on his nose. He was absent for about two weeks, during which time, we judge, he enjoyed himself immensely. His only regret is that he has only one nose to be tampered with.

After witnessing a spectacle (no, a pair of them)
YENNI as we did on the night of February 6, we have arrived
LITERARY SOCIETY at the following conclusion: that the Yenni Literary
 Circle must cast some strange spell on its members,
 or imbue them with some mystic potion. For who in this world would have
 imagined that Henry would have found his way before that "stareing
 throng" or "Little Nigger" pipe his voice before such a concourse! We all
 realize Mat felt elated at the light, but heart-felt, applause that greeted his
 appearance. And among the others, Giddy—(cut out by censor).

The entire cast is to be congratulated, as well as the reception committee, composed of Mr. H. R. Mahorner, chairman, and Messrs. A. Burguieres and C. J. O'Shee, humble assistants. However, let us not forget it is not the brush but the master's stroke that creates the masterpiece. Likewise, judging by the sound emanating from the assembly chamber on Sunday nights, we are sure some lively debates are being carried on.

"They were friends and comrades loyal." Yes, so they
ET TU BRUTE! were. It wasn't their fault. The Crescent City had
 nurtured both. As tots, they strayed among the vacant lots; children, they romped together; boys, they parted—but, pardon me (did I see the feint iridescence of a tear), they met again at S. H. C. Here in our midst they renewed the sweet friendship of their adolescence, like taffy sticks to the bag in summer. They were inseparable. Each was the other's apple of both one another's eye. One could not bear to be out of the other's sight.

But, remember, "True love never runs smooth." One wronged the other. Out of a clear sky rose the storm, brooding for several days, and then it broke loose with all its fury. They were forced to fight it out in the gym.

And so they stood "face to face before the stareing throng." You

might imagine such a melange of blows and clinches that would make a tiger fight seem as sheep gamboling. But when "Rip" saw "Wolf" attack! he cast his eyes Heavenward and struggled not, but murmured "Et Tu Brute"! (Silence! this is the climax of the tragedy) And, er, really it was a good fight, and Rip just got "ripped up" by Kid Wolf.

BASEBALL Long before sweaters were put away, the diamond was already being trodden upon by spiked shoes. So eager was every one for the national game, that the basketball goals for a long time hindered right fielders from catching flies. But now the season was in full swing! The following are the leagues:

First League

WHITE SOX—D. Burguières, Diaz, Druhan, Fitzgibbons, Heronymus, Keoughan, M. Mahorner, Morgan, O. McEvoy (Capt.), and Vickers.

RED SOX—Ailloud, Allen (Capt.), A. Burguières, Christy, Donegan, Marston, Murphy, Murray, Neuhoﬀ and Robichaux.

Second League

THE MEADES—Arauz, Coyle, Fox, Keane, Keenan, H. Mahorner, McKean, Mead (Capt.), Schwegmann, F. Walsh and Yarbrough.

BILLY BLUES—Berry, Glynn, Gulley, Hannie, Lawler, Mahoney, O'Shee, Peon, Potter (Capt.), Reynaud and Semmes.

Third League

THE CONQUERORS—Camargo, Courtney, Dempsey, Dimitry, Hartwell, Kelly, Lourcey, J. K. Mahorner, M. McEvoy (Capt.), R. McEvoy, Nelson, Simpson.

INVINCIBLES—Barry, E. Burguières, Burke, Damrich, D'Aquin, Flynn, Ford, Lee, Oldham, Roth, Soniat.

Fourth League

JOE JACKSONS—Cobian, Esponda, Finch, Hahn (Capt.), Hardie, Hestle, J. Hughes, Mortimor, Risser, O'Rourke and Turpen.

GEORGIA PEACH SLUGGERS—Andreu, F. Brackman, O. Brack-

man, W. Coyle, Geegan, Griffin, E. Hughes, Lombardo, McKinnon, Soules, Walsh (Capt.), Willard, Wynn.

WHAT THEY GAVE UP FOR LENT

Soniat—Imitating a "newsie."

Lombardo—Eating bananas.

Nelson—Studying.

De la Vergne—Chewing paper for the Red Cross.

Gulley—Bumming study hall.

Semmes—Hopes of making the First League.

Keane—Going over to the infirmary.

Yarbrough—Frequent visits to the clothes room.

Mahoney—His sonorous vocabulary.

Allen—Getting black-eyes.

M. Mahorner—Visions of the West.

Healey—Relating his gruesome experiences.

Schwegmann — Monopolizing the candy output of J. D. Store.

H. Mahorner—Solving household questions by trig.

Mortimer—De La Vergne.

C. Coyle—Hopes of getting thin.

Lourcey—Sighing at the sight of a cow.

Pinkey—Hopes of seeing Mobile on first Thursday.

Finch—Being a super-six.

Robichaux—Impersonating Julian Eltinge.

Hannie—Acting silly.

C. Chaplin—Calisthenics.

Courtney—Fighting.

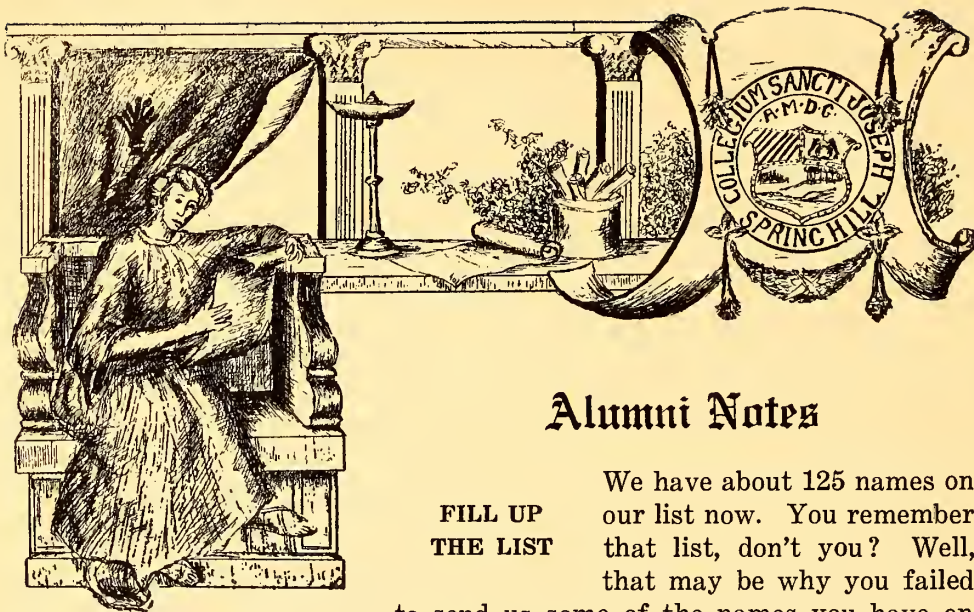
Murphy—Speaking with his hands.

Damrich—Escaping from racing automobiles.

Barry—Dipping in the gym.

Long-Boy—Playing with the infants.





Alumni Notes

FILL UP THE LIST

We have about 125 names on our list now. You remember that list, don't you? Well, that may be why you failed

to send us some of the names you have on hand! You know, we printed a tentative list of "Our Boys in Federal Service" in our October issue, and requested you to add to the number and offer corrections. We have heard from some of the old boys, but perhaps your list has not arrived yet. The Betsy Ross Club wants to know how many stars to put on our Service Flag, and we don't wish to leave any alumnus out. Some of the fellows have sent in their pictures, and we thank them. But we want more. We want a good showing for our Commencement number. Remember, that those fellows are "over there" up against it good and strong. Well, it makes them feel good to see that we appreciate, in our little way, what they are doing. Help us out!

While some of last year's class are sending well-aimed bombs **TWIRLERS** over into the Fritzes' vest pockets, there are others who are still improving their aim before going across. "Christy," the star pitcher of last year, is heralded as the wonder of the University of Alabama's strong team. We feel sure that if Christovich hands out some of his last year's brand, the University will have a successful season.

Charlie Ollinger is handing them out at Auburn. We have learned that Charlie did good work recently against Cincinnati.

"Brunet, Marvel of Midgets, Hero of Pokornys Wins." That was the message that the big headlines in the Times-Picayune recently brought to us. He was proclaimed the "lion of the hour." "His pitching took the Pokornys from an obscure position to the championship, and his 1-to-0 vic-

tory over the Elmers, which decided the pennant on which the Elmers apparently had a strangle hold, was a masterpiece."

We have learned that many of the old boys have recently **BENEDICTS** joined the ranks of the Benedicts. Charles Pierce was married last February. "Dug" Neely and Miss L. Yost have decided to share each other's burdens. George Theobald, U. S. N., writes that he is married and happy. Dennis P. Moran, B.S. '13, was married to Miss Elizabeth Searles on the first of December, in Indianapolis. Dennis was a member of The Springhillian staff, and won a gold medal in oratory. Exponents of "Heredity" would predict a Moran as the future editor-in-chief of The Springhillian. George L. Mayer enlisted in the ranks last October. He was married to Miss Lillian Schexnyder of Thibodaux. George tells us of his recent success in business. His brother, Reym, B.S. '17, is with him selling Fords. We hope the Lord will forgive them for doing this! But we wish all success and happiness to George in his new vocation.

We have recently enjoyed visits from many of the old boys. **VISITORS** Lionel Bienvenu has been with us twice since Christmas. Christovich and Johnnie Moulton spent an afternoon with the faculty during the Christmas holidays. Charles Courtney, who is pursuing a course in commerce in New York, spent the Christmas holidays in Mobile, and visited his old Alma Mater. Charlie and Rodney Ollinger ran out to see us during their stay in Mobile. Mat Price was home recently from Alabama, where he is studying law, and came out to tell us of his success and give the good news of "Christy's" work on the team, and "Buddy" Bishop's work in the classics. Mat has been selected to meet Vanderbilt in their annual debate. Arthur Freret, '95, and Carlos Fredrich, B.S. '09, came out to renew old memories. Raymond Hanse, who is a salesman for a cigarette company, received many fond embraces during his recent visit, when the boys heard he had come like a fairy god-father with goodies in his pockets. "Moon" spent the afternoon with us and announced his intention of joining the aviation corps. Maybe the "Sammies" wouldn't batter up Fritz's goal post if "Moon" started his drive. We're always mighty glad to see the "old boys," and look forward with pleasure to their visits.

The recent death of our beloved alumnus, Rev. Beneto Aznar, '66, '66 Lic. Theo. '05, was a severe shock to his many friends and admirers.

The good priest in his exile returned to his Alma Mater for a safe refuge from his persecutors. He died here in exile from a broken heart. The following letter was received from his cousin, Gabriel Aznar:

"It must have filled the hearts of my cousins with profound gratitude and consola-

tion—as it did mine—to read the details of his saintly death, as well as the love and affection which my cousin found among you, and which, I am sure, more than compensated for the bitter suffering of his soul. For he must have suffered, zealous priest as he was, on account of the hellish persecution against the Catholic church, inaugurated in that part of our unfortunate country by the worst type of a tyrant that ever set foot on free land, and which culminated with the exile of sixteen priests in the most ignominious manner you can imagine. After subjecting them to the most debasing insults, in language so vile that it could not be printed, the despot Alvarado marched them through the streets as criminals, guarded by soldiers, and hurried them to the depot, with nothing on them besides what they had when the summons came to appear before him.

I can well imagine how glad he was to find shelter in a place he loved so much, and where God led him to breathe his last in peaceful tranquillity. His death is indeed a great loss, especially in these days of fierce persecution for the church in Mexico, when more than ever, virtuous and zealous priests are needed. But in Heaven, I am sure Father Aznar will pray for the welfare of his native city."

The funeral took place from the Cathedral in Mobile. The Rt. Rev. E. P. Allen offered the solemn requiem mass, and preached a stirring panegyric over the remains of the beloved priest.

Joseph Harty is now a captain in the ordnance department. We '06 have received a most interesting letter from his brother, Emmet, who is at Camp Stanley, Texas. Emmet is second lieutenant Inf. R. C. Co. A. We are very grateful to him for the information he sent us about some of the old boys.

N. L. Vickers is now aboard the U. S. S. P. 946 at Galveston, Texas. '07 He is going to take the examinations in March for ensign. We wish "Old Nick" all success. He expresses himself well pleased with life in the navy.

John B. Wogan, Capt. C. A. C., 7th Reg. A. E. F., writes a very interesting letter from France. John completed the four-year course at the U. S. Military Academy, and graduated in 1915 as a second lieutenant. He served at Ft. H. G. Wright, N. Y., on the Mexican border, at Ft. Jay, N. Y., and was instructor at Ft. Niagara for the training camp period of May 15 to August 15. He is in France since September 29, serving with the heavy artillery. Here is the way he breaks the news of his captaincy: "Owing to the rapid increase of the army, I am able to sport two bars, and am trying my darndest to be worthy of them." Rather modest, John! But we feel sure that the bars have fallen on the right shoulders. All success, and good luck to you!

'09 "Tony" Touart has been transferred from Chattanooga to Ft. Worth. There is a new arrival, to bear the name of Anthony, Jr. The Springhillian wishes to congratulate "Tony" on this double score.

'14 Goronwy O. Broun, now Doctor Broun, tried to enter the navy last year, but was turned down on account of weakness resulting from his late operation. It was not so easy to get rid of Goronwy. He immediately applied for the army, and was received in the medical reserve. He passed a perfect examination for this branch of service. He is at present serving at the Jewish Hospital, St. Louis, Mo. We wish to congratulate him on his patriotic spirit and his ultimate success.

Harry McPhillips recently suffered a severe loss in the death of his 10-months-old son, Ernest Feagin McPhillips. The child was ill but a short time. We sympathize with the bereaved father and mother in their loss.

'15 H. J. Braud announces the birth of a little daughter. We rejoice with him in his new-found happiness.

'16 Edward B. Crowell, U. S. N., was at Georgetown, S. C., during the month of October. He took his exams. at Charleston in December for ensign, and was successful. We salute our new ensign, and wish him further advances. Climb higher, Eddie, the top place is not too high for you.

'17 John Hastings was with us on Football Night. He did not return to Alabama. He is at present in Jacksonville, his home town. We heard it rumored that Johnnie was contemplating starting a business of his own. Success to you, John, whatever you put your hands to!



Athletic Notes

BASKETBALL

S. REYNAUD, A.B. '20

THE FIRST BASKETBALL PRACTICE was held in the gym on December 1st. Despite the fact that we had lost every member of last year's varsity, we still had an ample squad from which to select the team. The players out for practice were: Capt. Curren, Robinson, Bannon, Lopez, Winling, Reed, Baudier, Patterson, Le Sassier, D'Antoni, Alexis and Cuadras.

From these players, Coach Hoffman developed a light, but fast team. The fact that we were defeated by such teams as Auburn and the Mobile Y. M. C. A. ought to cast no stain on our record, inasmuch as these teams are two of the very best in the South.

As forwards we had Bannon, Lopez, Baudier and Patterson. For their size and weight, they were in a class by themselves. Bannon's goal shooting was nothing short of remarkable. His record of seventeen field goals in the first game of the season will probably stand for some time. Lopez, Baudier and Patterson were not far behind him on goal-shooting ability. At center we had Robinson, the main cog in the machine. His perfect passing and dribbling excelled anything seen on our court this year, and contributed largely to all our victories. Robby was also an excellent goal-shooter, and shot most of our fouls. Winling, at left guard, was the most consistent player on the team. He played as good a game against Auburn and the "Y" as he did against weaker teams. The other guard position was capably taken care of by Reed and Capt. Curren. Both are experienced and steady players, and could be depended on in any crisis.

Schedule

December 14—S. H. C. 68, St. Joseph Athletic Club 6.

January 14—S. H. C. 17, Auburn 49.

Jan. 25—S. H. C. 25, St. Joseph Athletic Club 16.

January 30—S. H. C. 11, Y. M. C. A. 28.

February 6—S. H. C. 25, Y. M. C. A. 58.

Feb. 13—S. H. C. 52, St. Joseph's Athletic Club 24.

December 14—S. H. C. 68, St. Joseph's Athletic Club 6

On December 14, the St. Joseph's Athletic Club came out for the first game of the season. In a game featured by the spectacular goal-shooting



BASKET BALL TEAM



of Bannon, Lopez and Robinson, we defeated them by a score of 68 to 6. Pocate did the best work for St. Joseph's.

S. H. C.—	Field	Foul	St. Joseph's A.C.	Field	Foul
Walet, c	1	0	W. Royer, c	1	0
Robinson, c	6	0	Pocase, r. f.	2	0
Bannon, r. f.	17	4	Oberkirke, l. f.	0	0
Lopez, l. f.	8	0	McGuire, l. g.	0	0
Winling, l. g.	0	0	Yeend, r. g.	0	0
Reed, r. g.	0	0		6	0
J. Royer, r. g.	0	0		—	—
	—	—	Total	6	0
	64	4			
Total	64				

Referee—Patterson.

Jan. 14—S. H. C. 17, Auburn 49

Moon Ducote brought the Auburn Tigers down for a game on Jan. 14. Although it was the first time we had played Auburn in basketball, we made a good showing against their older and more experienced team.

The game was featured by the goal-shooting of Hahn, Floyd and Bridges for Auburn. Winling, Bannon and Lopez did the best work for S. H. C.

S. H. C.—	Field	Foul	Auburn—	Field	Foul
Robinson, c.	0	3	Hahn, c.	11	0
Bannon, r. f.	3	2	Floyd (capt.)	6	3
Lopez, l. f.	3	0	Bridges, l. f.	6	0
Winling, l. g.	0	0	Hall, l. g.	0	0
Reed, R. G.	0	0	Ducote, l. g.	0	0
	—	—	Wade, r. g.	0	0
Total	12	5		—	—
	17		Total	46	3
				49	

January 25—S. H. C. 25, St. Joseph's A. C. 16

On January 25, we defeated St. Joseph by a score of 25 to 16. For S. H. C., Bannon, Lopez and Robinson featured with their accurate goal-shoot-

ing. McQuillan, Kelly and Pocase starred for the St. Joseph aggregation.

S. H. C. —	Field	Foul	St. Joseph—	Field	Foul
Robinson, c.	3	1	Ching, c.	0	0
Bannon, r. f.	4	2	McQuillan, r. f.	2	0
Lopez, l. f.	3	0	Kelly, l. f.	2	0
Winling, l. g.	1	0	Bogue, l. g.	1	0
Reed, r. g.	0	0	Pocase, r. g.	2	2
Curren, r. g.	0	0		—	—
	—	—	Sub-total	14	2
Sub-total	22	3	Total	16	
Total	25				

Referee—Baudier.

January 30—S. H. C. 11, Y. M. C. A. 28

In a fast and exciting game, the "Y" team defeated us on our own court on January 30. This was the fastest seen on our courts this year. Phillips, Crawford and Midgett starred for the "Y." Bannon and Lopez starred for S. H. C.

S. H. C.—	Field	Foul	Y. M. C. A.—	Field	Foul
Robinson, c.	0	1	Phillips, c.	5	0
Bannon, r. f.	3	0	Crawford, r. f.	6	2
Lopez, l. f.	2	0	Hardwick, l. f.	0	0
Patterson, l. f.	0	0	Lacey, l. g.	1	0
Winling, l. g.	0	0	Steber, l. g.	0	0
Reed, r. g.	0	0	Midgett, r. g.	1	0
	—	—		—	—
Sub-total	10	1	Sub-total	26	2
Total	11		Total	28	

February 6—S. H. C. 25, Y. M. C. A. 58

In a fast and highly interesting game, Y. M. C. A. defeated us by a score of 58 to 25. Although outplayed in the first half, we came back strong in the second half. The sensational goal-shooting of Phillips, Craw-

ford and Baker featured for the "Y," while the goal-shooting of Bannon, Lopez and Robinson featured for S. H. C.

S. H. C.—	Field	Foul	Y. M. C. A.—	Field	Foul
Robinson, c	3	0	Phillips, c.	11	0
Bannon, r. f.	3	1	Crawford, r. f.	8	4
Lopez, l. f.	3	0	Baker, l. f.	4	0
Baudier, l. f.	2	0	Kelly, l. f.	1	0
Winling, l. g.	1	0	Hardwick, l. g.	0	0
Reed, r. g.	0	0	Midgett, l. g.	3	0
<hr/>			<hr/>		
Sub- total	24	1	Sub-total	54	4
Total	25		Total	58	
Referee—Beardsley.					

February 13—S. H. C. 52, St. Joseph A. C. 24

We closed our basketball season on the 13th of February with a victory over the fast St. Joseph's team by a 52-to-24 score. Team work spelled victory for us on this occasion. Robinson, Bannon, Baudier, Lopez and Winling starred for S. H. C. Pocase, Kelly and Bogue did fine work for St. Joseph's.

S. H. C.—	Field	Foul	St. Joseph's	Field	Foul
Robinson, c.	5	0	Kelly, c.-r.f.	3	0
Bannon, r. f.	13	0	Bogue, r. f.-l. g.	2	0
Lopez, l. f.	2	0	Pocase, l. f.	4	6
Baudier, l. f.	4	0	Alvarez, r. g.	0	0
Winling, l. g.	2	0	Ching, l. g.-c.	0	0
Reed, r. g.	0	0	Sub-total		6
Curren, r. g.	0	0	Total		24
Sub-total		26			
Total		52			



Obituary

Rev. Benito Aznar, '66, Lic. Theo. '05



ALTHOUGH this little tribute to a great soul is shrouded in the sombre black of mourning, we dare to assert that it would be better to frame it with lines of livid gold, for, truly, he was as "gold tried in the furnace."

He possessed a great soul and a great heart—a soul that could endure and be patient; a heart, whose very fibers burned with that greatest of all love, the love of God, and that most beautiful of all human loves, the love of country. His life from beginning to end was beset with difficulty and trial and sorrow, yet, he courageously picked his weary way until he went to receive the reward of his patience. He loved his country as few men do. He served her faithfully as a loyal citizen, and then gave the last best years of his life to her spiritual welfare as a holy and devoted priest. When that saddest day of all his sad life dawned and he had just come down from the altar of his God, he was ordered to depart from the shores of his native land, to exile himself from the home of his youth and the haven of his affection. He stepped aboard the outgoing steamer, and, with a heavy heart, watched those blue hills, fraught with every pleasant memory and every best blessing, sink down into the West beneath the horizon.

The Reverend Benito Aznar, Santa Maria, was born at Merida, in Yucatan, sixty-six years ago. In 1866 he entered Spring Hill College, and remained there until the college was destroyed by fire in 1869. While at the college, he first conceived the idea of devoting his life to God as a priest. But family matters prevented him. Still clinging to his cherished ideal, young Aznar engaged in business in his own country, becoming one of the leading citizens of Merida. He devoted much time to works of philanthropy, becoming a very active member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Thirty-four years after leaving Spring Hill, he returned to the College to take up the study of theology under his old professors. He was ordained to the priesthood in Merida in 1906. For several years, Father Aznar occupied high ecclesiastical positions in Yucatan, acting as secretary to the Bishop up to the time of his expulsion.

Expelled from his dear Mexico, Father Aznar returned to Spring Hill, where he edified the faculty and students by his simple piety and exemplary life. He enjoyed fairly good health, buoyed up by the hope that the coming change of governors in Yucatan would bring with it the permission to return. But word was sent him from Merida that the new governor had begun to enforce still more stringent laws against the Catholic priests, and there was little hope of his repatriation. The news produced a visible ef-

fect on the old man. All the pent-up sorrow of his heart broke forth, and he lived in this Gethsemane until he died of a broken heart.

The life of this poor, broken-hearted exile, and loyal, devoted priest is filled up with so much unselfishness, so much heroic fidelity to duty, that it gave him an unique place in Spring Hill's Hall of Fame. He lived a life like Christ's. Obedient to His Father's will, he lived in the seclusion of a Nazarene until his life was far spent. Like his Master, Father Aznar was persecuted by the rabble and driven away. He went through the agony in the Garden, and died of a broken heart! Let us pray that Father Aznar, if he is not already there, may repose forever on the bosom of his God. R. I. P.

Hon. O. J. Semmes, '51

On the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee, the Confederate chieftain, Judge Oliver J. Semmes, for forty-three years judge of the City Court of Mobile, and during the Civil war an officer, fighting for the same cause as the famous military commander, died at Providence Infirmary in Mobile, after an illness of over a year. Judge Semmes passed peacefully away at 9:30 o'clock in the morning.

He was in his seventy-ninth year, and his life had been one of activity in the affairs of his state, county and city. He was born at Norfolk, Va., August 29, 1839, the son of Admiral Raphael Semmes, of the Confederate States navy, famous as the commander of the Alabama, and Annie E. Spencer Semmes, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Judge Semmes was educated at Spring Hill College, Mobile, and in 1858 entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he remained until January 17, 1861, when he returned to Alabama, and at the outbreak of the Civil War, President Jefferson Davis at once selected him as a second lieutenant in the Confederate service. Lieutenant Semmes was detailed to Fort Morgan to instruct the Alabama troops who were to engage in the four-year conflict. In August, 1861, he was transferred to New Orleans, and took command of a company of Confederate regulars, which in December of the same year was converted into a battery of light artillery, with whom Lieutenant Semmes remained for two years, in the meantime being promoted to captain.

In Theater of War

Captain Semmes began seeing active service about this time, and after New Orleans had been evacuated, he took part in the battle of Baton Rouge, from there going to Port Hudson, and a short time after was transferred to the trans-Mississippi department, where he remained until December,

1864, seeing service in the engagements in which the troops of that department took part. In the meantime he had been promoted to the rank of major.

It was in January, 1865, Major Semmes was appointed chief of artillery under General Taylor, and served in that capacity until the end of the war.

Once he was taken prisoner, at Franklin, La., at the second battle of Camp Bisland, and was held for about six weeks.

Returning home at the close of hostilities, he took up the study of law, and was admitted to the Mobile bar in 1867, and the same year to practice before the Supreme Court of the state.

Jurist Forty-Three Years

From that time on, Judge Semmes was active in affairs of Alabama. In 1870 he was elected to the State Legislature, and served one term, and after retiring resumed his practice in Mobile until 1874, when he was elected judge of the City Court of Mobile, which office he held until he voluntarily retired because of ill health, February, 1917. He had been returned as judge of the Circuit Court by a large majority, after the court system of the state had been changed by the last legislature. Upon several occasions, Judge Semmes was returned to the city bench without opposition.

He was a member of the State Bar Association, commander of Raphael Semmes Camp, U. C. V., and for several years president of the Robert E. Lee Association.

Judge Semmes presided on the bench with marked ability, and was an authority upon the various laws passed from time to time by the legislatures, who amended and made many new judicial statutes, and upon many occasions he was called upon by men of legal lore to interpret some new court statute.

At all times affable and courteous in manner, Judge Semmes was held in the highest esteem by the people of his home city, throughout the state and by those from various parts of the country who met him.

Washington G. Boylan, '55

The death of Washington G. Boylan on December 30, 1917, brought to its close a long life of devotion to the public good and the workings of justice which has extended over more than half a century.

Mr. Boylan had been, since 1906, head of the Boylan Detective Agency, New Orleans, succeeding Captain W. J. O'Connor in that position, and up to the time of his death his energy was unflagging in public service.

Mr. Boylan was born in New Orleans, and lived there all of his life. He was a graduate of Spring Hill College, and upon completing his studies he

entered the employment of the firm of George A. Fosdick and Company, shipping agents and commission merchants, remaining in their employ until 1861, when he enlisted in the Thirteenth Louisiana Volunteers as a private. He was promoted, rank by rank, to the grade of captain, and at the close of the war returned to New Orleans, where he was connected with the American Telegraph Company, the Probate Court, and eventually became chief docket clerk under the late Thomas H. Handley, civil sheriff. It was at this time that the Supreme Court, appointed by Governor Francis T. Nicholls, was installed in office, deposing the Republican Court, headed by Judge Ludeling.

On the evening of January 17, 1877, the late Ben J. Onorato and Captain Boylan were appointed by Thomas H. Handy to take charge of the courtroom and appurtenances of the State Supreme Court, and they were admonished to keep everything there intact. During the evening the court was entered by Major Laon, at that time chief of police, in full uniform, accompanied by Captain Gray and eight or ten uniformed Metropolitan officers, with orders from Judge Ludeling to take possession. The officers were immediately ordered to withdraw by Captain Boylan and Mr. Onorato, which they declined to do, augmenting their force of Metropolitan police by fifteen armed men.

Held Off Metropolitans

Captain Boylan and Mr. Onorato held their position during the night, and at 2 a. m. the following day obtained from the Metropolitans their surrender, providing their return to their homes was guaranteed by the sheriff's representatives. At the retirement of the Metropolitans, accompanied by Chief Justice Ludeling and his court, the Nicholls court, headed by Chief Justice Manning, was sworn in, which was the installation of Democratic government in Louisiana.

Afterward, Captain Boylan retired from politics to enter commercial pursuits until the election of President Cleveland, when he was appointed in 1880 to the position of assistant weigher by B. F. Jonas, then collector of the port. Subsequently, he was promoted to the position of weigher, and held that position for nearly twenty years, resigning to enter Boylan's Detective Agency and Protection Police, as an associate until the retirement of Captain W. J. O'Connor, when he assumed the direction of the agency as principal.

As an example of the success of Mr. Boylan's work, the Gulf States Banker of November, 1911, published the following tribute:

"Guarding the banks of New Orleans. A story of uninterrupted success.

"For the past thirty-two years the banks of this city have been under the protection of Boylan's Detective Agency and Protective Police. Day and night they are guarded. For many years the agency also operated an electric burglar alarm protection.

"With the close of the Civil war and the days of reconstruction, Thomas N. Boylan and Michael J. Farrel, expert criminologists of their time, were called upon by the banks to guard and protect them. From this nucleus grew the organization, as it is familiarly known in New Orleans, the Boylan Detective Agency and Protective Police.

"This institution, by zealous endeavor, up-to-date methods, and being always foremost in adapting itself to new ideas—in fact, keeping up with the evolution of events—has given the banks of this city thorough protection day and night. This has been manifested in the number of crimes that have been brought home to the guilty parties, many of whom have been punished. More recently was the case of the raid made by a number of forgers who fleeced this city in December, 1909, taking advantage of a half-holiday, sought to have several forged checks cashed at several banks.

"The officers of the agency captured two of the forgers—one Guiseppi Fragamanto, arrested in the Hibernia Bank and Trust Company, and the other Oscar Runyan, at the Whitney-Central National Bank. Both of these, with another accomplice, pleaded guilty and were sentenced to fourteen years at hard labor.

"Beyond the bank corps, the agency operates an efficient detective system, and among the notable cases handled was the pursuit of W. Thomas Smith and James W. Harper, officials of the First National Bank of Hattiesburg, Miss., who were followed from Hattiesburg to Vancouver, B. C., and finally captured at Seattle, Wash., and brought back to Mississippi for trial, they pleading guilty and are now undergoing sentence.

"The agency enjoys a distinction in its protective work, being the pioneer protection patrol in the Southern country. Uniformed officers of the agency can be seen protecting freight and property along the wharves of this city and in the yards and warehouses of various railroads and corporations, and guarding stores and residences within the corporate limits.

"The present head of the organization is Washington G. Boylan, who for years was an official of the United States government, and who by his careful endeavor, has not only maintained but promoted the efficiency of this agency. In this work he has been materially assisted by his son, Milton W. Boylan, as assistant principal, and Harry S. Michel, superintendent.

Mr. Boylan is survived by a wife, formerly Miss Olgiana E. Westfield; a son, Milton W. Boylan, and a daughter, Mrs. Katie B. Lyon.

The Springhillian offers sincere sympathy to the relatives and friends of our deceased alumnus.

Rev. Thomas O'Callaghan, S.J.

Rev. Thomas O'Callaghan, S. J., died December 13, 1917.

Father O'Callaghan was born at Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland, February 1, 1848. Having finished his preparatory studies in the local schools, he went to the Government Training School for National Teachers in Dublin, and, in due course, graduated there with high honors. He then became a student for the secular priesthood at St. Colman's College, Fermoy. As time went on, he found his inclinations tended more and more towards the religious state, and an interview with the late Father T. W. Butler, S.J., determined him to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Clermont, France, for the Mission of New Orleans in July, 1874. After the brief space of one year he was found to have made such progress in the spiritual life that superiors deemed it unnecessary to detain him longer in the regular novitiate, and so he was allowed to make the second year of his novitiate while reviewing the Classics and Rhetoric in the Juniorate at Lons-le-Saunier. Immediately after taking his first vows, he was sent to make his course of three years in Philosophy at Vals, and it was there, amidst a crowd of talented students of various nationalities, that he showed himself "facile princeps." Having finished his Philosophy with distinction, he studied Theology for a year at Aix, whence he was summoned by his American superiors to finish the remaining three years of the course at Woodstock College, Md. In the summer of 1882 he was ordained to the priesthood at Woodstock, and in the spring of the following year came South for the first time. For the following seven years he was stationed at the Immaculate Conception College, New Orleans, and manifold were his fields of activity during that period. While attending to his duty with whole-souled devotion as Professor of Philosophy of the graduating class, he found time to give post-graduate lectures in Ethics, was chaplain at the Parish Prison, ministered to the spiritual wants of various convents, and preached quite frequently in the home and other churches of the city. His work in each of these fields of labor was stamped with a zeal, devotion and ability peculiarly his own. Many an unfortunate in the Parish Prison, who had forfeited his human life to the law, found eternal life through the zeal and charity of Father O'Callaghan.

In the autumn of 1890 he left for Europe, and spent ten months in the study of Ascetic Theology at Albano, Italy. As this was situated only about 30 miles from Rome, he had several opportunities of visiting the Eternal City. These visits were to him something like special graces, and he loved to recall the memory of them in after years.

On his return to America in September, 1891, he was appointed Superior of the Jesuit Residence and Church in Augusta, Ga., where he remained until September, 1896, when he was transferred to the pastoral charge of the Jesuit Church at Galveston, Texas. And there, perhaps more than elsewhere, it was he displayed in full force that wonderful, logical

apostolic pulpit oratory for which he was especially remarkable. From 1901 to 1904 he was placed on the Missionary Band, and preached missions and retreats to priests and people throughout the Southern States. But the strenuous life of a missionary was too severe on his frail body, and superiors again appointed him to pastoral work at Galveston from 1904 to 1908. He was then sent to Spring Hill College, Mobile, and for the next two years filled the dual office of Chaplain of Spring Hill College and of the Visitation Convent. In the summer of 1910 he returned to New Orleans, where up to a few months before his lamented death, he was actively engaged in the works of the sacred ministry. Indeed, for some years past, his life may be said to have been spent in the confessional, so great were the throngs of people who came to pour their tales of sorrow into his sympathetic ear.

The bare details of the places and the various activities in which he passed his busy life leave but little space in an article such as this to speak adequately of his personal characteristics. But his works speak for him far better than words, and they have followed him to eternal life.

In stature, Father O'Callaghan was above medium size; his body was frail and emaciated, but endowed with extraordinary activity. People who did not know him intimately often expressed astonishment at the amount of work he accomplished and his power of endurance. The secret was in his will: this kept him on his feet even in the last months of his illness, when his poor, worn-out body could do no more.

It is no exaggeration to state that most of those who knew Father O'Callaghan intimately will concede that he was a truly great man, though perhaps they may not have adverted to the fact while he was in their midst. Like all great and holy men, he was humble, straightforward, simple, modest, and unselfish. Not many months ago one who is "a great observer, and looks quite through the deeds of men," remarked: "What a strong, gentle character Father O'Callaghan is!" This brief saying sums up his life: all the natural force and fire of his Celtic temperament was, by the help of grace and self-denial, subdued unto that gentleness which, when it weds with manhood, makes the man." His learning in various branches was deep and varied. As a preacher, he had few equals, and he never found a successful opponent in philosophical or theological debate. And yet, withal, he was so gentle and modest that he attracted souls to God more by these qualities than by the power and force of his learning and acumen.

It would be idle to multiply praises of this truly humble man. Suffice it to say that during the many years of his life as a Jesuit, Scholastic and Priest, his conduct was above reproach, and never caused a moment of anxiety to his superiors. Of Father O'Callaghan it may, in very truth, be said: "He bore the white flower of a blameless life" with him to the grave —R. I. P.—Monthly Calendar.

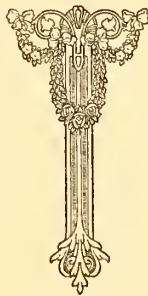
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The Springhillian

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247

The Triple Alliance

(Ode Read at the Red Cross Benefit)

FLAG OF OUR NATION, quickened to life
By the burning breath of Mars;
Flag of the world's high hope in the strife,
Where thy radiant clustered stars
Flash to the stricken nations of the world
The Freedom won by valorous blood
Shed by our noble sires, when first unfurled
Thy virgin folds, the common good,
Our nation's sacred boast, the love of right,
The liberties of man, the holy cause
Of Freedom, hatred for the lust of might
Unto the universe proclaimed, the justice of thy wars!
Flag of our heart's best pride, ne'er to a foe
In battle furled, again we hail thee
Outflung upon the enraptured air, and lo!
You kiss the winds from far across the sea—
The sighing winds of France—and on their wings
You send unto her valiant, suffering sons
The glorious message that your presence brings—
The call of Freedom thundered by your guns!

Humanity

FLAG upon whose snow-white breast
The symbol of our hope in life,
The sign of life in death doth rest
The cross, that led in deadly strife
The crested knights who battled forth
To stem the tide of barbarous Hun
Which threatening came from out the North
To filch the prize by Freedom won—
Thou art the shield, the coat-of-arms,
The saving sign of Heaven-sent light,
The harbinger of vengeance for the harms
Unnumbered wrought in ruthless fight!

Cross upon the field of white serene,
 From the plains whereon the blood is shed
 You issue forth in crimson mien,
 And, lo! the field is white, the cross is red!
 Close to thine own devoted heart
 Thou lovingly hast pressed the woe, the pain,
 The suffering and the stinging smart!
 By the side of our fallen sons, oh, still remain!

Service

FLAG of generous service—your stars upon the white,
 Your stars of blue aglow on Honor's field,
 Like orbs that shine in silver sky at night,
 Are earnest of our hope, our surest shield!
 As the beacon fires that signal, fitfully aflame
 Along the Milky Way forecast the hopeful morn,
 Thy gleaming constellations as surely now proclaim
 The brightness of the coming dawn
 Of peace! Brothers and Alma Mater's sons,
 Unto your loyal keeping we entrust
 Our standard, raised aloft against the Huns
 Who pledge a Despot's fury—fiendish lust.
 Into your hands we place the nation's cause,
 The heritage that freemen prize, a passion for the right,
 The Liberty won and cherished in our laws,
 Hatred for wrong and for the rule of might.
 Your Alma Mater watches every starlet on the white,
 And as in death they touch thy crimson fold,
 She proudly, sadly dims the silver light;
 But decks the tiny star-points with Honor's purest gold!

Oh, Flags of our love and our hope and our pride!
 You are dear to our hearts—your cross and your stars.
 We pray the God of Battles to lead you on and guide
 To certain victory on the flaming front of Mars!

American Patriotism

REV. E. C. DE LA MORINIÈRE, S.J.



HERE IS DEEP DOWN IN THE HEART of our common humanity, where so many sentiments are enthroned, crowned and sceptred, one which seems to hold supreme, undisputed sway, one to which all the others do lowly homage and reverence as leal vassals to their liege lord. It resists with equal success the open onset of the fiercest passions, as well as the covert attacks of the most insidious self-interest. Its voice rings out full and clear and strong, when all other voices, forcefully stifled in the human breast, have long been made to hush. And that sentiment, so deeply rooted, so firmly planted in the soil of humanity, that, rage as blindly, as wildly, as madly as they list, the storms of life can never pluck out, nor even shake; which clings to our nature with the firm, unrelenting, desperate grasp of the stranded mariner, clinging to the lone and bare rock on which winds and waves have cast him; which survives all the wrecks of heart and soul, and is the last to drift with us to the shores of eternity, that sentiment is—Patriotism!

To define it, as you understand it, and feel it, there in the core of your beings, it is Love of Country and loyalty to its life and weal; love tender and strong, tender as the affection of the child for its parent, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous, self-sending, disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no guerdon for hardships undergone and privations borne, save country's triumphs. Ah! there is a magnetism in that love and loyalty which makes the whole world kin, from the pampered minion of fame, on the exalted dazzling heights of his attained ambition, to the basest-born churl in the darkest depths of his unenviable drudgery. That keen analyst of the inner workings of our common nature, Shakespeare, has laid bare to our gaze the lingering influence of that love on the ruined life and broken heart of the fallen Prime Minister, in Wolsey's last confidence to his devoted and desolate attendant:

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's
Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!"

Shelley has woven the web of that spell, in the lullaby sung by the Grecian mother to her cradled and slumbering infant:

"Sleep, my loved one, sleep;
I will teach thine infant tongue

To call upon those heroes old
 In their own language and will mould
 Thy growing spirit in the flame
 Of Grecian lore, that by each name
 A patriot's birth-right thou may'st claim."

And our own gentle bard, Oliver Wendell Holmes, has not scrupled to brand as more than idle the unpatriotic victory and the conquerors themselves as veriest slaves:

"Qui vive! This is the sentry's cry,—
 The sleepless soldier's hand—
 Are these,—the painted folds thus fly,
 And lift their emblems printed high
 On morning mist and sunset sky
 The guardians of a land?
 No! If the patriot's pulses sleep
 How vain the watch that hirelings keep,
 The idle flag that waves!
 When conquest with his iron heel
 Treads down the standard and the steel
 That belt the soil of slaves."

So you see that through the ages, humanity has burned the incense of admiration at the shrine of patriotism. The most thrilling pages of history are those which rehearse its deeds. Fireside tales, the outpourings of the memories of peoples borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they echo its whisperings, and orators most potent when they attune their utterances to its inspiration.

THE PAGANS OF OLD were undeniably wrong in making deities of their noblest patriots, but their error was the excess of that solemn truth, that Heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism.

Yes, if the value of religion to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above warships and fortresses, so, too, is the vital spark of a nation's honor, the living fount of a nation's prosperity, the strong shield of a nation's defense, and all these things are embodied in that hallowed word, Patriotism. Hence, humanity honors next to her martyrs in the cause of their God, those who nobly battle for the cause of their native land. The man who boldly marches to the battle line, and makes oblation of his life for his country, is the brother of the man who marches to the stake or the scaffold and sacrifices his life for his faith. In both it is the heroism which the world loves and worships, and the heroism which a war for religion or country begets or fosters, is worth

more to a nation than all it cost, for without it no nation is a living or advancing nation. A country which has ceased to produce heroes is like a religion which has ceased to produce martyrs. It is on its decline, falling or fallen; and has no longer any work for God or man to do.

BUT YOUNG AMERICA was not on the decline. It was not fallen or falling. It had a work for God and man to do. And you know what that work was: "The American Revolution," a work which had to be done, when in the language of the poet:

"A king forgot he was a man."

Yes, kings are apt to forget that they are men; but when they do, they are brought round to their senses in a manner more forcible than attractive. They are made to learn a lesson, which they disregard at their cost and peril, the lesson taught the English George the Third by our own peerless, matchless, unparalleled American George the First, the only George, George Washington; that men may be led but not driven; persuaded but not coerced;; subdued but not brow-beaten; that when, at last, stung into resistance and retaliation by the crushing, grinding iron-heel of despotism, they rise in the might of their trampled rights, the result is a revolution, such as that which, in 1775, shook two continents and gave birth to a new republic, at whose rapid and gigantic strides in the path of progress, culture and civilization the whole world stands today in unmitigated wonder. The stubborn autocrat of the British realm had reckoned without his host, when he endeavored to forge for the sturdy limbs of young Colonial America the fetters of a navigation act, and of a stamp and tea tax. He was ruefully hoisted with his own petard, when in spite of the wiser views and counsels of his ministers, Grenville, and afterward Townshend, he gave utterance to these fateful words: "Nothing but force will ever settle the trouble with the American colonies," and camped an English army on Boston Commons. The ominous rumbling of the volcano which was soon to rend the soil, had been heard as early as 1766, in the wrathful tones of the patriotic James Otis and Samuel Adams of Boston, while the fiery outburst of Patrick Henry in the assembly of Virginia, a few years later, was the lightning streak that precedes the thunder peal.

But, deaf to the cries of the struggling infant giant, that would not be shackled and enslaved by "Taxation Without Representation," England opened fire on the rebels, as she called the colonists, and when, in March, 1770, eleven Boston boys, the flower of that chivalry known as the "Sons of Liberty," gathered in their defenceless breasts the bullets from the fire-

locks of a hundred British soldiers under the command of the savage Preston, the first blood of the American Revolution was shed, and the war, foreseen and foretold by Joseph Warren, the immortal patriot, whose statue towers today above the sunlit crest of Bunker Hill, where he fell in the prime of his glorious manhood, the war was begun and well on. History tells us that heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand. Paul Revere sped on that thrilling, breakneck midnight ride, through Medford and Charlestown to Concord and Lexington, to awaken the minute men. Village spoke the message to village, the sea to the backwoods, the plains to the highlands. It was never suffered to droop. Its loud reveille broke the slumbers of the trappers of New Hampshire, the ringing-like bugle notes from peak to peak overleaped the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, floated down the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York, in one more at Philadelphia, the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore, and waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac, near Mt. Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. Patriots of South Carolina caught its tone on the border and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-oaks, farther to the south, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it ring from one end to the other of the Valley of Virginia. After renewing its strength, powerful enough to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky, and to the hunters, who made the valley of the Elk Horn their stamping ground. With one impulse, the colonists sprang to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other in that motto of Patrick Henry of Virginia:

"Give us liberty, or give us death!"

Liberty the nation did get, we know, but to how many among the brave bands which first withstood the shock of the contest with England did death come on those battlefields enshrined forever in the memory of every true American? Bunker Hill, Lexington, Concord, Charleston, Harlem, Trenton, Saratoga, Germantown, Monmouth! Names to conjure with, carved as they are in the chronicles of military fame, in letters far outshining those of Wagram, Marengo and Austerlitz. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood will lead the nation to forget those spots, where its infancy was cradled and defended. There were tested the valor of those raw recruits, who wrested from the tried skill of trained soldiers under Gage, Howe and Cornwallis, the palm of victory. There England saw in

what mould our American boys were cast, when through the lips of her chief officer she exclaimed in wonder: "Great God! what heroes those rebels are!" There blazed forth that undaunted bravery of the American Minute Men, which filled with hope and pride the heart of Washington, when with eyes uplifted and tears streaming down his noble face, he prophesied: "Thank God! With such men, we are sure to win!"

IT WAS ON THE PLAINS OF MONMOUTH that for the first and perhaps the only time in the history of war, a woman, a daughter of the Revolution, won sergeant's honors.

At one of the guns, during one of the fiercest fights, stood Pitcher, a brave young Irishman. By his side, all day long, his wife, Molly, had stood ready to help. More than once she had marched out in the face of the enemy to bring water from the brook to our soldiers. Molly Pitcher knew not fear. The day was stifling, and our panting soldiers were gasping for breath. "Here's one more," said Molly, as she staggered in with her hundredth pail. Just then, over her head whizzed a bullet, and down fell brave Pitcher, the Irish lad, beside his gun, dead. "Roll the gun back!" some one shouted; for there was no time to mourn the dead. "Leave it where it is!" cried Molly. "I will work the gun myself." Her eyes were ablaze, and before the officer could reach the gun, she had loaded and fired it. "Let's take the gun," said the men. "Never!" she cried, and fired, faster and faster. "Bravo!" cried all. But Molly hardly heard the cheer; she was thinking of her poor Tom, who lay dead at her feet. All the rest of the day, Molly stood at the gun. No man could load faster, no man could fire with more disregard of danger. But after the excitement of battle was over, Molly Pitcher crept to her tent. Woman that she was, little did she care for the praise of the men. Her own soldier boy was dead, and she was alone! The next day, grimed with battle smoke, her dress torn and her hat crushed, she was taken by General Green to General Washington, who took that brave woman's hand in his and said to her: "You have won sergeant's honors, and a pension as long as you live." This daring Irish girl was but a martial type of the heroism which quickened the spirits of our foremothers, the early daughters of the Revolution. Their patriotic achievements may not be graven deep in the tablets of human history for the admiration of posterity, but they are glassed forever in the immeasurable memory of Him who crowns every virtue and rewards every sacrifice. From the inception of those troubled days, their behavior was beyond all praise. Whether in lowly cottage, or stately colonial mansion, there came from them no thought, no look, no message, no act, which was not redolent of love of country, full of incitement to heroic

action, commendatory of all that was good and noble, and sanctified by genuine self-denial and the exhibition of the tenderest Christian charity. Through the long and dark hours of that protracted struggle for Independence, how sublime their influence, their patience, their sufferings, their aspirations, their example! The presence of their sympathy, and of their aid, the potency of their prayers, and the eloquence of their smiles and their tears, were priceless in the inspiration which they brought, and more effectual than an army with banners. And when the struggle was over by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in tender appreciation of the brave deeds wrought in the name of Truth and Freedom; in proud memory of the slain, they dotted our victorious land with soldiers' monuments, gathered the sacred dust, mounted guard by unmarked graves, and kept in freshness unfading the remembrance of the martyrs who had fallen during that eventful epoch. The record of the patriotism, and the generous deeds of the Daughters of the Revolution, have, in all the annals of the civilized world another parallel, that bright, that pure, that lofty record of their sisters of a century later, those undying glories of our Southland, from the banks of the Potomac to the headwaters of the St. Lawrence, from Gettysburg to Florida, the Daughters of the Confederacy.

If space were not lacking, I would tell you how the boys of Maryland, Virginia, Carolina and Georgia, Southern boys all, had the lion's share in the conquering of that Independence which freed America from British bondage and started her on that course of prosperity, which challenges the competition of Europe and its admiration. I would conjure before your gaze that scene which has long been fixed on an immortal canvas: Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston, framing at Philadelphia the solemn Declaration of that Independence, and reading it before the assembled delegates. I would make you hear the joyous peal of "Liberty Bell," ringing out on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1776, the glad tidings of deliverance amid cheers and torchlight processions and bonfires and public speeches, until the welkin rang and rang again from Massachusetts to Georgia. I would hold out before you the startled face of George III, as he gasped forth in amazement at the unexpected intelligence, while the English Whigs, who remembered the king's bluster, "Things shall not change in this country," said under their breath, "Things have changed in this country."

LET ME, INSTEAD, BID YOU LINGER AWHILE, on that sense of duty, visible at every turn in the wondrous fabric of our American Revolution, and ruling the brain and firing the heart, and nerving the arm of its men of iron in the discharge of their trust in the hour of peril. When Wellington, to quote a modern instance, setting foot on Portuguese soil,

simply said: "I came here to do my duty," he gave utterance to what yields marrow and bone to every deed of true valor. Indeed, if we were roused to action only by the prospect of immediate gratification or the pressure of immediate pain, virtue and enterprise were alike at an end. We see it daily, hourly in those in whom that feeling is faint or extinguished. Their views are short and indistinct, their hopes and wishes grovelling, their actions without vigor, their energies paralyzed by a sullen and indolent content. And if you ask me why families decay, dynasties crumble; why the world is shaken from central stone to hinge by periodical upheavals, I'll tell you, it is because men have made a mock of that word "Duty"; because they have torn from the Evangel of practical life that page in which it is written, that rational obedience to duty is the very essence of highest civilized life, its strongest bulwark, its only hope of perpetuity. We have not in our power to be crowned kings in the proud realm of intellect, or in the prouder realm of wealth; the singular inward gifts, or outward circumstances which go to form the well-spring of such boasted royalty, are within reach of only the few, but all, from enthroned monarch to lowly toiler, may stamp their deed of hand with the seal of that duty, of which Wordsworth in metric cadence has said:

"Stern Lawgiver
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient Heavens fresh and strong."

To that duty did those stern knights of the Revolution bind their loyal heroic hearts, and that so gladly and so enthusiastically, that for them—

The purposes of life
Stood apart from vulgar strife,
And Labor, in the path of Duty,
Gleamed like a thing of beauty."

It gleams like a thing of beauty before the commonest sailor and soldier and makes heroes of them. But from those common and universal forms of self-reverence, we rise step by step to the higher ideals, which give us among gifted natures, what may be styled "the salt of the earth," the shining examples which guide the world to higher things.

A Chevalier Bayard, fearless and unblamed, "sans reproche et sans peur," bleeds to death amid the ruins of France, because he scorns the aid of the traitor Bourbon. Sidney, dying on the field of Zutphen, instead of quenching his own parching thirst, passes the cup of water to the wounded sentinel at his side, with the words: "Comrade, you need it more than I do," because his soul nourished on noble thoughts, and his fancy fed

by the old ballads, which like those "Chevy Chase" stirred him like a trumpet blast, led him to conceive the ideal of a perfect knight, which would have been tarnished by any shade of a selfish action. Gordon sacrifices his life at Khartoum, not only cheerfully, but instinctively, because the suggestion that he might save himself by abandoning those who had trusted in him, seemed an absolute impossibility. The grand figure of George Washington towers high in the history of the American Revolution, because unallured by the charms of opulence, unappalled by the hazard of a dubious warfare, unmoved by the prospect of being, in the event of failure, the first and most conspicuous victim, he obeyed the summons to toil and danger, in his endeavors, as he said himself, to do his duty. In the strength of that talisman, he arrayed himself in fresh honors by that which ruins even the great—vicissitude. He could not only subdue an enemy, but what is infinitely more, he could conquer misfortune. Surrounded with irresolution and despondency, in the midst of mutiny and treason—remember Benedict Arnold—Washington remained erect, immovable, invincible.

YOU WILL PARDON ME if, having found a glorious parallel to the Daughters of the Revolution in the Daughters of the Confederacy, I salute the counterpart of George Washington in that other great Virginian, whose deeds from their immortality look straight in the sun's face imperishably pure, Robert Edward Lee. The one victorious, the other defeated, but both equally sublime in war, and in peace the names of Washington and Lee shall cease to be the pride of the nation and to quicken its mighty heart-beats, only—and not till then—when America shall have forgotten its heroes, and the word "Patriotism" shall have been blotted out forever from the lexicon of human speech.

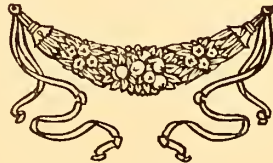
THESE ARE THE RECORDS OF THE PAST; these are the noble traditions handed down to us by our heroic forefathers. Shall their glorious example be reproduced in the deeds of our boys at the front today? Ah, yes! they are giving a faithful reproduction of the unswerving loyalty, the undying patriotism, the exhaustless self-sacrifice that distinguished the American patriot and hero in every struggle our country has engaged in. We see shining on the horizon, in letters of purest gold the names of Wilson and Pershing, and tiny stars are faintly glimmering on countless service flags to honor the memory of the thousands of American youths who are freely and gladly giving their life's blood for the same holy cause of Liberty and Freedom.

TODAY, WITH A SPIRIT THAT IS NOBLE AND SUBLIME, America fights side by side with her mother country, England, showing to the world that her's was not a struggle of hate or ignoble conquest, but a holy,

sacred cause which demanded the shedding of blood for its solemn consecration, and once that cause was established and secure, rancor, bitterness and hatred had no place in her heart. Today the Blue and the Gray have blended into the olive drab of the nation's khaki. With one heart, with one soul, with one purpose, the sons of the North and South battle forth to guard the principles that our nation holds most dear. Well might our beloved Pershing prophesy again in the words of Washington: "Thank God! With such men as there, we are sure to win!"

And our American women! so long pictured to us as frivolous and pleasure-seeking, with not a thought or a care for the serious issues of life, behold them today in their chapter halls bending over the tasks that loving hands are wielding for the comfort and support of our boys at the front; see them in their tender charity seeking the wounded soldier on the field of battle and tenderly, sorrowfully, lovingly binding the wounds made by the cruel shells. See them again with mother-arms wound about the neck of the destitute and broken-hearted exiles. See them, finally, in their forgetfulness of self begging from door to door the charity which every true American heart is bound to show, asking nothing for themselves, but demanding generous assistance for those who suffer and bleed and die for the sake of our cause. Thank God, our American women, these mothers who have stretched their hands not to a single nation, but to suffering humanity throughout the world, are upholding the lofty record of their sisters of a century ago, and are even surpassing all the best efforts of the past in the limitless field of their endeavors and activities.

May this spirit ever flourish in our land. May we ever bear aloft the trophies of our liberties to teach the whole world that great achievements are to be fought for, suffered for, bled and died for, today as in the days of Camden and Valley Forge.



The Appeal of the Red Cross

WEALTH and the zest of life abound,
But travail and pain and the din
Of strife are tearing away at the heart
While Hope grows wan and thin.

Hark to the call, the insistent prayer,
Hark! for our soldiers wait—
Wait and watch for your help to come,
Weary! Disconsolate!

Has ever a sigh been left unheard?
No! Never a human cry
But awoke a chord in some heart that yearned
To soothe its agony.

Heart with the core of gold, we call!
Out of the depths we groan!
Come! with thy human sympathy.
Help! lest we stand alone!

—W. C. HARTWELL, B.S. '19

Guilty Conscience

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T. P. DIAZ, A.B. '21



WESTON'S NERVES had surely gone to pieces! He plodded along the lonely country road, shifting from side to side, shrugging his shoulders as though his uniform was irritatingly small or a great encumbrance. The "slish-slash" of his khaki trousers seemed to echo and reverberate through the neighboring woods. He paused, momentarily, to see if the road was his own, and, reassured, started on again. He continued on his journey now with almost cat-like tread, for in the distance there appeared the battered roof and broken chimneys of the country inn. Suddenly he came to a standstill. There was a sharp ring in the air as the leafless branches, spurred on by the taunting winds, fenced with each other. Yes, that's what it was to Weston—a clash—the clashing of swords or bayonets! Had sounds of strife and grim messengers of war persued him to this god-forsaken hole? Would they finally hunt him down with their relentless insistence?

Weston, as you have already guessed, was not a soldier. He wore, with ill-grace, the olive drab; he carried in his mind the instructions of his drill sergeant; his name and number were listed in the records of his camp; but his heart was void of the qualities of a soldier or the soldier-spirit which commands admiration and love. Weston feared war, he hated it, and in his heart he cursed those who had forced him to take any part in it. He was the type of drafted man who has made life difficult in some camps for their fellows. His nature that has caused many to form a false estimate of the boys who have waited for the draft call before sacrificing their business prospects or a chosen profession which means the work of a lifetime.

But he cared not whether the world was safe for Democracy as long as it was a safe place for himself. He felt that, for the time being, at least, it was safe enough for him, and therefore he started on his journey again.

At last he arrived at what was called the hotel. He was sure this was the place he was seeking, for there was none other within a radius of many miles. Walking with much discomfort up a pair of creaky steps, he soon found himself confronting a short, stout man with an expression as bare as the room in which he stood, and a mustache as discontented and discouraged as the soldier who stood before him. But after the shock of a visitor at the hotel had passed, the clerk took his place behind a counter that

seemed to be in an attitude of perpetual courtesy. He gazed upon the intruder with a mixture of curiosity, admiration and amazement. He had heard feint rumors of a war in the world outside, and now here was a real soldier confronting him! What could he want?

As if he had read the inquiring gaze of the clerk, Weston answered, "Has there been a gentleman here to see me? Has he come yet?"

"A gentleman!" ventured the clerk, awe-struck at the idea of two visitors on the same day, "a gentleman here! There ain't nobody been here since—"

"Well," interrupted Weston, "I guess I'm ahead a little. I'll wait, if you don't mind."

"Of course, why of course, come right in the settin'-room and make yourself at home," urged the clerk, with a quick step towards a doorway.

WESTON entered a dimly-lighted room, furnished in keeping with the rest of the house. He started to survey his surroundings, for he was doubtful about being pushed into this room. He disliked the looks of that clerk! Why had he stared at him so long, when he first entered the house, and why his evident surprise and excitement? He was just about to leave the room when he heard the old rocking-chair in the corner utter a groan. Turning, he realized that he was not alone in this room. His first impulse was to run and seek safety. This room was dimly lighted with a purpose, he saw that now! But collecting the remnants of his shattered nerve, he approached the chair and gazed into a face that had serenity and peace reposing in its many wrinkles. The gray hair of the old man was smoothly arranged, and his clothes—Weston stepped back in amazement when he saw them—the old man wore the faded and neatly patched uniform of the Confederate soldier!

Weston was at sea for some moments, but, reassured by the kindly face before him, he greeted, "Good afternoon."

The old man did not answer. He seemed not the least inclined to enter into conversation. The young soldier therefore resumed his study of the room with a supreme effort at calmness. There was little to interest him. Some few queer pictures on the papered walls attracted and held his attention, but only for a moment. He turned quickly to the old man, and thought he saw a gray head jerk suddenly to one side. Picking up a well-thumbed magazine, which lay on the center-table, Weston vainly attempted to read. The light was bothersome, and his mind was filled with too many thoughts of his own to consider those of others. His nervousness increased when he saw that the old soldier kept looking at him with a strange stare. Yes! It was a stare now! The peaceful calm had disappeared from the face, but

the eyes, still placid, kept boring into him. He felt a warm flush sweep to his cheek: "Why do you look at me like that?" he asked, in anger.

But his companion ignored him. A peculiar expression came over the face of the old man. The eyes bespoke scorn and contempt. Weston was very nervous now, and very angry. Why should that old veteran scorn him so? Was it contempt for the khaki? or did he read the secret of this visit? Perhaps he knew everything, and was simply disguised to watch proceedings! What! Pity is in the face of the old man now! A great fatherly pity for a foolhardy child! Weston turned his back and gazed out of the window; but he was still conscious of the accusing eyes, drilling down into his being and laying bare his soul.

HE COULD BEAR THIS SCRUTINY NO LONGER! In anger and extreme agitation, he fled to the outer room. The clerk behind the counter, studying the entry just made in the register, was approached by Weston:

"Let me have ink and paper, please," he said. "I wish to write a note."

The clerk rummaged, leisurely, in the drawer. "I'm afraid we're out of writing paper," he muttered, lazily, "here's an envelope, though. And we haven't got any ink around here."

Weston suddenly recalled that he was carrying his fountain pen with him, and immediately produced it.

"You have no paper at all?" he asked, rather peevishly.

"You—you might use this," ventured the clerk, producing some old wrapping paper.

"Yes, sure! That will do. Anything will do," accepted Weston.

"I think you'll find it easier to write at the table in the settin'-room," suggested the clerk, "than standin' at this old counter."

Weston cast a quick glance over his shoulder in the direction of the room. There was fear and aversion on his face. "Oh, no! I prefer to write here," he said.

"Suit yourself," replied the other, rather indifferently.

Leaning over the counter, Weston wrote hastily for a few minutes. When he had finished, he thoughtfully folded the paper, placed it slowly and deliberately in his envelope, and sealed it with great care.

"Will you give this to the gentleman who calls for me?" he asked.

"Sure!" the rustic answered, and placed the note against a rack on the counter, so that any one entering could hardly fail to see it.

"Don't leave it there!" cried Weston. "Put it in your pocket until he comes. He will surely be here."

"All right!" responded the languid clerk. "But I thought you were going to wait for him?"

"No, I can't wait any longer. I must be getting back. What is the next train?"

The clerk was rather surprised at the vehemence of the last words. "There is a train back to the city at 5:39," he said.

"Why! It's five now!" said Weston, consulting his watch.

"Well, I can have the boy hitch up and drive you over to the station, if you like."

"No!" answered the young soldier, quickly, "I prefer to walk. It's our life, don't you know."

He slapped his hat on his head and went out the door without another word. The clerk was so much surprised that he forgot to utter his accustomed "Good-bye! Come again!" to his visitor.

Weston sped along the road to the station at a rapid gait. Occasionally, he cast an apprehensive glance over his shoulder. It was getting quite dark, and he must not miss that train.

JUST AS THE TRAIN WAS PULLING OUT of the station, a smooth-shaven man in citizen clothes, stepped onto the porch of the country inn. He seemed entirely winded, but in great spirits.

"Hello, old fellow!" he greeted boisterously, as the hotel clerk came forward to meet him. "Where's that soldier-boy of mine?"

"He's gone!" replied the clerk, calmly. "Couldn't wait any longer. I'm surprised, though, you didn't meet him along the road to the station."

"No! I came around the other road," replied the stranger. "But gone! How long was he here?"

"Oh! for quite awhile; said he had to get back. Rather a nervous chap, isn't he?" the clerk inquired, in an effort at friendliness. But, suddenly remembering the note, he drew it out of his pocket, saying, "He gave me this for you."

The stranger seized the missive, almost savagely, and tore it open. He read:

"GUS—I can't go through with this stuff—I can't, that's all to it. I thought I could work it, but I lost my nerve. There is a fellow in this house wearing the uniform of a Confederate soldier, and I am sure he is in disguise. He knows our secret. The old man refused to talk to me, and sat staring in a way that could not be mistaken. His eyes followed me around and pierced me through. You may laugh at this, but you can keep on laughing. I don't care. I brought the papers to deliver to you with the plans for our positions, and full data about our army. But I can't give them to you. This old fellow is wise to our game. If he isn't, I don't care. I'm going back to camp and start being a man and an American

soldier. That is going to mean more to me than the money you offer. If you don't like this, well, you know what you can do! I am safe, and you can't reach me. You have no evidence to use against me, if you should desire revenge,

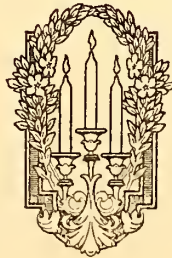
Yours,

WESTON"

The stranger read the letter through several times before he grasped its full meaning. With a smothered oath, he started to tear the note to shreds, but, catching the clerk's curious gaze, stuffed it into an inner pocket. So this was the turn-down! After the splendid offer he had made to that fool! After he had told his service men that he would produce the plans on the morrow! It was maddening. All because the darned fool got shy at an old-man's stare.

Even as he thought these things, a gray-haired old man, dressed in the uniform of the Confederate soldier came out of the sitting-room, made his way to the rear of the hall and passed through a doorway. The stranger saw only the profile of the old man. He looked perplexed. What if this fellow wore a disguise and passed through the hall simply to show himself! Turning to the clerk, who was methodically chewing a matchstick, he asked, "Who is that? Does that old fellow belong here?" But before the clerk could answer either of these questions, he continued, "Is the fellow crazy? Why did he refuse to talk to that soldier? Why did he stare him out of nerve?" The stranger was quarrelsome now, spurred on by bitter disappointment.

"Aw, no!" remonstrated the clerk. "Father wouldn't act that way. Besides, he couldn't anyhow. He is blind and deaf."



A Lament

Listen! the wind is sighing,
The wild sea-birds are crying,
And thou, my own, art lying
 Out in the night;
Sleeping the sleep that never
Ends, but endures forever—
 Gone is the light!

How calm the eve of sorrow!
Oh! but the dread tomorrow?
How can the stricken borrow
 Courage to live?
Better the quiet, dead dreaming
In peace, with sad stars gleaming,
 Than silent grieve.

Better than endless wailing
And salt tears unavailing,
And hearts that in the failing,
 Despair and die.
When the trumpets sound in the gloaming,
Wilt thou hear them in thy roaming,
 Wearily?

Wilt thou hear the clash and thunder
Of the raging fight, and wonder
How the battle goes, and ponder
 In thy grave—
On the fate of friend and foeman,
Sturdy Gaul and dauntless yeoman,
 True and brave?

O my brother! thou art sleeping,
Where the sound of hopeless weeping
Never comes, while shadows creeping
 Overhead—
In a wave of sunset glory,
Bathe the stones that tell the story
 Of the dead!

Our Italian Allies

JOSEPH J. KOPECKY, A.B. '19



IN THE NUMEROUS ARTICLES which are written about the war, its progress, its victories and defeats, and final issue, there is seldom made mention of our Italian Allies. We hear a great deal about England's share in the struggle, and France's heroic sacrifices and deeds of daring. Glaring headlines tell us about the stubborn resistance offered by the English and French in the present desperate drive towards Paris; but the encounters of the Italians with the obstinate Austrians are relegated to a modest corner in subdued tones. Certainly, this is in no way due to a lack of appreciation of the part Italy is taking in the war. The recent celebration in honor of that country fittingly shows how highly her great work is prized and valued. But why is this spirit not a permanent one? Allow me to suggest that the possible reason may be our failure to understand the Italian character and appreciate the race which we have dubbed by the name "Dago."

For many years past, these immigrants have been seeking happiness and prosperity in our land of Liberty and Freedom. As a body they have never appealed to the inhabitants of the land of their adoption. Their faults are numerous, perhaps, certainly they are apparent; but their virtues are also numerous, though less evident to the stranger who is hasty in forming a judgment. To discover and appreciate the virtues of the Italian takes more time than the average American cares to spare from his all-important work of amassing wealth. One American, however, has given time to the careful study of these people. Thomas Augustine Daly has sought the real Italian hidden under an unclean and uncouth exterior, and found him, and he has been so well pleased with his discovery that he has proclaimed the work of the Italian from the house-top of his writings. He introduces the "Dagoman" to us in the following words:

W'at for you call me Dagoman
An' mak' so bad a face?
Eees no room for Eetalian
Een deesa bigga place?

And their advocate makes a strong case for his clients even from the point of national development and Christianity. The love of country and of nature, appreciation of beauty and disgust of the sordidness of their

enforced surroundings make the second point of his appeal. The "Dago" revolts against these conditions in words that unconsciously exalt his qualities of heart and soul.

"More dirty an' more mean I feel
Than I am look to you.
An' oh, my soul eenside es seeck
But w'at am I gona do?

Ees nothin' sweet in ceety street
To mak' me better man,
All men an' things that I am meet,
Mak' meanness all dey can.

An' all dey speak ees ogly words,
An' do som ogly theeng,
So even too dose leetla birds
That ought be glad an' sing—

Dey fight together in da dirt
For dirty food dey eat;
An' so my soul eenside ees hurt,
For work een ceety street.

The music of this song is as magic, for even while we listen entranced, the rugged visage of the fruit vender or the organ grinder or the digger of city streets fades from our thoughts, and under the magic touch of Daly's sympathetic insight, we behold a character so kindly, so friendly, so unspoiled by vice that we stay to hear more of his song. The dissatisfaction with present poverty and squalor is turned to good account by the humble laborer, who can look past the sneer and frown of those who pause to gaze with supercilious contempt, and penetrate the clouds to behold a good God in the Heavens. The most menial labor has a spiritual aspect for the hard-working and honest Italian.

How can I mak' you ondrastand
You are so grand, so reech,
To know da joy I feel, ma frand,
For deeg dees countra deetch?

Ah, yes, that is partly responsible for our contempt of these people. The joy they feel in groveling! No seeking after higher things, as we gauge distance; no signs of ambitions to rise above present surroundings; easy satisfaction with the whimsical effects of a playful Fortune. Oh, how far we are from understanding the reason for the "Dago's" satisfac-

tion! Why does he cry out in disgust and tell us "Ees nothin' sweet in ceety street," and in the next breath tell us there is joy in his heart "for deeg the country deetch"?

I sweeng ma peeck, an' oh! da smal
 When first I turn da sod—
 So sweet! Excuse me eef I tal!
 Ees like da breath of God.

So pure da soil, like Eetaly,
 I stoop an' tak' a piece,
 An' den,—oh, donta laugh at me—
 I talk to eet an' kees.

An' while I do dees foola theeng,
 An' mak so seely tears,
 Ees com a pritta bird an' seeng,
 Hees music in my ears.

What childish simplicity! What a sincere lover of nature! What faith, that can see God in His beautiful creation. Far from the dirt of the city streets and the meanness and smallness of the busy inhabitants of the city, the poor laborer can see God, nay, even smell the breath of God and hear the birds sing. His the ear to appreciate the song of our American birds. We have no time to waste in this unprofitable task. The "'Mericana bird, weeth breast so lika flama so red," is unknown to the hard-working Italian by name,

But what he seeng ees plain to me,
 An' dees ees part of eet—
 "Ees spreeng, ees spreeng een Eetaly,"
 So sweeta, sweeta sweet!

CERTAINLY, these are desirable citizens, a glory to the nation of their birth and a worthy object for the best gifts America has to bestow. There is found in them none of the polite social vices of our ultra-moderns. They know nothing of divorce, race suicide, anarchy and materialism. Some of their less worthy compatriots may hoist the red flag and sing the praises of Communism, but not the true and sincere sons of Italy. They have received too many manifestations of God's presence to be Atheists, and read too many of His messages in the beauties of creation to be Materialists. Their's is a simple, childish faith, deep-rooted in hearts that love and adore, that believe in the word of God, and fear the threatened vengeance. They have left the land of music and art and laughter and song,

where the skies reflect the glory of God, the trees murmured His "Benedicites" and the birds thrilled with joy and gratitude to their Maker for the beauties of their home. Ah! their's has been a transition from sunshine to the murky clouds of the dirty tenement in the crowded city. But still, there is not a note of sadness or discontent with the present lot. He wishes to be a "gooda 'Merican."

Oh, eef you weesh da Dagoman,
 Dot com' for leeve weeth you,
 To be a gooda 'Merican,
 An' love dees countra, too,
 I ask you tak' heem by da hand,
 Away from ceety street,
 An' show heem first dees granda land,
 Where eet ees pure an' sweet.

Unconsciously, he suggests a solution of the immigrant problem that has so long disturbed our statesmen. But it does not take him long to catch the pulse of American feeling and sincerity.

Ees no so hard for Dagoman
 To be a gooda 'Merican.
 Too dumb, too slow, you theenka me,
 But I am sharpa 'nough for see,
 Da firsta theeng dat you mus' know
 Ees how to speak da Inglaice, so
 Dat you can wave your hat an' say:
 "Da Redda, White, Blue! Hooray!"

And, as he continues, what a thrust for some of our lip-patriots of to-day and their brothers, the war profiteers:

Eef you are smarta 'Merican,
 You try for skeen som' udder man,
 Baycause you know dat he weell do
 Da sama kinda treecks weeth you.
 But you are good as heem, an' he
 Ees jus' so good as you an' me,
 So long we all stan' up an' say:
 "Da Redda, Whita, Blue! Hooray!"

HOW WELL he understood the American girl is told us by Mr. Daly in the poem of that title. The girl who came almost "evra day" to the old peanut stand "an' smile an' make da googla-eye, an' justa look at me an' sigh", the American girl, who looked so sweet, he hoped to find in her a

wife. Her giddy trifling is charming to the simple fruit-seller, and in return for her kindness he hopes to receive "a leetla kess," but—

She like so mooch for keesa me,
 She gona geeva me twenty-t'ree!
 I s'pose dat w'at she say—"skeedoo"—
 Ees alla same, "I love you."
 Ha! W'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so,
 You weell no calla me so slow!

After his best efforts have been put forward, the poor Dagoman sadly complains—

I, mysal', I feela strange
 Een dees countra. I can no
 Mak' mysal' agen an' change
 Eento 'Merican, an' so
 I am w'at you calla me,
 Justa "dumb ole Dagoman."

But hope has not died in his heart. His little son of twelve promises to be a smart American, and the heart of his father is glad that his hopes are to be realized and his debt of gratitude to America is to be paid. Uncomplainingly, he sees the spirit which characterizes, alas! too many of our American youths growing in the lad—the spirit of false independence and disrespect for authority.

He no talk Italian;
 He say, "Dat's for Dagoes speak,
 I am younga 'Merican,
 Dago langwadge mak' me seeck."
 Eef you gona tal heem, too,
 He ees "leetla Dago" my!
 He ees gat so mad weeth you
 He gon' ponch you een da eye.
 Mebbe so you gona mak'
 Fool weeth heem—an' mebbe not.
 Queeck as flash he sass you back;
 Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

THESE SELECTIONS may not portray the best of Daly's poetic talent. They undoubtedly give a true picture of the childlike character of his chosen subjects, giving an insight into the hearts of those whom we have so long and consistently misunderstood. Mr. P. J. Coleman says: "Mr. Daly has laid bare the soul of the Italian. He has shown us his nobility of character, his unerring artistic instinct, his wealth of sentiment, his fine ro-

mantic nature—all inestimable assets to America.” But he has shown us more, something which it is fashionable to consider of little moment to-day, he has shown that God and religion are as much a part of the Italian’s life as the air he breathes. He may not adhere strictly to the laws of the church, he may neglect them to a great extent, but still, still his is a faith undying and unquenchable. Hear his reply to the Atheist:

You sneer; you no gotta belief.
You tal me we die an’ we be
Like dogs, an’ you com’ lika thief
For steala my faith from me.
Wal, even eef you no be dam,
An’ eef w’at I see ees no true,
I radder be dumb like I am
Dan wisa beeg foola like you!

This is the biggest asset for America, to number among her citizens God-fearing men and women who have a keen sense of duty and a loyalty which is worth winning. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Daly for bringing these much misunderstood people to our attention and showing us the beauties which lie hidden under their unattractive exterior. Though Daly has written many other poems with very different themes, still he shall be remembered for many years as “The Laureate of the Italian Immigrant,” or “The Dago Poet.”



Requiem

FRIEND OF MY YOUTH, sleep on!
For thee, no more
The din of arms will sound,
The Cannon's roar.

Sunset and deepening night,
Forever thine—
Out of the lonely veldt,
O friend of mine!

Sleep! till the morning wakes
Of that fair day,
When life and death alike
Will pass away—

And we shall stand together
Once again,
Clothed in the sunshine
And the silver rain!

The Price of Peace

(C. H. DUCOTE)

*"Why prate of peace? when, warriors, all,
We clank in harness into hall,
And ever bare upon the board,
Lies the necessary sword."*

—R. L. Stevenson



IN THE REVULSION OF HORROR from this, the greatest and most terrible of all wars, men's minds turn towards the consideration of peace, and the conditions under which it may be obtained. For three years and a half Europe has been drenched in blood. For three years and a half the manhood of Europe—youth in the glory of its gallantry, in the splendor of its promise—has been fed to the furnace of War, yet we seem no nearer to peace. We have seen whole nations uprooted from their firesides and made homeless wanderers on the face of the earth; little children, defenseless women, cold and hungry, vainly looking for shelter and food in the midst of their burned homes; the ocean turned into a grave for innocent travelers; commerce stopped everywhere; merchandise and mails seized and confiscated, until we begin to wonder whether mankind's ideals of justice and peace are but idle dreams that vanish at the roar of big cannon and murderous weapons of war. Far from abating in intensity as time went on, the struggle has increased, and nation after nation has joined the ranks of the combatants. Even America, with her traditional love of peace, was drawn into it, after hesitating two years and a half. We held to a neutrality during those years that made us apologists for things which outraged man's common sense of fair play and right. We did nothing when the Germans invaded Belgium, killing civilians and deporting hundreds of others against their wills, to make them slave for an enemy; and when Scarborough and other defenseless towns were attacked. We stood by and saw the *Lusitania* sunk, the *Sussex* sent to the bottom, crowded with the sons and daughters of neutral nations. We saw ship after ship destroyed, ships of mercy bound out of America for the Belgian starving; ships carrying the Red Cross, and laden with the wounded of all nations; ships carrying food and clothing to friendly, harmless, terrorized peoples; ships flying the Stars and Stripes—all these we saw sent to the bottom, murdered against all law, without warning.

"Butchered to make a German holiday."

Even then we hesitated because we thought it were best to continue on in peace. Yes, we had peace, but at what cost? Had that peace continued no man would live in America without paying toll to it in manhood and money. While we were having that peace the evil German spirit might have demanded Canada from a defeated, navyless England, and then our dream of peace on the North would have been at an end, and we would have to live as France has lived for forty years—in haunting terror. Fortunately, we now see Germany's purpose, and in our declaration of war against this nation of hostile intention we have followed the dictates of conscience, and arrayed ourselves by the side of our allies, who had from the beginning so nobly pleaded for peace and fought for peace. The European war three thousand miles away thus became America's war, and we entered it to save America. From the moment the *Lusitania* was sent to a watery grave by the hand of the assassin, the United States had only two choices: The United States could have crawled on its knees to the Hohenzollerns, crying out that their frightfulness and military efficiency were too great, that we submit and become their vassals, or, as an alternative, we could fight. We chose to fight, and fight means suffering and sacrifice, not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of the world, for the sake of democracy, for the sake of a righteous peace. We must sink all partisan differences, cut out our silly, nervous habit of perpetual grumbling and grouching, and in the union of our forces, place upon a sure foundation those principles which were in the mind of Him who was a Prince, but the Prince of Peace.

THE ULTIMATE OBJECT OF THIS WAR, then, is certainly not war in itself, not even victory—but peace, and it is susceptible alone of one of three solutions: A German peace, an indecisive peace, a lasting peace.

Since we are speaking of the price of peace, let us now consider the price of each of these three kinds of peace.

It is unnecessary to say that the hope that has been sustaining the German people through all this strife is the hope that in the end the war will be decided in favor of the Fatherland. In other words, what they desire is a German peace as a result of the triumph of the German military machine. Have you ever paused to consider what that would mean to civilization and the world? It would leave Belgium, Luxembourg, Servia, Montenegro, Roumania crushed and in the hands of their German captors. It would leave our sister republic—France—hopelessly exposed to the same kind of assault which Germany made upon her in 1870 and in 1914. It would leave Great Britain crippled and powerless to work with us in the

maintenance of the freedom of the sea. It would leave the Italian demand for unity unsatisfied, and the new Russian democracy helpless before its foes. Conquered, or simply disappointed in their aims, these nations will see their development arrested for generations to come, if, indeed, they do not find themselves confronted with positive ruin. This is mainly the end to which Germany has for almost four years been striving. Always the files of docile soldiers have been driven by Prussia to their deaths, with that hope in their hearts—a last blow, a last offensive, the stroke that is to settle it all. Then a peace which shall satisfy German greed. Then the division of spoils. Then the rich coal fields of France. Then huge indemnities from the allies. Then “guarantees for the future,” and, finally, a German Belgium, with Germany at Antwerp organizing her piracies for that “next war” which will be designed to hold and extend the conquests made in this one. Whom, then, do you think would be the next victim of those who are striving to be the masters of the whole earth? Would not this country, with its enormous wealth, arouse the cupidity of a triumphant Germany? Do you think that they would withhold their hand from so rich a prize? Assuredly not. As surely as the sun shall rise on the morrow, if this war ends with the triumph of Germany, this country will become a subject nation, for the temperament of the German ruling power will turn to these green fields, these rich and vast spaces of the Western Hemisphere. Leave your wealth on the sidewalk and trust the passing thief will not touch it, send forth your richly laden ships and trust that the pirate will let them pass, as well as trust that security will come with a German peace.

Then, there is the indecisive sort of peace, a stalemate peace. We can have that kind of peace tomorrow, but it would be no real peace, it would be simply a temporary truce, a breathing spell to enable the belligerents to recuperate and feverishly prepare for a renewal of hostilities, and in reality Germany would still be victorious. With her territory untouched, her lands and homes unspoiled, she would have for herself none of the work of painful restoration and reconstruction facing France and the other nations. Her mercantile marine would take up the carrying trade that belonged to the ships she has sunk. Her influence upon the Far East partly veiled before the war, would be complete and ironically shown. Enfeebled Belgium would be a prey to her economic propaganda. In essence, if not in fact, the great predatory vision of Middle Europe would be realized. And how great will not the price be, that we shall have to pay for this peace, in vain sacrifices, and what the cost to civilization, this useless struggle would entail. It would be in vain that Belgium should have exposed herself with open eyes, and in spite of the odds against her, to an invasion which by its massacres, its devastations, and its deportations, recalls the worst excesses

of barbarism in the days when the Roman empire was crumbling to ruin; vain that France through her prodigies of valor, should have brought the Teuton flood to a standstill on the banks of the Marne, and beneath the walls of Verdun; vain that England, with a vigor and resolution without precedents in her history, should have cast into the struggle the whole of her population that was of age, to serve. Vain that ten nations should have drenched with their precious blood a battle front that reaches from the North Sea to the Caspian, and, aye, even to the Pacific.

THERE ARE PEOPLE going about this country saying: "Germany is prepared to give you peace now. An honorable peace and a satisfactory peace." What if that be true? Then, it would be criminal if we sacrificed more precious life and treasure, and prolonged the wretchedness and anxiety and suffering associated with the war. No doubt we can have peace. We can have peace now. Germany will give us peace now, but we must pay the price, "a little territory here, and a little land there, and just a few privileges in the other direction, and they will clear out? Well, we can have peace at that price, but what would it be? The old policy of buying out the Goth, who eventually destroyed the Roman empire and threw Europe into ages of barbarous cruelties. True, that policy has its arvantages. Hear the echoes of the pacifists of the day, in the Roman forum dwelling on the fact that if they only buy out the Goths at a small price compared with the war, a little territory and a little cash, the Roman youth would be spared the terrors of war and their parents the anxieties of war. People of all ranks and classes would avoid the hardships of war, and be able to continue their lives of comfort and luxury and ease. The pacifists of the day when they made their bargain, thought that they had avoided bloodshed. They had only transmitted it to their children. Remember what the Roman senator said of one of those bargains, which gave peace for the moment to the Roman empire: "This is not peace, it is a pact of servitude." So it was. If they bravely and wisely faced their responsibilities what would have happened? Rome would have thrown off its sloth, its blood cleansed by sacrifice, the old vitality and the old virility of the race would have been restored. Rome would have been grander and nobler than ever, its rule would have been more beneficent, and the world would have been spared centuries of cruelties and horrors. We can have that kind of peace today, but it would be on a basis that history has demonstrated to be fatal to the life of any great nation that purchased tranquillity upon it. Are we willing to pay that price?

IT NOW REMAINS for us to consider the third possible solution—lasting peace. That is the peace which shines before our eyes at the end of the struggle as the reward of our persistence and the warrant for our sac-

rifices. It is the only peace which will enable us to heal our wounds, to ensure the triumph of right, and it is the only peace which we as a great peace-loving nation will accept. By a lasting peace is not meant a peace, by which wars are to be no more. To strive after this end would be as foolish as to try to eradicate man's bodily ills from the human system. No sane man who knows the imperfections, the passionate frailty, the ignorance of human nature, entertains such a wild dream or makes such an extravagant claim. By lasting peace, we mean more than a mere cessation of hostilities. We mean that the burglar shall give back all that he has filched. We mean that the marauder shall make good all the damage that he has done. We mean that reason and justice must be established as the soul of the world's life, so that peace will bring a positive benefit to all the tribes of humanity. There is only one way to obtain that peace, and that is by fighting for it, by destroying the ruthless military policy of Germany that derided and rejected it.

"We needs must fight
To make true peace our own.
We needs must combat might with might,
Or might alone would rule."



The Summons

AT "ZERO HOUR" the summons will come
To go into "No-Man's-Land"
To "go over the top" and meet the Hun,
To fight with my gallant band.

No fear is in my heart tonight.
I'm at war with man, at peace with God!
And I hail the hour that brings the fight,
Though the fighting may be hard.

I know not what that hour may bring;
But if Death my spirit bare,
I shall scorn and mock his vaunted sting,
And go smiling "Over there"

—W. H. BOHEN, B.S. '19

The Navy and The College Man

—*—

BY HONORABLE JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Secretary of the Navy

(From the Patriotic News Service of the National Committee of Patriotic Societies,

Washington, D. C.)



IT IS VITAL TO A POWERFUL NAVY to have powerful guns and powerful ships, but they are only so much well-fashioned steel unless they are manned by officers and men with trained minds and hands, with steady nerves and heads. We have today in the navy all the men we need until ships under construction and repair are furnished and put in commission. The greatest need, therefore, is for officers who know how to sail a ship, how to man its guns, how to organize it to fight.

The navy's reliance upon the Naval Academy for educated and capable officers in peace times is well placed. Since the war began this fine institution, unsurpassed in the world, has been doubled, but today its facilities are inadequate to graduate officers as rapidly as they are needed.

But all the normal sources of officers combined did not serve to give as many as the expanding navy needed, and we turned with confidence to the civilians with love of the sea and some knowledge of seamanship to qualify themselves for command. Before war was declared there were some reserve officers who had shown talent and are giving evidence of ability, but many of the men initiated into the glorious company of naval officers came direct from civil life, and upon their willingness to learn, their swiftness and aptitude we must depend for a large increase in the number of those who are to be given command of our ships.

THE NAVY has given warm welcome to college students and college graduates. I wish I could personally shake hands with each college man who has entered or will enter the service. I would like to say to each:

"You will touch here with the stimulating traditions dear to all who love the navy.

"Your country has confidence in you. You will justify that confidence in proportion as you master the work which you are entering. Its rewards come only to those of good courage whose minds are wholly given to learning the mysteries of modern fighting craft.

"I am empowered officially to welcome the youthful defenders of our country. You come as citizens called to duties of citizenship in time of

war. When civil liberty is at stake, civilians become warriors. So today the Republic has gone to war!

"As you may be called into service you will go to the fleet, to the patrol, to the transports, to whatever duty you will be assigned, with the feeling that you have shown that civilians can do whatever there is need for them to do.

"You are engaged in a righteous war, and when faith in right shall triumph over faith in might, as it surely will, you will share with the veterans of the navy the gratitude of a people who have never looked to their navy in vain.

"I do not know what particular service you will be called upon to do. I can not lift the veil. One thing I do know, however, and that is that you will be worthy of the noble work into which you enter. May the All-Wise Providence give you of His strength to bear the world to an early peace—a peace that shall insure justice and right alike to all peoples and all nations."



'MAJOR DALTON, U.S.A.'

AN APPRECIATION



THE AUDIENCE which crowded every portion of the Lyric Theatre on Wednesday evening, May 22, was given a rare treat in the production of the military drama, "Major Dalton, U. S. A.," by the Dramatic Association of Spring Hill College. The play was an adaptation by two members of the Spring Hill faculty of a Civil War drama, and throughout the entire performance the youthful actors controlled the emotions of the vast audience, now evoking bursts of applause, now bringing to the eyes of the multitude a flood of tears by their brilliant portrayal of the horrors of war.

The plot of the drama was founded on the machinations of the German spy system. Edward Reed had the unenviable part of the villain. As a captain in the ranks of Uncle Sam he carried on his nefarious plans, and with the help of two soldiers, almost accomplished the destruction of the American army in France. Reed's acting won for him the hatred of the audience from the very start, and no higher tribute could be paid his portrayal of the part.

Dennis Curren, well known for his power as an actor, carried the title part with his usual ability. On several occasions he drew the hearty applause of the house. Charged with the hellish crime of treason, suspected by all, save one, of betraying the flag of his country with the kiss of a Judas, wounded at the battle of the Marne while serving in the legions of France, wounded again while serving under the Stars and Stripes, he vindicated his honor, at the same time exposing the wiles of the arch traitor, Arrelsford.

The part of the aged French Cure was ably portrayed by Denis Burguières. But a mere youth, he played the part of a venerable priest most brilliantly. Time and again he was forced to stand silent till the applause died away. He alone stood at the side of Major Dalton, and through the darkest moments of the hero's trials he never failed to offer a ray of hope. Indefatigable in his labor for the wounded and dying, he bore on his aged shoulders an heroic portion of the tragedy being enacted around him.

For some time to come will the acting of Robert Courtney be remem-

bered by the people of Mobile. But a little tot of ten years he had one of the longest parts of the play, and from start to finish he won the sympathy and admiration of all. As a little Belgian refugee, Carol Francois, bereft of home and family, a victim of the ruthlessness of war, he was the pet of all at the base hospital behind the lines. Having won his way into the hearts of the war-weary soldiers, he received the title of "Little General," and, like a general, he bossed all with whom he had anything to do. All the humorous touches of the play were formed about this little tot. Found in his shell-torn village by a wounded American soldier, he was rescued and brought to safety behind the American lines. Many touching scenes were carried out in a masterly fashion by this little Mobile boy, scenes which caused many to smile, though their eyes were dimmed with tears.

John Robinson took the part of Wilfred Randolph, the wounded American soldier, and not a mother in the audience could remain unmoved during the many scenes in which this young man portrayed in so able a manner those eventualities which could happen to her son "over there." Wracked with the physical torments of a torn body, this young soldier suffered also the mental agony of being denied the privilege of sharing in the glory of his compatriots in the trenches. Yet, in spite of the suffering in mind and body, he maintained a consistent cheerfulness which, together with the scenes with little Carol, won for him the frequent applause of the audience.

All the characters of the play were well acted. The plot was well worked out, and at no time during the performance was the interest of the audience lessened. As an amateur performance, it is generally conceded to be one of the best that has been presented to the people of Mobile for many years. The College boys have achieved a success of which they have every right to be proud, both from a histrionic and financial standpoint they went "out and over the top." Their efforts have been rewarded, and they have the consolation of knowing that somebody's son will have his suffering mitigated in the awful maelstrom of mortal agony caused by this war.

One of the most impressive moments of the evening's performance was the reading of an ode, at the unfurling of the Service Flag, by Dennis Curren. Few, indeed, could resist the power of this noble tribute to the Triple Alliance, the Nation, Humanity, Service. Arrayed in the garb of a soldier of Uncle Sam, the young collegian touched the heart-strings of everyone present, and the resulting note was that of deepest appreciation. The ode, so full of meaning for all who must bear a part in this tragedy of human emotions, was written for the occasion by a member of the Spring Hill faculty. It is a forceful tribute to the flag of the nation, to the humanity manifested by the Red Cross and to the loyal sons of the Purple and White who have dedicated their all and gone forth to fight for the cause of De-

mocracy in the service of America. During the reading of the ode, which is given below, there were numerous evidences throughout the audience of the deep motion felt by all.

The tableau vivant which accompanied the reading of each part of the ode, brought the spirit of patriotism which throbbed in every part of the evening's performance, to a fitting finale. "The Nation" was represented by W. J. Russell. He wore the costume of Uncle Sam as he stood a silent sentinel at the foot of the Stars and Stripes. "Humanity" vividly portrayed the spirit of the Red Cross. Miss Claire Pollock, in her beautiful flowing costume, with the large Red Cross over the breast, was the personification of the Angel of Mercy pleading for the bleeding and torn piece of humanity prostrate at her feet. Edmond Castagnos, as the wounded soldier in the attitude of supplication at the feet of the Red Cross nurse, completed the picture. No real American could behold this striking visualization unmoved. Columbia and the spirit of service was beautifully carried out by Miss Grace Van Heuval and John Robinson. Miss Van Heuvel wore the beautiful tri-colored costume of Columbia. In one hand she held the shield of the United States, and in the other her virgin sword proudly pointed to the blue stars on the service flag. While in this attitude, the soldier, kneeling at her feet, pledged his fealty, and then received from the hands of Columbia the sword unsheathed in the cause of Freedom. The curtain then rose on a lone figure in the background. A soldier resting on his gun and watching over his sleeping comrades. During this tableau the thin notes of a violin played a few bars of "Somewhere in France," and carried the audience over the seas to Flanders. At the bugle call, the soldier came to attention, and Uncle Sam went proudly forth to meet him, as the student chorus sang the words "Sons of America, America Needs You." Lusty cheers were given for the U. S. A., for President Wilson, and for the Red Cross. The program was concluded with the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The College Orchestra, under the direction of Professor A. J. Staub, rendered a very difficult program in a manner that showed careful study in interpretation. The tone shading of the Pique Dame overture, the vigor and strength of the War March from Athalia, and the intricate changes of the Marche Militaire were all handled by the youthful musicians in a manner that would have done credit to professionals. Biaggio D'Antoni, on the violin; Prof. A. J. Suffich, on the flute; Oscar Bienvenu, on the clarinet, and T. P. Diaz, on the trombone, won prolonged applause for their solo work. The ensemble work called forth many signs of appreciation. The Senior Brass Band of the College is also to be congratulated on its excellent rendition of the fantasy played at the end of the fourth act, and on their work throughout the evening.

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Editorial

MAN-MAKING TRADE

War, War, is still the cry, "War even to the knife."---Byron

WAR IS THE GREAT MAKER OF MEN, and man-making is the trade of the world. Every nation is as great as the citizens of which it is composed. A nation of men is virile and strong; a nation of weaklings is an eye-sore on the map of the world.

The United States today is holding classes in Higher Manhood in all the various camps and cantonments throughout the country. She has enlisted the services of every teacher in every college in the land, and they have all pledged themselves to follow her curriculum with scrupulous care and exactness.

It is an easy task for the training officers in camp to push forward their pupils by leaps and bounds to the goal of ideal manhood, but for the teacher in the classroom it is not such a simple manner. On the tented plains, war is real. The chariot of Mars is seen speeding across the roads of the camp streets, her battle cry rings out on the air with every breeze that comes from Flanders, her grim determination is echoed in every order of the commanding officers: but within the peaceful limits of the classroom walls it is difficult to assure children that War is knocking at the gates beyond in an effort to take their stronghold. France is at war, they know. England and Italy are also engaged in the struggle, but that does

not in the least affect them. Perhaps at some future time they may take a little interest in the conflict, but at present it is too distant to be real!

Youth is ever thoughtless. It leaves the future to take care of itself while it is engaged in strangling the present moment. It never stops to consider the possibility that a little way ahead on the road of life the grim, silent figure of the Angel of Death is waiting for its toll.

Youth is ever weaving dreams and building castles. It is beyond its power to realize that while it stands at the loom with the unfinished tapestry, giving promise of a masterpiece of art, the Fates may wait with open shears, ready to cut the skien. Youth stands in childish glee watching the glorious pile of the stately castle rise, stone upon stone, till its towers break the gossamer threads of the fleecy clouds, and flood the landscape with sunshine. But as it watches, can it hear the fleet-footed messengers on the road sounding the trumpet call "To Arms!"?

To many a young man the visage of War is as terrible as the goblins that infested the nursery and crowded their dreams with horrors.

The teacher must lift the vizar of Mars and show to the frightened child the smiling, kindly face of a friend. Let Youth ride out on the fields with trusty Manhood and learn the meaning of duty and respect for lawful authority. Let them roam through the City of Tents together, and watch the workings of the marvelous machine which sifts out the cockle of self-will and self-interest from the priceless wheat of common good and public utility. Let them sit down together on the hillside and learn the secrets of the human heart as revealed in every possible variety in the thousands of men before their gaze. Finally, spirit them over the treacherous seas, pausing in their flight to fathom the depths, incomparably greater than the deepest ocean, to which one type of manhood has fallen in the vice-like grip of Tyranny and Autocracy, let them wing their flight to the battle fields of France and see the valiant sons of Duty and Honor spurn the weakness of the flesh, cast off, in their flight from worldly pleasures, the coat of many colors which bound them to the things of flesh. Swifter than the panting engines of the giant motors have their hearts flown Heavenward to kneel before the throne of the King of Kings, the God of Battles and the Brother of Men. This is the bond of union between the allied nations. Their bodies may be consecrated to the cause of a cherished nation, but their souls are consecrated to God, who has blessed the cause for which they fight.

Speeding home on the wings of Peace, our young men will have learned the meaning of discipline, appreciation of others, a respectful knowledge of their fellowmen and an unfailing loyalty to God.

When our young men have learned these lessons and mould their lives in the great crucible of War and model them on a Christ-like pattern, then the United States of America, and every nation of the world, will enjoy the God-given gift of lasting peace.

THE COLLEGE STUDENT AND THE WAR

BY HERBERT HOOVER, UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATOR

(From the Patriotic News Service of the National Committee of Patriotic Societies, Washington, D. C.)

TO THE COLLEGE MEN OF AMERICA I address myself with confidence, a confidence born of unforgettable experience. In the relief work of Belgium, most of the actual work of the Commission in the occupied territory was done by young American collegians. Each time a call was made for volunteers many more than asked for offered their services. And those that were chosen performed their duties, not only effectively, but with a spirit of devotion that made their service beyond praise. They combined idealism and efficiency. It is the combination that moves the world forward.

Today all the young college men of America face a special responsibility and duty. At no time in the world's history has the technically trained mind been at a higher premium. And this need for it and demand on it will continue after the war is over. Hence the young man in college is faced with a serious problem. He must ask himself: Is the immediate need of me by my country in my present stage of training greater than this need will be later, and when I have acquired a higher training? This is a question, the clear answer to which cannot be indicated for all by a single formula, because the young men in college find themselves under varying circumstances. Yet, an answer in general terms of some helpfulness may be made.

To the younger men, the lower classmen, only beginning their professional training. I say: Keep on with your college work. If the war lasts long you will be needed more later than now; and you will be better qualified to fill the need then. If the war ends soon, there will still be urgent need for your help in the necessary great work of reconstruction and rehabilitation. The more advanced your training, the more mature your judgment, the more valuable you will be. So try to possess yourself in patience and stick to your college work.

To the upper classmen, I would say: Hold yourself ready to respond to your country's present need at any moment. Where you see your way clear to make your training useful, do not hesitate to follow the way. But you, too, should remember that every additional month or semester of training will make you a more effective helper to your country in this time

of its emergency, ever growing more critical. So be willing and ready to go out, but go in no thoughtless hurry, nor merely to satisfy the natural restlessness of the moment.

Finally, to both lower and upper classmen, and to the great army of American college and university graduates, I would say: The country looks to you for justification of the advantages it has given or is now giving you. You are a privileged class. All special privilege brings special responsibility and special duty. Yours is the advantage of the expanded mind and the uplifted spirit. Your knowledge of the conditions and needs of your country, and your understanding of the real meaning of patriotism should be beyond those of the many denied your privilege. Therefore, your response to the call of your country's need should be quicker, more insistent, more persistent and more ready to adapt itself to any form of this need than that of the privileged many. You have already responded nobly to the call of the colors. But not all of you can march to battle; not all of you should try to go, but all who should not or cannot, and all who are sticking to their work of making themselves fitter for their future service can still serve, and serve now. There is very much that you can do right now.

I would call your attention to just one of the many ways in which you can help, and help importantly. It is the way to insuring the absolutely necessary food supply to ourselves, and to our Allies.

Especially must the matter of the food supply of our Allies be stressed. The vital world problem of food is not generally understood. The popular view is too self-centered, too selfish—to use an ugly word. It does not look across the sea. The back-wash of Europe's misery does not carry to our shores. We do not know, and hence cannot feel, the pangs of hunger, and pain of hunger weakness that are everywhere in Europe. They are pains felt by our Allies, as well as by our foes. We must make this known to all our people, that all our people may understand the great and indispensable and immediate role they must play in this all-important part of the war-situation. You who can readily understand, must help.

You can impress on the people around you, and wherever you go, the fact that the critical phase of the world food problem is now, not the question of high or low prices, but the question of producing and saving and sending enough food to our Allies to keep them alive and strong and steadfast in war. The critical question now in this war is the question of the actual physical strength of the fighting nations.

You can understand it, and you can explain it. You can help us let the people of this country know that our Allies depend absolutely on us to maintain their food supply. They, themselves, simply cannot do it. If it is not

done for them by us, the end of the war is near, and it is a bad end, an inconceivably bad end. From every American college man the country expects the truest devotion, the truest patriotism and the highest service. And it will get it. You will give it.

*—

AVE ATQUE VALE!

WITH THIS ISSUE, THE SPRINGHILLIAN completes its fifty-seventh year. Starting as The Spring Hill Album in 1861, it has been issued under various forms and titles, and has ably withstood the wear and tear of the strenuous periods through which it has passed.

It were a sad fate, indeed, if in this year, above all others, The College Journal failed in its mission.

The eyes of the nation are turned on the American Colleges. They jealousy watch every favored mortal who passes through the portals of our institutions of learning with a testimonial of work ably done and character acquired through dogged discipline. These are the men of the hour.

American men can be had in millions, but these men, without a leader, would turn out a mob. Men of high calibre are needed to officer and lead these mighty forces to victory.

The College men of the country have proudly and generously answered the call of the Nation. They have gone off in such numbers that the enrollment of all colleges was badly shattered for a time.

This enlistment gave birth to a new duty for the College Magazine. Wishing to honor her sons, Alma Mater has hardly any more fit means at her disposal than through the pages of her official publication. Therein is the reason and purpose for its existence: "To record activities of the student body and keep a register of the activities of her Alumni." In the future the College Magazine will be the only means of commemorating those of her sons who are taking part in the gigantic struggle which is going on today. This is a fitting service, a sacred duty and a glorious privilege.

If any events are to be recorded in the history of the Student body, certainly, the valorous deeds of the "old boys" who are taking part in this, the greatest struggle of the world's history should not be omitted or relegated to a modest corner. With this understanding, it was our intention to adorn the present issue with the pictures of our boys at the front and in the training camps, and hand them down to future generations as an inspiration to higher ideals and a glory for dear old Spring Hill. But lack of cooperation on the part of the Alumni and existing circumstances have prevented us from executing our purpose. We have been forced to content ourselves with concentrating their glorious record into one brilliant star which

will serve as a beacon light to guide the course of coming generations. That North Star of Service on our proud banner will never fail its light and never dim the lustre it has shed on our Alma Mater.

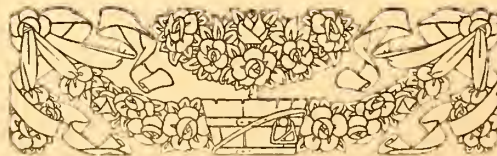
And our class of '18!

"What! gone without a word!
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it."

The graduates who have just bade farewell to Alma Mater have won for themselves a reputation that will long endure. The class of '18 has been unanimously proclaimed the best class that has ever left Spring Hill. This may appear bromidic, but the high place that each member of that class holds on the roll of honor bears fitting testimony to the truth of the valuation. We regret to see these beloved colleagues depart, leaving behind them no permanent record of their splendid achievements. If any class should have the honor and admiration of posterity, the class of '18 merits a lion's share.

As we lay down the editorial pen, we are conscious of having fallen short of the ideals we set ourselves, but we would that our "last faltering accents whispered praise"—praise and gratitude to our Alumni who are sacrificing their lives for our peace and safety; praise and god-speed to our departing Seniors who are stepping out into a troubled world and bravely marching forth to join the ranks of their brothers on tented and shell-torn plains. We congratulate them on their splendid record in the past, and unhesitatingly predict an untarnished record for the future.

"And ye also shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve."





Communications



WITH A. E. F., FRANCE,
MARCH 19, 1918

Dear Father: Your old friend is now a bombardier, and thinks it is the best branch of the service. For the past two weeks I have been doing all kinds of work, mostly flying, and I find that it is not all play. It's alright to play center on a football squad, but here a fellow has to be the whole team. But by the time this letter reaches you, this team will be on the front fighting the Bosches, and, believe me, this will be one time when the "Rat" will catch the cat. I intend to rush the ball into the enemy territory and keep them away from our goal. Oh, for a few touchdowns! We have plenty of Spring Hill rooters over, and the spectators can look forward to a good game. Harry Hughes is over here some place, and he will send the score to the old Mobile Register. I have been looking around for "Meat Hooks" Fromhie. If we only had the old team together over here we could change that old slogan to "Ask Wilhelm!"

Our boys in the trenches are doing fine work, and we are very proud of them. They have been getting the best of the Boche in every argument, and have captured a few trenches.

When I get to the front I will try to write you an interesting letter and try to tell you how it feels to be killing Boches. I hope I will be able to settle my little score with them before I stop a few. Believe me, I won't stop till I have stopped a few of those guys.

I reluctantly bid you good-bye, as I have a busy day before me tomorrow, and I don't get any too much sleep.

With best regards to all the Faculty and the boys,
Your devoted friend,

GEORGE RATTERMAN



March 29, 1918

Dear Father: I have been thinking of you and the College all this week, and I would like to be with you at this season. Sunday I will be with you in spirit, and my thoughts will return to the many Easters I spent at Spring Hill. This is the day the boys come out of retreat! How I wish I could have been with you this year. It would be like a refreshing drink to a thirtsy man. One gets very lax about religious matters if he is not careful over here. It would be a great thing if some English-speaking priests were scattered throughout France, near the American camps. I am going to confession tomorrow, but cannot make it in French yet, so I have to use the mother tongue. It will seem very strange to me, and perhaps more strange to the confessor, but I know that Almighty God will understand me, and my only difficulty will be to understand my penance.

I go to the Y. M. C. A. every now and then and hear something of a sermon. They leave out the flourishes, and talk straight from the shoulder. I have in mind one in-

stance which I remember, speaking of the trail of Christ, the preacher said, "There was no trail; He was simply railroaded." This kind of language reaches some of the men, and I know that it makes quite an impression.

I am ready to go to the front, and am very anxious to get started. We could go on "leave," but I would rather stay here and look about the surrounding country. It is very beautiful and interesting.

Please excuse this rambling letter. My thoughts are worse than the letter. They are like lost sheep. I can't keep them together by any means I have tried so far.

Good-bye, Father. Don't forget to pray for me. Remember me to all at dear old Spring Hill.

Your devoted friend,

GEORGE RATTERMAN,

American Air Service, A. E. F. France



Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.

My Dear Editor: Allow me through the pages of The Springhillian to express the appreciation I feel at the splendid send-off given me by the old boys of Spring Hill. The manner in which the Faculty and Students bade me good-by has only made Spring Hill the more dear to me. I shall always remember the boys of Spring Hill as one of the most willing, obedient and gentlemanly fellows I have ever had to deal with.

It was owing to this spirit of willingness and obedience that we were able to turn out the winning aggregation for the football season of '17-'18. It was because the green men listened carefully and attentively to my instructions that they turned out the splendid players the football enthusiasts witnessed in the memorable game with Howard.

This same spirit won for Spring Hill the team that gave the strong Camp Shelby nine such a good run for its money in baseball. It was only this spirit, manifested throughout the year, that made athletics possible at Spring Hill, and it was this same spirit that made my stay at the old College a pleasant and enjoyable one.

With the same players for next year and the same manifestation of good will and "pep," the coming season should be one long list of victories. Besides, with the strongest players taken from the opposing teams by the draft call, it will be an easy matter for men who held these fellows to a tight score, if they didn't wrench victory from them, to win all sorts of championships.

With sincerest congratulations to every man on the team which played such splendid ball against Shelby, and with every good wish for success, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

W. S. HOFFMANN, Athletic Director,

Y. M. C. A. Unit 85, Camp Sevier,

Greenville, S. C.

Note—The players wish to thank Mr. Hoffman, in turn, for his excellent direction and the high spirit of sportsmanship that he insisted on throughout the year.—(Editor.



ON THE ROAD

Astoria, Oregon

Dear Father: Just a few lines to let you know how I am getting along in the army. I am out here in the mountains of Oregon. The scenery is beyond description, and the climate is unrivalled in any part of the United States.

At present I am in the engineering squad that is building a logging road for the government. The main object of the road is to help in the quick delivery of lumber to the different ship yards, and also to the aeroplane manufacturers of the country that are behind with their work. We expect to be here for several months, as there is plenty of work to be done.

How is old Spring Hill and all the boys? I surely wish I were there again! I have often missed the old place, and would like to run back to see what changes have come over it. I don't know whether any of my old teachers are there at present. I would enjoy meeting them again. As soon as work slackens up on this job, I will write you a long letter. Wishing you and old Spring Hill the best of luck, I am,

Yours sincerely,

T. J. KELLY,

457th Squad Engineers,

Cr. Towhy Bros., Astoria, Ore.



APPRECIATION

U. S. Civil Service Commission,
Washington, D. C., April 29, 1918

The Edoitor, Springhillian:

The Commission acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a copy of The Springhillian, which contains an announcement of the Government's need for stenographers and typewriters and other workers. Such help is especially valuable at this time, when workers of all kinds are in great demand.

By direction of the Commission:

Very respectfully,

JOHN A. McILHENNY, President



OLD TIMES

U. S. Aviation Corps,
Somewhere in England,
May 10, 1918.

Editor Springhillian, Spring Hill College:

Dear Sir—Was very much surprised today upon going through my mail to find a copy of The Springhillian, which had been sent me at Fort Sill. It seemed like old times to read it.

The picture of Lieutenant Van Heuval was very good. I saw "Dutch" in Atlanta before I was sent to training camp. I have not seen him over here yet, but may run into him at any time. Please send me the list of the S. H. C. boys in service. You can be sure that the S. H. C. boys will do their share and be there at the finish to receive the honors they will merit. If any one doubts this—"Ask Howard!"

Best regards to all the boys, and tell them to keep on winning, and we will do the same over here. Yours,

VIVIAN HERBERT BRADY,

Sgt. 1st. Cl., 137th Aero Squad,

U. S. Air Service,

London, S. W. 1, England

NOTE—Brady is one of the smallest men in the U. S. Army. He was under regulation size, but they couldn't keep him out of the fight. He obtained special permission

to enlist, and has already justified the action of the one who granted it. He has a splendid record, and we await news of some big things from him. He is only small in stature. Good luck, Vivian!



Our College Boys in the Service

Supply Office, 347th Infantry,
Camp Pike, Ark., April 20, 1918

Dear Editor: Your kind letter and the accompanying three numbers of The Springhillian gave me a great deal of pleasure; I promptly turned over to the Knights of Columbus Hall here two of the numbers, and I am sure the fellows will enjoy looking over them. Apart from this, some stray alumnus may idly pick up the magazine, and this may be the means of his getting in touch with you. You asked me to submit the names of the fellows I know who are in the service. Compiled from a list I have made of those I've met personally, I send the following:

Roger Reed, B. S. '09, battalion sergeant major, artillery or engineers (I didn't get a good look at his hat-cord).

Robert Breard, A.B. '07, first lieutenant infantry.

Philip J. Schoen, ex-A. B. '17, sergeant, artillery.

John Metzger, engineers (B. S., '13).

William Henderson, ex-B. S. '12, infantry.

Andrew T. Beary, ex-A. B. '11, infantry.

Andre Delaune, ex-B. S. '12, sanitary train.

Clarence Wohner, B. S. '11, artillery.

John Viguere, ex-something-or-other, infantry.

Paul Slattery, ex-B. S. '12, infantry (Camp Beauregard, La.)

Herman Gervais, B. S. '13, ordnance troop, Camp Bowie, Texas.

Louis Moresi, sergeant, quartermaster Corps, B. S. 10.

Frank Gillespie, K. of C. secretary, Camp Gordon, Ga. (A. B. '15).

And, least of all, myself—sergeant, infantry.

I am enclosing a picture of myself. I look rather severe, but I have the dignity of a sergeant to uphold. I am sorry the stripes of my rank don't show in the photograph, but I could easily send my warrant along in case of doubt. After all, it isn't the rank that a man holds in the army that makes the soldier—it's the spirit of sacrifice, that the merest buck private in the rear rank has made as well as the commissioned officer. And, I tell you, this draft has caused a multitude of men to make bitter sacrifices. But I feel that the time has come for everybody to do their utmost in order that the world might sooner readjust itself to its former civilized mode of living. When will it all end, and how? We know the how—it can only end in victory for the Allies, for we intend to fight it out, if it takes a quarter of a century.

Since I have been in the service I have been much surprised, and also pleased, at the amount of attention that is given the soldiers. I, for this once, wish I were the hydra-headed monster, so that I could proclaim to all the points of the compass with a voice of thunder, the splendid spirit of patriotism of the Little Rock people, particularly the Catholics, who manifest this spirit towards us soldiers stationed here at Camp Pike, in various ways. Least of these, for they do greater things, is dancing. Tuesdays and Thursdays, two of the leading Catholic women of Little Rock bring a party of girls out here for the express purpose of dancing with the soldiers at the Knights of Columbus

hall. Fancy these splendid girls generously giving of their time and laying aside their careful training, to come out here and dance with a bunch of unknown soldiers, simply to keep them away from the wickedness that necessarily follows an army, when that army is encamped just outside a city's gates. It is a wonderful thought, and I know that such a thing is unheard of in the Northern camps—this is just a repetition, a re-birth of the women of the Confederacy. Then, the older ladies have organized themselves into what is called the Joan of Arc Club—Wednesday afternoons they meet out here to do all mending and sewing that is needed by the soldiers. In the city itself, it is the same way. Certain clubs have been founded that permit of the soldier eating a home-like Sunday dinner with a family in home-like surroundings. Each member takes a turn at entertaining one or more at dinner.

My Dear Father, you want me to send you an article on some timely subject; don't bother to reserve space in the June issue for me, for I simply can't send a thing. I know that I was guilty of undue optimism some few months ago, when I spoke about a contemplated article on Camp Pike. Training camps have been done to death in the magazines and papers, and I can add nothing to what has already been expressed concerning the war. I'm afraid I am far from original, and I should only prove myself a bore if I were to make a serious literary effort now. In the words of the has-beens, "I'm not in form." I admit that in my senior year I was styled a demon with the quill, and turned out reams of stuff, but now—quantum mutatus ab illo, alas! Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis. My literary endeavors nowadays are confined to letters, strictly. My most interesting and satisfactory correspondent is Frank Gillespie ("Floss" to the old-timers); we have managed to keep in touch with each other, although at times we were almost at opposite ends of the earth. In all the years since I have left S. H. C. (one would think I was a patriarchal alumnus) I have not seen Gillespie, but I am sure he hasn't changed one jot. Of my classmates, I know nothing. They mysteriously dropped out of my sight along in 1914. Druhan, I understand, is preparing for a greater army than it lies in the power of mere man to muster. Tarleton and Barker, I know, finished in medicine. Beyond this fact, I'm completely in the dark. Braud may be right here in Camp Pike, for all I know. Plauche and Slattery, to me, amount to pleasant memories of bygone years. Woulfe, I've seen in the last two years but for a very short time. And how sure we were when we parted that memorable June, 1913, that we would stick together; we were imbued with wonderful brotherly affection. I doubt now if I could round them up for a special reunion. And so it goes.

Of my work, I shall only say it is interesting. Office work has been my forte, and I feel that I am entitled to the rank of "clerk supreme." Since my advent in the cold, cruel world, after the warmth and protection of old S. H. C., I've tried many things, and I always go back to "clerical" work when everything else has failed. My promotion to the rank of sergeant was given me in recognition of my good clerical work. Do you know, Father, I doubt seriously if I could go through the manual of arms if my life depended on it? I've drilled just two weeks, in the whole time I've been in service, and that was in the recruit depot, without a rifle, and in civilian clothes. But in the field, my job is anything but the sinecure it seems. The supply company of an organization is most often in worse danger than the men in the front line trenches. Needless to say, I am very anxious to get to France. I hope the time is near when I can go.

Now, Father and Associate Editors, I think I have said enough. When I feel another literary effusion coming on, I shall hasten to this old Underwood and send you another letter. "Flashes from the Front" would be a good title for a series, wouldn't it? Well, when I get across, I'll surely edit said "Flashes." Until then, expect nothing from me concerning this virile and colorful life in a training camp, which I shall not

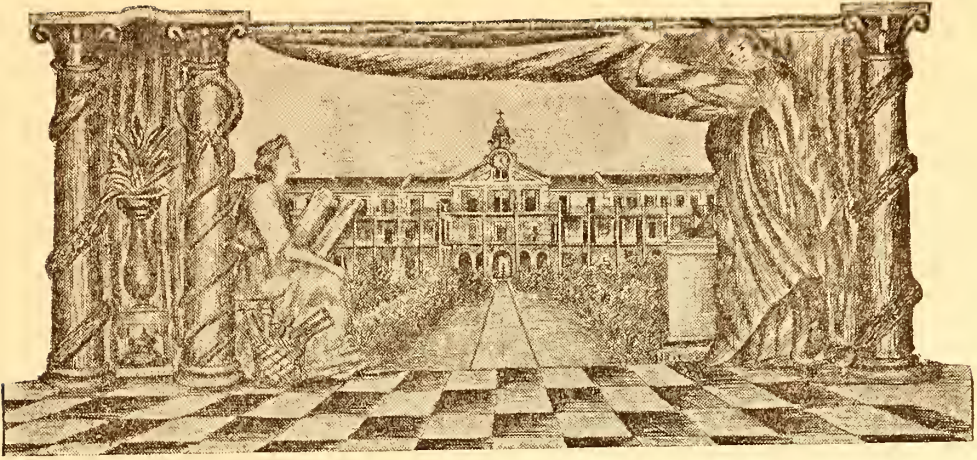
write about, for the simple reason that it isn't a bit virile and colorful. This was a pet phrase of Gillespie's, every time he'd write to me, nearly. He wanted descriptions of the life I was living, "it was so virile and colorful"—I don't think!

Give my very best regards to all the Fathers, particularly Father de la Moriniere and Father Ruhlman, with whose niece (or cousin) I am corresponding. We've never seen each other; she saw my name in *The Springhillian*, and wrote to me, and it has kept up to this day—that was before Christmas, too. Kindest regards also to Fathers Cummings, Rittmeyer, Fazarkerly, etc. I think of the old days very often, and my gratitude to the Jesuits grows every day until it has assumed tremendous proportion now.

Sincerely,

FRANK PROHASKA,
Sergeant Supply Office, 347th Infantry,
Camp Pike, Arkansas





DIARY

- APRIL 1—Whole holiday. Easter Monday.
 3—Monthly exhibition by the Physics Class.
 7—Elocution contest for gold medal.
 8—Rev. Fr. de Potter visits College.
 9—Half holiday. Mobile "Bears" play on S. H. C. diamond.
 10—Fire at Hill. Students do splendid work.
 12—Half holiday. Students and Faculty take part in Liberty Loan parade.
 14—A. M.: English medal competition.
 P. M.: S. H. C. meets Mobile "Bears" at Monroe Park.
 16—Group picture taken of Faculty and Student body.
 17—Half holiday—Patronage of St. Joseph.
 18—Students attend opening of Southern League in town.
 21—Competition for Latin medal. Varsity plays Thoss-Crowns.
 26—Spring Hill meets Gulf Coast nine.
 29—Rev. Father Provincial makes annual visit.
- MAY 1—Whole holiday. Reception to Sodalists. Freshman exhibition.
 5—Team goes to Pascagoula.
 7—Half holiday. Latin premium competition.
 10—Provincial grants holiday. Team goes to play Gulf Coast.
 14—Half holiday. English prize competition. Junior Academy picnic.
 15—Yenni Literary Circle repeats play in town for Red Cross.
 17—College takes part in Red Cross parade in Mobile.

- 21—Half holiday. English premium competition. Junior Band picnic.
- 22—Full holiday. S. H. C. Dramatic Society presents "Major Dalton, U. S. A.," at Lyric Theater for Red Cross War Fund; realizes \$1,092.
- 27—Fire in Junior Study Hall.
- 28—Half holiday. Mathematics prize competitions. Senior Band picnic.
- 29—Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart begun. Rev. Fr. Provincial makes short visit.
- 30—Corpus Christi procession.

- JUNE
- 1—Death of Lady Mary McGill. Team plays Camp Shelby at Hattiesburg.
 - 2—Reception of St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society.
 - 4—Full holiday given by Fr. President for heroic work during fire.
 - 7—Feast of Sacred Heart. Half holiday. Reception of promoters.
 - 9—Baccalaureate sermon by Father Macdonnell, S. J.
 - 11—Half holiday to rest for exams. Graduates examined.
 - 12—Annual examinations.
 - 13—Annual examinations.
 - 14—Eighty-eighth Annual Commencement at Battle House. Omicron Sigma Fraternity gives annual dance at Battle House in evening.



CHRONICLE

ANNUAL
RETREAT

The Annual Retreat was given by Rev. M. Walsh, S. J., from Loyola University, New Orleans, La. The students were a source of edification during their three days of recollection and silence. Realizing that this year is one of unexpected demands, they worked hard to prepare themselves to meet the exigencies of the hour in the spirit of true Christian and Catholic manhood.

PHYSICS CLASS
EXHIBITION

April 3 the members of the Physics Class entertained the Faculty and Student body with one of the most interesting exhibitions of the year. The subject of the exhibition was "Sound Waves." A thorough and comprehensive explanation of the nature and transmission of sound was given by members of the class, and illustrated in a novel and entertaining manner. Oscar Bienvenu is to be especially complimented on his excellent direction of his aggregation of musical marvels who so ably drew forth liquid notes from their "pop" bottles.

ELOCUTION
CONTEST

The annual Elocution Contest was held on April 7, in the Exhibition Hall. There was a welcome departure from the time-worn selections, but some of the stand-bys cropt in again. The gold medal for the Collegiate section was awarded to T. P. Diaz. Dennis Curren was given second place. The gold medal in the Academic section was won by Denis Burguires. Second place was obtained by M. Mahorner. The judges were Hon. George E. Crawford, Judge Jos. N. McAleer and Mr. Wm. Cowley.

FIRE AT
HILL STORE

On Wednesday evening, April 10, just after the students had retired for the evening, a call came from the Hill, announcing that the two stores had taken fire! The boys didn't wait for a second invitation to act as volunteers. Their work in preventing the spread of the fire won for them the thanks and congratulations of all the residents. The fire succeeded in destroying the stores of J. M. McPhillips and Hufstetter-Crabtree, causing a loss approximating \$25,000. The loss would have been considerably greater if it had not been for the salvage work of the students.

LIBERTY LOAN
AND RED CROSS
PARADES

On April 12, the students took part in the Liberty Loan parade in Mobile to push the drive. The long line of marchers won rounds of applause from the observation stand. Father President and members of the Faculty also marched in line. The Red Cross

parade to introduce "Red Cross Week" in Mobile also saw the students in line, each carrying their Red and White flag, and lustily aiding the success of the drive.

**SODALITY
RECEPTION**

On May 1, the solemn reception of candidates into the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception was held in the College Chapel, at 6:30 a. m. Rev. Father Provincial delivered the sermon and received the successful candidates. He was assisted in the receptoin and investiture by Father F. I. Macdonnell and Fr. J. C. Kearns, the directors of the Senior and Junior Sodalities.

**FRESHMAN CLASS
EXHIBITION**

Though May the first was a holiday, the Freshman Class released the students from morning study hall to witness an exhibition of their class work. It was indeed a pleasant substitution. The program, though long, was both instructive and entertaining. A specimen of the work of the class in Latin and Greek was given, followed by lucid explanations of the difficulties of trigonometry. Victor Baudier crowned himself with laurels by his Latin introductory speech. The Class of '21 is to be congratulated on maintaining the excellent reputation they have so long held.

**Y. L. C. REPEATS
PLAY IN TOWN**

The Yenni Literary Circle repeated their midyear production of "A Pair of Spectacles" at St. Joseph's Hall. The play was given to assist the local Red Cross Chapter, and served as a fitting close for a bizarre which had been in operation during the afternoon. The members of the academy acted with an ease and confidence that gave no indication of the short notice they had received. Denis Burguières at times improvised a play of his own, but, fortunately, the rest of the cast were in league with him, and the result was that the minor details were gracefully omitted.

**"MAJOR DALTON,
U. S. A."**

The Spring Hill Dramatic Association won high commendation for the excellent staging of their military drama, "Major Dalton, U. S. A." The play was given for the benefit of the Red Cross War Fund, under the auspices of the Mobile Chapter. The performance netted over a thousand dollars for the fund, the largest sum realized by any similar effort in the city. Mr. Julius T. Wright, of the U.M.S., gave a glowing tribute to Spring Hill College in his speech at the end of the play. Following his speech, the vice-président of the College read the list of the alumni in the service. The Delchamps-Heiter Printing Company contributed the pro-

grams as its quota to the fund. The canteen committee realized a very neat sum from the sale of punch during the intermissions. Through the pages of The Springhillian, the students wish to thank those who labored for the success of the evening.

FIRE IN JUNIOR STUDY HALL

The fire in the Junior Study Hall on the evening of May 27, amounted to little more than a diversion to lads tired of waiting for examinations. The damages were slight, and before the boys left in June, all traces of the grim visitor had disappeared. Some of the senior students were ready to attend the closing of the Red Cross drive in Mobile, and take part in the musical program, but they gladly put aside their trip for the more enjoyable occupation of fire-fighting. The students are to be congratulated on their excellent work on this occasion. Had it not been for their efficient management, the fire might have proven a great disaster. In appreciation of this benefit, Father President afterwards granted the boys a full holiday.

SENIOR BAND

The Senior Band deserves the highest praise for its excellent work during the last session. Anyone listening to their excellent rendition of the difficult fantasia they played at the Lyric Theatre would have found it hard to believe that the organization began to crawl (and bawl) just a few months previous to their appearance. We hope to see them get down to serious work from the start of the next session, and give us some stirring martial music during drill practice.

COACH LEAVES FOR CAMP WORK

On May 14, the student body went up to the car line to bid farewell to Coach Hoffman, who was leaving for Camp Sevier. Mr. Hoffman is to take charge of the athletics at the camp, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. During his short stay at Spring Hill, he won for himself the good will and confidence of all the boys. Ever the perfect gentleman himself, he labored to instill the same gentlemanly principles in the members of his various teams, and his success was manifested in the excellent sportsmanship of his players. Coach Hoffman has been called the "Miracle Man," a name which he won for himself by his production of winning teams from green material. The Springhillian wishes him all possible success in his new field of activity.

NOVENAS

For the first time in many years there were novenas of benediction held after the students' mass in preparation for the Feast of St. Francis Xavier and the Sacred Heart. The students entered into the spirit of these novenas with

a zest that showed a solid manly piety. Owing to the efforts of Father F. I. Macdonnell, S. J., the boys received printed leaflets with the prayers for the Novena of Grace and the Novena to the Sacred Heart. That these novenas have been productive of much good has already been made manifest in various ways, and the future will make clearer still the wonderful fruits which have been derived.

**SANCTUARY
SOCIETY
RECEIVES
MEMBERS**

For the first time in the history of the college, as far as we have been able to learn, the members of the St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society were solemnly received on June 2. The ceremonies followed the prescribed formula in the Society manual, and greatly resembled the reception of minor orders. Father Macdonnell gave a short address to the members, and received them into the society. He was assisted by Mr. W. J. Burns, S. J., the moderator of the society. The altar boys are to be sincerely congratulated for their excellent work during the year. Their fidelity and reverence in serving at the altar has been a source of edification to faculty and students.

**CORPUS CHRISTI
PROCESSION**

The feast of Corpus Christi was ushered in with an ideal day, and in the evening at 5:30 the customary procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the College grounds was held. The procession was formed at the Students' Chapel, and, headed by the cross, it wended its way down the shaded walks to the altars erected on the grounds for the occasion. Two benedictions were given outside the chapel, and the third was given upon the return to the main altar. The students and members of the choir and altar society were in line, and the graduates, in cap and gown, carried the canopy or served as "Guards of Honor." The ceremony was very simple, but therein consists its beauty and power to move and stir the heart to devotion. During the procession the band and choir alternated in celebrating the praises of the Blessed Sacrament. We take this occasion to compliment the choir for the high excellence it consistently maintained throughout the whole year.

**LEAGUE OF THE
SACRED HEART**

The solemn reception of seventeen new promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart took place on the morning of the Feast, immediately after mass. The diplomas and crosses were blessed by Father Macdonnell, who also gave a few stirring words on the meaning of the Sacred Heart in the life of the College boy, and the great field of activity for promoters of the league. Badges of the Sacred Heart were given to all the students after the services.

**MILITARY TRAINING
UNDER ARMY
OFFICERS**

If present plans work out, military training under the direction of United States Army Officers will be installed at Spring Hill College next fall. The plan has been proposed by the Government, and offers every advantage to the student, for enrollment does not make the student any more liable to call than under existing conditions, but gives the added advantage of previous military training and the opportunity of a commission.

The Secretary of War authorizes the following announcement:

"In order to provide military instruction for the college students of the country during the present emergency, a comprehensive plan will be put into operation. Military instruction under officers and non-commissioned officers of the army, will be provided in every institution of college grade, which enrolls 100 or more able-bodied students over the age of eighteen. The necessary military equipment will, so far as possible, be provided by the Government. There will be created a military unit in each institution.

"Enlistment will be purely voluntary, but enlistment will constitute the student a member of the Army of the United States, liable to active duty at the call of the President. It will, however, be the policy of the Government not to call the members of the training units to active duty until they have reached the age of twenty-one, unless urgent military necessity compels an earlier call. Students under eighteen, and therefore not legally eligible for enlistment, will be encouraged to enroll in the training units. Provision will be made for coordinating the Reserve Officers' Training Corps system, which exists in about one-third of the collegiate institutions, with this broader plan."

Military training has been in demand for a long time at Spring Hill, and now that the opportunity presents itself, students are requested to thoughtfully consider the proposition. This new policy aims to accomplish a two-fold object: First, to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges; and, second, to prevent unnecessary and wasteful depletion of the colleges through indiscriminate volunteering by offering to the students a definite and immediate military status. Later announcement will be made of the details of the new system.

**EIGHTY-EIGHTH
COMMENCEMENT**

On June 14, the eighty-eighth commencement was held at the Battle House Auditorium. The exercises were austere in their simplicity, but impressive in their solemnity. The usual address to the graduates and the valedictory were dispensed with in deference to the expressed wish of the President to have all college commencements as simple as possible. The program was mostly musical, and was rendered with the same excellent interpretation which has won for the College Orchestra such sincere praise on all of its appearances during the year. Edward O'Dowd was present in uniform, and the hall fairly rang with applause when he had the

gold medal for good conduct pinned on his khaki coat. Eddie, in service only two months, has already received the post of corporal. This predicts well for his future advancement. The Springhillian wishes prosperity and the blessings of God, in their future undertakings to the graduates of 1918.

CONDOLENCES

The cause of education in Mobile lost a strong defender and a generous benefactor in the death of Lady Mary McGill, who died on June 1, at the Providence Infirmary. Lady Mary and her sister, Lady Sarah, who died October, 1916, were both noted for their wide charity. Spring Hill was the recipient of many generous donations from their hands. They received the title of "Matrons of the Holy Sepulcher" from Pope Benedict. To be a Lady in the court where the throne of Christendom is founded is an honor that few can boast, for few have merited it. It belongs to the unblemished life; it is the acknowledgment of wide-spreading charities, and it comes as a seal of approval on works done for God, not indeed as a reward, but as a recognition. It betokens an honor that is not so much of earth as of Heaven. Such is the honor conferred on the departed Ladies, a right to celestial peerage, which is purchased by nobility of life alone. R. I. P.

STAFF AND BASEBALL BANQUETS

On Monday, June 10, The Springhillian Staff and the members of the varsity baseball team held their annual banquet. It was the most cheerful and happy gathering of the year. At the end of the courses the votes were taken for the officers of the 1919 team. Dennis Curren was elected captain, and John Robinson, manager. In the acceptance speeches both officers were high in their praise of the encouragement and kindness shown the team this year by Mr. Arthur Morton, S. J., the prefect of the senior yard and director of athletics.

ORDINATIONS AND VOWS

On the feast of Pentecost at Montreal, Canada, Messrs. George McHardy, S. J., and Facundus Carbajal, S. J., were raised to the priesthood. Mr. McHardy is an alumnus of Spring Hill College, and Mr. Carbajal was a professor at the college for several years. The Springhillian wishes them years of happiness and usefulness in their exalted vocation. On the 15th of August four Spring Hill alumni will pronounce their first vows as members of the Society, in the novitiate at Macon, Ga. They are: James Courtney, ex-A.B. '20; Ross D. Druhan, ex-A.B. '18. Alphonse Shelby, ex-A. B. '17, and Stephen Zieman, ex-A. B. '16. The Springhillian congratulates the young religious on their choice in life, and predicts a brilliant future for them in the work they have undertaken.

SENIOR LOCALS

G. A. SCHWEGMAN, B.S. '19

Members of Quinlan Hall are taking a water treatment! Keller better be careful that "Shrinky" doesn't get shrunk.

—*—

"Modern Improvements" states that Lucedale has now a railroad running through the main street.

—*—

For the Most Popular Boy at the Hill

First PremiumRalph Alexis

Second PremiumEdward Reed

Distinguished.....William Hartwell, P. D. Byrne, August Dorr and Henry Le Sassier.

Note—Dennis Curren having won the gold medal in this branch last year, was not eligible, despite his excellent work.

—*—

Charge of the Midnight Brigade

(After Tennyson—some distance)

Half the hall, Quinlan Hall,

Half the hall onward!

All down the corridor

Marched on and thundered.

Harty to right of them,

P. D. to left of them,

Tramell in front of them.

My! how they blundered!

"Forward! the Midnight Brigade!"

Was there a lad dismayed?

Not, though the rascals knew,

Everyone slumbered.

Their's was a chance to try

How long a bed is dry

While water flows and missiles fly;

Into the rooms they rush—

Rush in and plunder!

When can their folly fade!
Oh, what a noise they made—
While prefects still slumbered!
Think of the fuss they made!
Pity the Midnight Brigade!
Their days are numbered!

—*—

Why do the fires all take place on the Junior side? I suppose it's a good way for the Juniors to get a smoke! Oh, no, "Hattie," not the only way.

—*—

The medal of the Legion of Morpheus has been awarded to John Fabacher for staying at his post during the above raid.

—*—

Willard (after playing "Angel's Serenade")—What do you think of my execution?

Bienvenu (shifting clarinet to other side of mouth)—I'm in favor of it.

—*—

Hillogram to Hoover—How about a few heatless days now?

—*—

Impossibilia!

To keep Bohen from Horne!
To keep Grizzard from the drawing room!
To keep the flies out of the refectory!
To keep Fabacher and Hughes from the chickens!
To keep Sap from flunking!
To keep Keller in class!
To keep Feore from the V.-P.'s office!
To keep Dorn from the infirmary!
To keep P. D. in the yard!
To keep Allen from fighting!
To get a long sleep!
To bum a cigarette!
To keep a pair of tights!
To wake up Theriot!
To shut up Dugas!

To keep Strauss on the ground!
To get Reed home for supper!
To get Crane to sing!
To get some new records for the Victrola!
To get another month of vacations!
To get a commission for the "fire chief!"

—*—

Saving money was too slow for Ziegler. He bought an incubator to hatch eagles on his dollars.

—*—

Isabella "set up" Columbus; but she "turned down" Castagnos!

—*—

It has been suggested that the Compass brothers, Eastern and Western Grizzard, will prove of valuable assistance to the U. S. A. on the farm!

—*—

Ethan Allen has changed his name to Ether Allen. His head is the only thing that gravity can pull on. Experts have declared him lighter than air. Anyone wishing further information, may consult Dorr.

—*—

Andrew is not pressing tents these days, Winling! Send your clothes to Uncle Sam—he can use them in the camps.

—*—

Mike Faherty swam two-thirds across the lake. Upon discovering that he couldn't make the other third—he swam back!

—*—

D'Antoni's Soliloquy

"To go, or not to go! That's the stuff!
Whether 'tis better with foreign Olga
To view the sights at Coney,
Or here remain with local Muff!"

—*—

Dore had his nose smashed. Though broken, he could blow it still.

There was a young fellow named Grizzard,
 Who had as much beard as a lizzard,
 Tried to raise a mustache,
 But 'twas worse than the hash,
 For everyone asked "what is it?"

—*—

HEARTS' DESIRES

Theriot: To take his time.
 Hartwell: A pink envelope.
 Harty: An auto ride.
 W. Curren: Two auto rides.
 Alexis: To catch the last car.
 Fabacher: An ostermoor.
 Schwegman: Texas.
 Ziegler: A game of pool.
 Hughes: Roast chicken
 Castagnos: A walking "Kane."
 Dorr: To learn dancing.
 Tramell: A riot.
 Reed: A frat dance.
 Curren: A late sleep.
 Robinson: Another tableau.

D'Antoni: To take dinner in town.
 Charlet: A bill for the infirmary.
 Eohen: A Horne.
 Baudier: A bottle of olives.
 Horn: A housemaid's knee.
 Anderson: A vinegar cruet.
 Patterson: An audience.
 Staples: A new desk.
 Bienvenu: Another fire.
 Rice: A good laugh.
 Dolson: A letter from Texas.
 Skinner: Lucedale.
 W. Grizzard: A mustache.
 Ratterman: A game of bawl.
 Rodrigue: To keep Dugas quiet.



SAYINGS OF FAMOUS MEN

"Raid and the hall raids with you; sleep, and you pull a bone."—Faubacher.

"Never count your dots before they've seen Eddie Reed."—Schwegman

"Be it ever so homely, there's no face like Snipe's."—Baudier.

"Never keep on till tomorrow what you should have changed today."—Dugas.

"A little rough house now and then is relished by the best of men."—Harty.

"Children should be seen, and also heard."—Rodrigue.

"A chicken on the spit is worth two on the farm."—Hughes.

"'Tis better to have loaned a dime than never to have owned a cent."—Ziegler.

"They also serve who always get there late."—Bohen.

"Time and supper wait for no man."—Reed.

"An hour in bed is worth two in the lake."—Curren.

"All the world loves a Crane."—Bienvenu.

"Coming exams" bring their bills for the infirmary."—Charlet.

"A soldier and his nurse are not soon parted."—Castagnos.

"Full many a cheek is born to blush unseen."—Croci.

"Rubes rush in where farmers fear to tread."—Theriot to Skinner.

"Life is one big loan after another."—Walker.

"Early to bed and late to rise makes a lad pity the other guys."—Keller.



YE YARD GOSSIP

(Apologies to K. C. B.)

"I DON'T understand it."
 * * *
 SAID OSCAR.
 * * *
 WHO IS the SOLE leader
 * * *
 IN HIGH stuff
 * * *
 AND WEARS loud ties,
 * * *
 AND HAS a trench helmet
 * * *
 ON HIS head
 * * *
 AND A BIG smile
 * * *
 TO AIR his teeth
 * * *
 "I DON'T understand it,"
 * * *
 HE SAYS
 * * *
 WHEN THEY tell him
 * * *
 ALL ABOUT it.
 * * *
 "I NEVER heard
 * * *
 OF A FRAT dance.
 * * *
 WE ONLY have
 * * *
 BARN DANCES
 * * *
 IN OPELOUSAS,
 * * *
 AND THERE is one family
 * * *
 THAT FURNISHES the music,
 * * *
 AND ANOTHER family
 * * *
 FURNISHES the dancing.
 * * *
 AND MY family,
 * * *
 WELL, I'M the only one.

THAT GOES, anyhow,
 * * *
 AND I always furnish
 * * *
 THE EATING for them.
 * * *
 IT ISN'T A RUFF house
 * * *
 LIKE A FRAT dance.
 * * *
 THERE IS no PUNCH,
 * * *
 BUT YOU just get
 * * *
 PLENTY OF push,
 * * *
 AND WHEN it's all over
 * * *
 YOU DON'T have to bring
 * * *
 ANY ONE home, and all that,
 * * *
 LIKE YOU fellows do.
 * * *
 BUT YOU just say
 * * *
 GOOD NIGHT,
 * * *
 AND SNEAK in at
 * * *
 THE BACK porch.
 * * *
 I DON'T like these
 * * *
 GAY LIGHTS, anyhow,
 * * *
 AND WALKING flower gardens,
 * * *
 SO IF you'll excuse me
 * * *
 I'LL GO home to a good
 * * *
 OLD BARN dance
 * * *
 IN OPELOUSAS.
 * * *
 I THANK YOU.

SPRING HILL COLLEGE

ROLL OF HONOR

"To the Hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be!"—Halleck.



THE FOLLOWING LIST OF NAMES was read at the Lyric Theatre before the large audience which witnessed the production of the military drama which the Spring Hill College boys staged to help the Red Cross War Fund, and to honor the Alumni of the College who are depending on the ministrations of the same organization of mercy in the terrible maelstrom of suffering and death which the present war is exacting. On the same occasion the Service Flag of the College, made by the loyal students of the Betsy Ross Club of the Visitation Convent in Mobile, was unfurled. As announced by Rev. Andrew Doherty, S.J., Vice-President of Spring Hill College, who read the list, the Roll of Honor has been arranged irrespective of rank; since all these boys, whether privates or officers, are dear to the heart of their Alma Mater. Several names have since been inserted, arriving too late for the original list, bringing the number to 247.

A

Agin, George
Andrepoint, Oscar

B

Ball, Caron
Ball, Leo O.
Bassich, Cyril
Baxter, Rosseau
Beary, Andrew T.
Bienvenu, Lionel
Becker, John T.
Becker, Pierre J.
Becker, James A.

Bernard, Joseph
Berry, W. Dabney
Berthelot, Jos. A.
Bierman, Edward
Blankenstein, Edward
Blackwell, Felix
Bloch, Arnold
Boagni, Paul B.
Bonnabel, Henry J.
Bonneval, de Henry
Bonvillian, Charles
Bourgois, le Paul
Bourgois, Sidney
Burke, Perry
Burns, Thomas J.
Brady, Vivian H.

Braud, Daunis
Breard, Robert M.
Brennan, Edward
Brulatour, Benjamin
Broun, Goronwy
Brown, John
Bryant, Bernard
Byrne, Edward

C

Cady, Thomas A.
Casserly, James C.
Cassidy, Leslie
Cassidy, Joseph
Chapuis, Claud

Chalin, F.
Chalm, Henry
Clements, Jacob
Colomb, Allan
Constanzer, Henry
Costello, Henry
Cowley, Louis T.
Crowell, Edward

D

Daniells, Walter
Deegan, John C.
Delahoussaye, Roy E.
Delaune, Andrew
Delaune, Ervin
Deviney, Edward
Dimitry, Dracos
Dolson, David
Dolson, John
Dowe, Daniel O.
Dowe, Florence
Drago, Robert L.
Ducote, Richard
Dyar, Donald

F

Ferall, James
Finch, Gregory
Flataeur, Adolph
Fossier, D'Hamecourt J.
Fossier, Walter
Frederic, Washington
Fuller, Robert

G

Gallagher, C. Stapleton
Garland, Henry
Garber, James R.
Garborino, James
Gervais, Herman
Gibbons, Gunby
Gibbons, J. Rapier
Gillespie, Francis
Gray, Herbert
Grefer, Archibald
Gremillion, Henry

H

Hahn, Albert
Hamilton, Percy
Haney, Henry
Hanley, John
Harty, Emmet
Harty, Joseph
Hartz, Joseph
Harris, Frank U.
Herbert, Ducote
Henderson, William
Herbert, Ernest
Hickey, Lawrence
Hoffman, George
Hoffman, William S.
Holden, F. Cleary
Holland, Charles
Horkan, George
Horkan, Thomas
Hountha, Joseph
Hymel, David

I

Indes, Pointis E.

J

Johnson, Joseph H.
Johnson, William
Johnson, Arthur

K

Keane, Thomas
Kearns, George
Kearns, Joseph
Kearns, William
Kelly, T. Howard
Kelly, Thomas J.
Kelly, Thomas F.
Kelly, William
Keoughan, James
Klosky, Simon

L

Lange, Clarence J.
Lange, Sidney A.
Lanham, Charles

Lasseigne, George
Le Baron, Charles
Lelong, Anthony
Lindsey, Fred.
Lindsey, James A.
Logan, Joseph S.
Logan, William E.

Mc

McAfee, John C.
McCarthy, George
McCarthy, John
McCarthy, William
McEnnis, Bernard
McEnnis, Eugene
McHatton, Hubbard
McIntyre, Joseph D.
McKenna, Edward P.
McPhillips, Julian

M

Mackin, James
Martell, Joseph
Metzger, John
Meyer, Edwin
Meyer, Emmett
Merihl, Edmond
Moulton, John
Moresi, Louis
Muldowney, Owen
Murphy, Louis H.
Murray, John
Murray, Joseph

N

Neely, Duggan
Neuberger, Lawrence
Nicrosi, William
Nicrosi, Peter
Norville, Joseph

O

O'Connor, Thomas
O'Dowd, Edward
O'Flynn, John E.
O'Grady, Joseph

O'Leary, James
O'Leary, Pearse
Olivera, Edward
O'Neal, Kerwin
Orsi, Frank
Overby, Thomas
Owens, Edward N.

P

Patterson, Henry
Patout, Philip
Pardue, Sherman
Prohaska, Frank
Provosty, Alvin
Puder, Walter

Q

Quill, Malcomb

R

Ratterman, George
Rault, Clemens
Reilly, Daniel
Reilly, Maurice
Reed, Roger
Reiss, Norman
Reynaud, Oscar J.
Rougon, Albert
Rougon, Joseph B.
Rounds, Kenneth
Rowbotham, Herbert
Roycroft, Willis
Rush, Dr. Jno. O.

S

Sanchez, ilbert
Sauer, Frank L.
Schimpf, Frank R.
Schmitt, William
Schoen, Phillip
Scott, Walte r
Scott, John G.
Schuessler, Paul S.
Schweers, Nowell
Shepherd, Darwin
Shepherd, Thomas
Sheridan, Howard
Shoewalter, Edward
Slattery, Paul
Soni at, Charles
Soni at, Leon
Spotswood, Joseph
Stollenwerk, Andrew D.
Staub, Edwin
Stauffer, Walter
Stritch, Rev. John C.
Suderman, Adolph
Suderman, Charles
Sullivan, Christopher J.
Supple, Joseph W.

T

Taft, Eugene
Tarlton, Francis S.
Taylor, George B.
Theobold, George B.
Thibault, Clarence C.
Timothy, Christopher J.
Touart, Anthony J.
Touart, Clarence

Touart, Rupert G.
Trollo, John
Tutweiler, Millard
Tyrell, James

V

Valenzuela, William
Van Heuval, John
Vaughan, James H.
Vickers, Nicholas S.
Vigori, John P.
Viguerie, Duke J.
Vila, Vincent

W

Wagner, Clay
Wagner, Toxey J.
Walker, Merriott
Walmsley, Carroll
Walmsley, Semmes
Walmsley, William
Walsh, John
Weatherly, Wallace
Weems, Douglas
Wilson, Henry
Wogan, John
Wohner, Clarence
Wood, Frank P.
Waulfe, Maurice

Y

Youree, Charles S.

Z

Ziegler, Alfred



ALUMNI NOTES

CLASS OF '18

On the morning of June 14, the Class of '18 went from the hallowed walls of dear old Spring Hill. On that occasion eleven students received the coveted sheepskin, the goal of their long years of endeavor. War has been the chief element in the depletion of this class. Since Freshman year they have lost over twenty-five members, who have taken up the more interesting work of the battle field.

Corporal Edward O'Dowd was among the number who assembled on the stage to receive their diplomas. The other fledglings in the Alumni nest are Louis O'Dowd, A.B., and P. Dewey Landry, A. B.; C. H. Ducote, A. Festorazzi, L. DeLeon, P. D. Neely, John F. Cooney, Richard A. Willard, C. H. Howard, R. J. Reynaud, all recipients of the degree of Bachelor of Science. Ducote and de Leon have already gone to work for the government in the ship yards. Cooney is going to take up dentistry at Loyola University, New Orleans. R. Willard will return to Guatemala to take charge of business interests there. We wish all the graduates of '18 the same high degree of success through life which has crowned their efforts during the past year.

OMICRON SIGMA FRAT DANCE

On the evening of Commencement Day, the Omicron Sigma Fraternity of Spring Hill College held its annual dance at the Battle House. There were over four hundred guests present, and the dance was declared one of the best of the year. The hall was beautifully decorated with American flags and the Spring Hill colors, with pennants of other colleges interspersed. The fraternity emblems were also much in evidence, and the monogram was beautifully emblazoned on the walls. The College Service Flag held the place of honor on the stage. Dr. John O. Rush introduced the fraternity to the guests, and a splendid orchestra added much to the pleasure of the unusually brilliant and happy gathering. There were a number of army and navy officers and enlisted men present.

'84 On Monday, May 10, John M. Cloney, B.S. '84, went to his reward. We grieve with the wife and family of our departed alumnus, and extend to them our sincerest sympathies.

'99 Francis Zieman, of the B.S. Class of '99, died at the age of 38 years. It was indeed a sad blow to his family and friends, who were looking forward to a brilliant future for Frank. We offer them our little mead of sympathy, and join with them in prayer for the repose of his young soul.

'03 A letter from T. Hubbard McHatton, of the Class of '03, gave the assurance that the notes are occasionally perused by our busy alumni. Answering a request for information, he tells us that he holds the position of captain in the aviation section of the Signal Reserve Corps. Hubbard received his commission on February 1, 1918. We sincerely compliment him on the rank he so richly merits.

'04 James Casserly, A.M. '04, is in the trenches in France. We wish him all success in his efforts against the Hun, and predict that he will send some trophies for the museum before he finishes his score with the enemy.

'05 Joseph Bright, son of Mr. A. M. Bright, of Mobile, was married some time ago in Chicago. We wish him all happiness in his wedded career.

'06 Mr. and Mrs. D. Troy Hails announces a new arrival in the person of Edward Coleman Ferrel. Troy recently paid a visit to his alma mater. We hope in future the intervals will become shorter.

Father George McHardy, S.J., ex-A.B. '06, was raised to the dignity of the priesthood at Montreal, Canada, on May 16. To the newly-ordained we extend our hearty congratulations.

'07 Joseph O'Leary, A.B. '07, is in the trenches, with the rank of sergeant. He is with the 167th Infantry. "Go get 'em," Joe, and good luck to you.

'07 Nicholas Vickers, A.B. '07, paid the college a short visit after the Commencement. We thank "Nick" for his remembrance, and hope to meet him oftener in future.

'08 The Springhillian wishes to express the heartfelt sympathy of the faculty and students to Joseph Soules, A.B. '08, of Bayou Goula, on the recent death of his mother.

'10 Albert Hahn, B.S. '10, has been promoted to the rank of captain in the regular army. If Albert continues at the same pace, he will be general before the war is over. We feel proud of him, and wish him all possible success and the highest posts the country has to confer.

- '11 Daniel O. Dowe is with the 46th Engineers, at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.

Sergeant P. Nicrosi and Sergeant S. Galagher are at Remount Station, Montgomery, Ala.

First Lieutenant William Nicrosi is at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. First Lieutenant Jas. McIntyre is with the coast artillery in France.

First Lieutenant Edward Devinney is at Camp Jackson, S. C.

We wish the boys all happiness in their army life, and all success in the great objective they have in view.

- '13 John J. Druhan, S. J., will leave St. Stanislaus College, Macon, Ga., in August. He goes to Spokane, Washington, to continue his studies. All best wishes follow John as he advances along the road to the great goal.

- '13 John Metzger, B. S. '13, was with us recently on a visit from Camp Pike, where he is stationed with the engineer corps.

- '13 Edmond McKenna recently paid us a visit and witnessed the play which the boys staged for the Red Cross. Edmond is in the aviation corps.

- '14 Frank R. Schimpf, ex-B.S. '14, enlisted in the U. S. navy on the 17th of March. He has been assigned to the battleship South Carolina. He has already received several promotions, having recently passed a successful examination for first class yeoman.

- '14 Mr. Daniel R. Needham, S.J., ex-A.B. '14, goes to Spokane, Washington, to pursue higher studies. Mr. Needham spent the session '16-'17 as professor at Spring Hill. The Springhillian wishes him all future success.

- '16 William Logan, A.B. '16, ensign, U. S. N., has been promoted to assistant paymaster. Edward B. Crowell, of the same class, is also enjoying the honors of ensign now. We congratulate both of our former colleagues, and wish them further success.

- '16 Vivian H. Brady, ex-A.B. '16, is "Somewhere in England" in the aviation corps. We received a very interesting note from "V," which appears in the Communication Department of this issue. Good luck to you!

- '17 Edmond Merihl, B.S. '17, was one of the commencement visitors. He is pursuing the course of medicine at Tulane University. He had the pleasure of hearing his name read out as donor of the gold medal for the best English essay.

- '17 Clemens Rault, ex-B.S. '17, graduated from Loyola University School of Dentistry in June. He is with the U. S. dental reserves. John Moulton, ex-B.S. '17, received an appointment to West Point, where he is stationed at present. He received his assignment while at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.

William A. Mulherin, S.J., ex-A.B. '17, goes to Spokane, Washington, to pursue higher studies, on the completion of which he will return to visit his old alma mater.

Charles Courtney, B.S. '17, has returned from New York, where he was studying commerce at the U. N. Y., and is at present working for the government in the shipbuilding offices.

- '18 Alphonse Shelby, S.J., will pronounce his first vows as a Jesuit on August 15. Four other Spring Hill alumni will partake of the same privilege on the same date. They are: D. R. Druhan, ex-A.B. '18; Andrew C. Smith, ex-A.B. '18; and James Courtney, ex-A.B. '19. We wish them all the joys which come with such a sacrifice and an extenuation of them through their exalted career. Stephen Zieman, ex-A.B. '18, will enjoy the same honor and happiness next September.

- '18 John McCarthy, ex-B.S. '18, is in the navy at Hampton Roads, Va., Co. 12, U. D. His brother, William, is also in the navy at Newport, R. I.



BASEBALL



IF THE OUTLOOK for the football season this year was anything but encouraging, those who watched the baseball candidates in their first tryouts of the season must have felt their hopes for a successful season completely shattered. Christovitch and Bienvenue, who hurled such magnificent ball for the Purple and White during the past three seasons, had received their degrees. Ching had gone into the leagues with the "Bears" of Mobile. Mackin, the heady little captain and catcher, was also lost through graduation. Holbrook, Courtney, Moulton, Clements, Hastings, and the other veterans all had left us, either by graduation or because they preferred to hurl bombs at the German line-up. This left us only three experienced men—Ed. O'Dowd and Robinson in the outfield, and our slugging third baseman, "Bobo" Curren.

After playing a few games of speedy ball, Ed. was called by Uncle Sam. To develop a player for every position on the team and then make a winning aggregation, was the monster task set before our coach, Mr. W. S. Hoffman.

Looking back over the season, we cannot help but congratulate and thank Mr. Hoffman for his remarkable spirit of grit and determination. He set to work again, as he had done in a similar predicament in football, and with the same good will labored untiringly with his men until he wrenched success from brooding failure. Sometimes his dogged determination to win made the strenuous work which this implied anything but pleasant for himself or his team. His players, simply on account of their lack of experience, thought he was working them beyond their speed, but the end of the season convinced them in what direction the right and only course under the circumstances lay.

Curren was shifted from the hot corner to the pitcher's box. Unsteady at first, by faithful work and characteristic docility, he soon turned out a most reliable pitcher. His exhibition against the strong Shelby aggregation made the soldiers proclaim him one of the best college pitchers in the South. Bannon has developed into a strong catcher, and promises great things for next year. The study and time the coach given his team was made manifest in other changes. The work of Ed. O'Dowd, Robinson, Russell, Baudier, Strauss, D'Antoni, Reed, Winling and Walet helped to bring

us through with a creditable record. As Mr. A. J. Morton, S.J., the director of athletics, remarked in his speech at the baseball banquet, "If the '18 baseball team had given any signs of the wonderful development which the latter part of the season so gratifyingly manifested, the schedule for the season would have contained the names of some of the strongest college and university teams in the South which were anxious to match their strength against the old Purple and White."

Mr. Hoffman, who has gone into army work with the Y. M. C. A., will not enjoy the fruits of his labors for the football and baseball teams next year. But he has the consolation of knowing that he left behind him a well him the same high order of success in his present work.

Spring Hill vs. All-Stars, March 3, 1918

The first game of the season was lost to the fast All-Star club of Mobile. The features of the game were the twirling of Curren and Lacey and the hitting of Brown and Russell. Score:

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	All-Stars—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
E. O'Dowd, lf	3	1	0	1	0	0	Cook, ss	5	0	1	0	2	0
Reed, rf	1	0	0	0	0	1	Ching, 1b	4	1	1	12	0	0
Russell, ss	5	0	3	0	3	0	Steber, 3b	5	0	0	1	3	2
Robinson, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0	Brown, 2b	5	2	2	1	3	1
Lopez, 1b	4	1	2	9	0	0	Walsh, lf	4	1	1	3	0	0
Baudier, c	4	0	0	16	1	0	Schulte, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
D'Antoni, 2b	4	0	0	1	2	2	Smith, c	4	0	2	9	1	0
Crane, 3b	3	0	1	0	4	1	Sims, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Curren, p	2	0	0	0	0	0	Lacey, p	3	0	0	0	2	1
Total	35	3	7	27	10	4	Total	38	5	8	27	11	4

Spring Hill vs. St. Joseph's, March 10, 1918

Spring Hill defeated St. Joseph's team in a game featured by the slugging of Curren, Robinson, O'Dowd, Crane, etc. Also Strauss hurled air-tight ball, allowing four scattered hits.

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	St. Joseph's—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
E. O'Dowd, lf	4	4	3	1	0	0	Davis, 3b	4	0	1	1	2	0
Russell, 3b	4	1	0	4	6	1	Rehm, 2b	4	0	0	1	1	1
Curren, p-3b	4	2	2	2	1	0	Kelly, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Robinson, cf	5	2	2	0	0	0	Smith, ss	3	0	0	2	1	1
Crane, 1b	5	4	2	4	0	1	Day, 1b	2	0	0	5	0	2
Strauss, p	0	0	0	1	0	0	Williams, lf	3	0	2	0	0	0
Winling, ss	6	2	2	1	0	0	Streb, 1b	1	0	0	10	0	0
Bannon, c	4	2	2	10	1	0	Sheffield, c	3	0	0	1	0	4
Walet, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0	Raines, p	3	0	0	0	3	2
D'Antoni, 2b	4	2	2	2	1	0	Total	27	0	4	27	7	10
Reed, rf	4	2	1	0	0	0							
Total	41	21	16	24	10	2							

Spring Hill vs. Thoss-Crowns, March 17, 1918

Erratic fielding caused Spring Hill's 11-4 defeat at the hands of the fast Thoss-Crown team. The hitting of Pocase, Wagner and Cook, coupled with the stellar pitching of Chambers, was too much for Spring Hill. Score:

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Thoss-Crowns—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
E. O'Dowd, lf	2	1	0	5	1	0	Wagner, 2b	4	2	2	3	2	0
Russell, ss	6	0	0	0	1	2	J. Smith, 3b	4	1	1	4	2	3
Strauss, p	3	0	0	0	1	1	Ponds, c	5	1	1	7	0	1
Curren, p	1	0	1	0	2	0	Brown, cf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Robinson, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	1	B. Chambers, 1b.....	4	1	1	5	0	0
Crane, 1b	5	0	1	4	0	0	Steber, lf	4	1	0	3	0	1
Baudier, cf	4	0	1	2	0	0	Pocase, ss	4	2	3	4	0	0
Bannon, c	3	2	1	9	3	0	Cook, rf	4	2	2	0	0	0
Walet, 2b	0	0	0	2	1	0	J. Chambers, p	4	0	0	0	2	0
D'Antoni, 2b	4	0	1	1	0	0							
Reed, rf	4	1	0	0	0	0	Total	37	11	11	27	6	5
Winling, rf	0	0	0	0	0	1							
Total	35	4	5	24	10	5							

Spring Hill vs. Alabama D. D. & S. Co., March 24, 1918

Spring Hill won a 10-7 victory over the Alabama Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Company team. Curren, with four singles, and Robinson, with two doubles and a homer, led the attack on Pitcher Rivers. Strauss, though a trifle wild, pitched steady ball. Smith featured for the Shipbuilders, getting four singles in four times at bat. Score:

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Ala. D. D.-S.Co.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
E. O'Dowd, lf	6	3	2	1	0	1	Wagner, 2b	4	1	1	0	2	0
Reed, rf	5	1	0	1	0	0	Smith, ss	4	0	4	1	5	2
Curren, 3b	5	2	4	1	4	0	Chambers, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0
Robinson, 2b	4	2	3	1	2	0	Pocase, 3b	5	0	0	3	2	0
Crane, 1b	4	0	0	13	0	1	Steber, lf	5	1	1	2	0	0
Russell, ss	4	0	1	0	4	2	Switzer, cf	4	1	0	0	0	1
Bannon, c	4	1	1	7	1	1	Johnson, c	4	1	2	5	1	1
Baudier, cf	4	0	1	3	0	0	Rots, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Strauss, p	4	1	1	0	1	0	Rivers, p	4	3	1	1	4	0
Total	40	10	13	27	12	5	Total	39	7	9	24	14	4

Spring Hill vs. Hill Billies, March 31, 1918

In a close and highly interesting game, Spring Hill defeated the Hill Billies. The spectacular fielding of Austill saved Pitcher Williams on sev-

eral occasions. Reed's double, Crane's triple, and O'Dowd's homer with the bases loaded in the eighth, gave Spring Hill a lead which the visitors were unable to overcome.

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Hill Billies—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
E. O'Dowd, lf	5	1	1	1	0	0	Rehm, ss	5	0	2	1	1	1
Walet, cf	4	0	1	0	0	0	Kelly, 3b	5	0	2	2	2	2
Baudier, cf	1	0	0	0	0	1	Long, lf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Russell, ss	5	1	1	2	3	1	H. Kelly, 1b	5	2	1	9	0	0
Robinson, 3b	4	1	0	3	1	1	Austill 1b.....	5	1	2	6	0	0
Bannon, c	3	1	0	11	1	1	Neely, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Crane, 1b	5	2	2	9	4	1	Potter, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Reed, rf	4	1	2	0	0	0	Grove, 2b	1	1	0	1	3	0
D'Antoni, 2b	2	0	1	0	0	0	Roos, 2b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Strauss, p	5	0	2	0	1	1	Johnson, c	4	1	0	10	0	0
Curren, 3b	3	0	0	4	2	3	Williams, p	4	1	2	0	1	0
Total	41	8	10	30	12	9	Total	39	7	10	30	7	3

Spring Hill vs. Mobile, April 9, 1918

The Mobile Bears defeated Spring Hill by a score of 13-7. The Bears loaned us a battery, Cavet and Pennington taking care of the pitching end, with Kuhn behind the bat. Although defeated, we showed up exceptionally well against one of the best teams in the Southern League. Robinson, with two home runs, led the attack for Spring Hill. The hitting of Kuhn, Coleman, Damrau and Tutwiler were other features. Score:

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Mobile—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
E. O'Dowd, rf	4	0	2	0	0	1	Bates, rf	6	1	1	1	0	0
Russell, ss	5	1	2	1	4	1	Orcutt, cf	6	3	2	1	0	0
Robinson, cf	5	2	2	2	0	0	Tutwiler, lf	6	1	4	1	0	0
Curren, 3b	5	0	1	1	1	0	Damrau, 3b	6	0	3	2	2	0
L. O'Dowd, 2b	3	0	0	0	6	0	Bues, 2b	5	1	1	0	0	0
Crane, 1b	3	1	0	15	0	?	Hasbrook, 1b	5	1	2	6	1	0
Baudier, rf	4	0	0	2	0	0	Coleman, c	5	3	4	14	3	0
Kuhn, c	4	2	3	5	1	0	Ponds, ss	3	3	2	1	2	2
Cavet, p	2	1	1	0	1	0	Jaynes, p	3	0	2	1	0	0
Pennington, p	2	0	1	0	2	0	Ching, p	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	37	7	12	26	15	4	Total	37	13	21	27	8	2

Spring Hill vs. Mobile, April 11, 1918

The Mobile Bears again defeated us on April 11, by a score of 11-2. The features of the game were the hitting of Curren for Spring Hill, and of Tutwiler, Bates and Orcutt for the bears. Hasbrook, the Mobile first sacker,

made several pretty stops and pick ups. Tutwiler's one-hand stab of Russell's drive in the third inning, also featured. Score:

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Mobile—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
E. O'Dowd, lf	5	1	1	1	0	0	Bates, rf	4	2	3	0	0	0
Russell, ss	4	0	2	1	6	2	Orcutt, cf	5	2	3	4	0	0
Robinson, cf	2	0	0	2	0	0	Brown, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Curren, 3b	4	0	2	3	1	2	Tutwiler, lf	4	1	3	1	0	0
L. O'Dowd, 2b	4	0	0	2	1	0	Damrau, 2b	4	2	0	0	3	0
Crane, 1b	3	0	0	8	1	0	Bues, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	0
Baudier, rf	4	0	0	3	1	0	Hasbrook, 1b	5	1	2	10	0	0
Kuhn, c	4	0	0	3	0	1	Coleman, c	5	1	2	10	0	0
Friday, p	3	1	1	0	1	1	Ponds, ss	5	1	1	2	1	1
Ching, p	1	0	1	1	1	0	Pennington, p	1	0	0	0	2	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	Bennett, p	2	0	0	0	0	0
Total	34	2	7	24	12	6	Cavet, p	2	1	1	0	1	0
								—	—	—	—	—	—
							Total	42	11	15	27	8	1

Spring Hill vs. Gulf Coast M. A., April 21, 1918

On the 21st of April, S. H. C. easily outclassed the Gulf Coast Military Academy team by a score of 21 to 1. Baudier's spectacular catch of Hoelzer's drive in the second inning, coupled with the slugging of Crane, Curren and Walet, was the feature for Spring Hill. Curren also starred on the mound, allowing three hits, and whiffing eleven of the visitors.

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	G. C. M. A.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Russell, ss	2	4	1	0	2	1	Purifas, lf	3	1	0	4	0	0
Robinson, 3b	4	2	1	1	1	0	Isabel, c	4	0	0	9	0	2
Crane, 1b	5	4	4	6	0	0	Hooper, 1b	4	0	1	4	1	0
Curren, p	6	3	3	2	0	1	Jasey, cf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Bannon, c	5	2	0	13	0	1	Hillsman, 3b	4	0	1	1	0	0
Baudier, cf	2	0	0	1	0	0	Hoelzer, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	1
Walet, 2b	5	0	2	4	2	0	Willis, rf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Reed, lf	3	2	1	0	0	0	Turley, ss	2	0	0	1	1	1
L. O'Dowd, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0	Farris, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
D'Antoni, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0		—	—	—	—	—	—
Winling, cf	3	2	1	1	0	0	Total	31	1	3	24	4	4
	—	—	—	—	—	—							
Total	37	21	13	27	5	3							

Spring Hill vs. Peoples Bank, April 28, 1918

In a game featured by the pitching of Strauss and the hitting of Curren, Walet, Baudier and D'Antoni, S. H. C. defeated the Peoples Bank team of Mobile by a score of 11 to 2. Score:

S. H. C.—	AB. R. H. P. A. E.	Peop's. Bk.—	AB. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Russell, ss	1 1 0 0 0 0	Hicks, c	3 0 0 7 1 0
Keller, ss	2 1 0 0 1 0	Weinacker, 3b	3 0 1 2 1 0
Robinson, 3b	3 2 1 3 0 1	McCarron, rf	4 0 0 1 0 0
Winling, 3b	1 0 1 0 3 0	Newman, ss	4 0 0 1 1 1
Curren, 1b	4 1 3 10 0 1	O'Dowd, cf	2 1 0 0 0 0
Landry, cf	2 0 0 0 0 0	McClary, lf	4 1 1 1 0 0
Walet, 2b	5 1 2 1 1 0	Cazlas, 1b	4 0 0 8 0 0
Reed, lf	4 1 1 1 0 0	Levi, 2b	4 0 1 4 3 0
D'Antoni, rf	4 2 2 1 0 0	Imahorn, p	4 0 0 0 0 1
Bannon, c	4 1 1 11 1 0		— — — — —
Strauss, p	4 1 1 0 4 0	Total	32 2 3 24 6 2
	— — — — —		
Total	35 11 14 27 10 2		

Spring Hill vs. Pascagoula, May 5, 1918

Spring Hill	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1
Pascagoula	2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Batteries: Curren and Bannon; Freeze and Smith.

Spring Hill vs. Camp Shelby, May 9, 1918

Spring Hill defeated the Camp Shelby aggregation, composed wholly of professional ball players, by a score of 4 to 1. Baudier's sensational shoe-string catch of Talley's drive, and the pitching of Curren, who allowed four scattered hits and struck out twelve batters, were the features. Score:

S. H. C.—	AB. R. H. P. O. A. E.	C. Shel.—	AB. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Russell, ss	4 0 2 2 4 1	Baumgardner, 1b	3 0 0 4 0 0
Baudier, cf	3 0 1 1 0 0	McCann, ss	4 0 0 3 2 1
Curren, p	4 0 1 1 2 0	Moran, cf	3 1 2 2 0 0
D'Antoni, rf	4 1 0 0 0 0	Shepher, rf	4 0 0 1 0 0
Crane, 1b	4 1 0 9 0 0	Burgelin, lf	3 0 1 1 0 0
Winling, 2b	4 0 1 0 3 0	Talley, 3b	4 0 0 1 0 0
Reed, lf	2 0 0 1 0 0	Curley, 2b	4 0 0 1 1 0
Bannon, c	2 1 0 11 2 0	Brickell, c	3 0 0 11 2 0
	— — — — —	Heffner, p	3 0 1 0 1 2
Total	31 4 5 27 11 3		— — — — —
		Total	31 1 4 24 6 3

Spring Hill vs. Gulf Coast M. A., May 10, 1918

Spring Hill	0 1 1 2 3 2 7 1 2—19
Gulf Coast M. A.	0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Batteries—Curren and Bannon; Willis, Farris and Isabel.

Spring Hill vs. Alabama D. D. & S. Co., May 12, 1918

By hitting Strauss opportunely, the Alabama Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Company team defeated S. H. C. by a score of 11 to 9. The hitting of D'Antoni and Robinson for Spring Hill, and Clark and Johnson for the Shipbuilders, were the features. Score:

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Ala. D. D.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Robinson, cf	5	3	2	1	0	0	Roos, 2b	5	1	1	2	2	1
Reed, lf	4	0	1	3	0	0	Kelly, 3b	6	0	1	1	1	0
D'Antoni, rf	5	0	2	2	0	0	Oglesby, ss	5	2	1	1	2	1
Curren, 3b	4	0	0	1	0	0	Clark, 1b	5	1	2	10	0	0
Crane, 1b	4	2	1	4	1	0	Rivers, cf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Winling, 2b	2	0	1	0	1	0	Switzer, lf	4	1	1	3	1	0
Walet, 2b	1	0	0	1	1	0	Martin, rf	5	1	1	1	0	0
Bannon, c	3	1	1	10	4	2	Johnson, c	4	2	2	7	2	0
Russell, ss	4	1	0	5	2	1	Streb, p	5	2	2	0	2	0
Keller, ss	1	0	0	0	0	0							
Strauss, p	4	2	1	0	0	1	Total	43	11	12	27	10	2
Total	37	9	9	27	9	4							

Spring Hill vs. Camp Shelby, June 1 and 2, 1918

The strong Camp Shelby team took the second and third games of the series from S. H. C. at Hattiesburg, Miss. Both games proved pitchers' battles—the first between Wahl, former Nashville Southern Leaguer, and Curren; and the second between Baumgartner, ex-National Leaguer, and Curren. Despite the fact that the two professionals got the best of the arguments, Curren showed magnificent stuff, and it took ten innings in the first game to turn him out loser, Baumgartner's pinch single in the tenth bringing in the winning run. The first game of the series, played on the College diamond, was a victory for S. H. C., 4 to 1; second game, 1 to 2; third game, 0 to 2.

Score—First Game

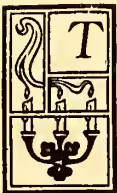
S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	C. Shel.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Russell, ss	4	0	2	0	3	1	Moran, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Reed, lf	3	0	0	2	1	0	McCannon, ss	5	0	0	1	2	0
D'Antoni, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	Hatfield, 1b	4	0	1	8	0	1
Robinson, 3b	4	0	0	3	1	0	Shepherd, rf	2	0	0	1	1	0
Crane, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0	McClung, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Curren, p	4	0	0	0	3	0	McRoberts, lf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Walet, 2b	3	1	0	0	2	1	Curley, 2b	3	0	0	1	1	0
Baudier, cf	4	0	0	3	0	0	Brickell, c	4	0	1	14	0	1
Bannon, c	4	0	0	10	0	0	Wahl, p	4	1	3	0	3	0
							Baumgardner	1	0	1	0	0	0
Total	34	1	2	30	10	2	Totals	35	2	7	30	8	2

Score—Second Game

S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	C. Shel.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Russell, ss	4	0	0	2	0	2	Moran, cf	4	0	0	4	0	0
Reed, lf	2	0	0	1	0	0	Curley, 2b	4	0	0	3	3	0
D'Antoni, rf	4	0	2	0	0	0	Taylor, 1b	3	0	0	3	0	1
Robinson, 3b	4	0	1	2	3	1	Hatfield, lf	4	0	2	2	0	0
Crane, 1b	3	0	0	8	0	0	Shepherd, rf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Curren, p	3	0	1	0	4	2	Talley, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	0
Walet, 2b	3	0	0	1	2	1	McCann, ss	4	1	0	1	2	0
Baudier, cf	2	0	0	8	1	0	Bickell, c	3	1	1	10	1	0
Bannon, c	2	0	0	8	1	0	Baumgardner, p	3	0	0	0	5	0
Winling	1	0	0	0	0	0		—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	29	0	4	24	10	6	Total	33	2	4	27	12	1



JUNIOR VARSITY



THE JUNIOR DIVISION BASEBALL SEASON opened March 1. The Junior Varsity was captained by Denis Burguières, who proved himself in every respect worthy of the success his team obtained. The record for the season is an enviable one, recording only three defeats, two by the strong team from Jesuits' High School in New Orleans, and the other by the U. M. S.

The Jesuit series was the most closely contested of any played. The visitors won the opening game by a score of 4-2, but the Juniors, owing to the superb pitching of "Giddy" Allen, came out victorious in the second with a score of 6 to 3. Ching, pitching the last game, held the Juniors well under control, winning the third game by a score of 9 to 6.

Formation of Liberty League

Early in the season a league was organized between the U. M. S. team, the Barton Academy and the Spring Hill Junior Varsity. On April 17, representatives from Barton Academy and U. M. S. met in the Junior Library and discussed the proposed organization. It resulted in the formation of "The Liberty League," the purpose of which was to aid the Red Cross by contributing to the cause the proceeds gained from the games. A schedule of three games with each team was arranged. Mr. Robert T. Bryant, S.J., prefect of the Junior Division, was elected president of the league.

The S. H. C. Juniors easily outclassed the other contestants in the games which followed. Allen topped the sluggers with an average of .450,

and led in runs scored. McEvoy, Mahorner, Morgan and Burguières also merited praise for their work on the field.

The team was composed of the following players: D. Burguières, captain; E. Murray, first base; pitchers: J. Keoughan and Hyronemus; C. Morgan, second base; O. McEvoy, short stop; Murphy, third base; M. Mahorner, left field; Allen, center field and pitcher; Marston and Fitzgibbons, substitutes.

Minor Leagues

After the Junior Varsity was running smoothly, attention was given to the minor leagues. Early in March the teams were chosen, and they worked with a spirit and pep throughout the whole season.

A. Burguières deserves great credit for the way in which he led the Red Sox to victory. The White Sox, headed by G. Fitzgibbons, showed some real baseball, and made their opponents hustle until the last week of school, before handing over the laurels to them.

The Little Bears, captained by M. McEvoy, defeated Billy Flynn's Crabbers.

"Iron Man" Damrich pitched his third sluggers to victory over Oldham's Pels.

Royal Rooters

The Junior Division wishes to tend its hearty thanks to the Royal Rooters from the Senior yard. This organization was brought into existence by Pat Rice. Owing to its efficient work, the Junior yard claimed some "Royal" victories.



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